

JULY,



THE  
LONDON QUARTERLY  
REVIEW.

No. CXL.—New Series, No. 20.

Contents.

- I. DR. MARTINEAU'S STUDY OF RELIGION.
- II. THE PRUSSIAN OLD AND THE GERMAN NEW COURT RÉGIME.
- III. RICHARD WAGNER AND THE MUSICAL DRAMA.
- IV. THE PROTESTANT METHODIST CONTROVERSY OF 1827.
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- VI. ST. JEROME AND HIS TIMES.
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ART. I.—DR. MARTINEAU'S STUDY OF RELIGION.

*A Study of Religion: Its Sources and Contents.* By JAMES MARTINEAU, D.D., LL.D. In Two Vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1888.

TO few men has it been given, after reaching the age of fourscore years, to produce two elaborate and standard works upon subjects of the highest importance. Still more rarely do veteran authors, while exhibiting in advanced age the maturity of judgment which may naturally be expected of them, display also the power of close, sustained, vigorous thinking which is characteristic of the intellectual prime, combined with the imaginative fervour and eloquent utterance which might be supposed to be the especial prerogative of youth. These are, nevertheless, the characteristics which make Dr. Martineau's *Types of Ethical Theory* and *Study of Religion* remarkable productions. At an age when most men find they have enough to do to prevent the flame of life flickering down in the socket from being wholly extinguished, Dr. Martineau has given to the world two books on abstruse subjects, treated with a vigour and vivacity, and sometimes almost playfulness, which make even metaphysics delightful reading. And in each of them he has dealt some of the most trenchant blows that this generation has witnessed against

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materialism in philosophy, hedonism in ethics, and agnosticism in religion. The former of these works was noticed by us, though but briefly, on its appearance: with the second—the *Study of Religion*—we propose now to deal somewhat more at length.

The class of books to which it belongs is multiplying and likely to multiply. The philosophy of religion is a subject of fascinating interest and of profound importance, but only at certain epochs in the history of thought can its study take root and flourish. As Pfeiderer\* has pointed out, while speculation on religious subjects is as old as philosophy itself, the philosophy of religion in its proper sense, as the scientific investigation of all the phenomena in the life of man which compose religion, is of quite recent origin. It implies a high degree of development in religion, and a high degree of independent development in philosophy, before such an examination can be entered upon or even conceived. Its method is wholly different from what has been called the "Science of Religion," which proceeds upon an inductive comparison between the recognized faiths of the world, the mere empirical knowledge of the details of their doctrines and worship, largely mingled as these are with grossest superstition. The philosophy of religion aims at showing primarily how much of the contents of religion may be proved conformably with reason, what alleged obstacles exist to prevent the acceptance of its sublime postulates, how these may be removed, and a true, broad basis laid for the full development of those religious instincts which constitute the highest part of the birthright of man. It is inevitable that there should be a measure of jealousy concerning such speculations. "Religion is not discovered," says Jacobi, "but revealed." "Canst thou by searching find out God?" asked a sage many centuries before. The simple answer to the latter question is: Never adequately; but when man by researches places obstacles in the way of the true knowledge of God, it becomes necessary by further and more accurate researches to remove such obstacles, and prepare

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\* *Philosophy of Religion: Introduction*; where the scope of the subject is briefly and lucidly sketched.

the way for the chariot-wheels of man's only Lord and King, the living and true God.

There are epochs when this work is particularly necessary, and one of them is that in which we live. It is only a short time since the battle between faith and un-faith raged fiercely round the doctrine of the Person and Work of the Lord Jesus Christ, and when assaults were made upon that central portion of the Christian citadel its defenders were bound to man the walls. The controversy at present is even more fundamental. It is not the Person of Christ, but the Being of God that is in question; or, what is almost the same thing, the possibility of our knowing in any real sense of the word that such a Being exists. The very foundations of Theism are threatened, and in such a case students of physical science are helpless. It is discovered then that man is not a mere "phenomenon," something besides "positive" methods is required, and recourse is had to the decried but necessary metaphysics. Sometimes the historical method is pursued by way of survey, as in the first part of Pfleiderer's work above referred to, or the still fuller history of Pünjer, now in process of being translated into English. Sometimes the method is critical, as in the invaluable *Outlines* of Lotze, the dictated portions of his lectures, which, alas! are all that he gave to the world on this great subject. Sometimes a more dogmatic method is pursued, as in Dr. Caird's *Introduction to the Philosophy of Religion*, in which the whole subject is treated from a Hegelian, or, if we may use the expression, a Christian-Hegelian standpoint. In any case the importance of these inquiries, in their relation to apologetics and the comprehensive study of theology, is exceedingly great. Dr. Flint hardly exaggerates when he says: \* "It is the all-inclusive theological science, at once the foundation, the vital breath, the goal and crown of every theological discipline. All the special theological sciences are worth just what they contribute to it, or, in other words, to the complete comprehension of religion. For the modern theologian, the study of the philosophy of religion is an incumbent duty, an earnest

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\* Preface to the English translation of Pünjer's *Philosophy of Religion*, p. 14.

necessity." If at any period in the history of thought it has been deemed quite needless thus to examine the foundations of faith, to comprehend "what and why religion is, and how it is connected with the nature of man and his position in the universe, as well as its relation to the being and working of God," such an examination is indubitably and urgently forced upon the theologians of to-day. And of all the helps which have been placed in the way of English theologians to enable them to master the principles and methods of a necessary but difficult investigation, Dr. Martineau's *Study of Religion: its Sources and Contents* is, in our opinion, the best.

With the author's specific views as a Christian teacher we are not here concerned. The author is a Theist, not an orthodox Christian. He is sometimes described as a Unitarian, but he has recently disclaimed that designation, and justice is hardly done to Dr. Martineau's theological views when he is thus described. There are Unitarians and Unitarians: ranging from the Theist, whose belief in God is so nebulous that he is little more than an Agnostic, and the "Socinian," whose narrow, hard, anti-Trinitarian dogmatism betrays the absence of a truly philosophical as well as of a truly religious spirit, on the one hand, to a form of religious belief, on the other, which at times appears Trinitarian in all but name. Readers who know Dr. Martineau's remarkable sermons on "Christ the Divine Word" \* will recognize what we mean. Here the mystical side of Dr. Martineau's theology appears, and he gives full scope to that reverent and profoundly religious spirit which has made him such a catholic lover of Christian hymns, even when imbued with the teaching of "orthodox" theology. There is a side of Dr. Martineau's highly spiritual religious teaching which brings him very near indeed to the positions of that theology, separated from it as he is by a fine metaphysical line, highly important in itself, though sometimes almost invisible. It is with Dr. Martineau as a Theist, however, that we have now to do. And in this region he has done noble defensive work for years past, his dialectical ability and lofty thought combining to make him

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\* *Hours of Thought*. Second Series, p. 191.

one of the ablest defenders of the fundamental truths of Theism that the present generation has seen. We proceed to show precisely what ground he has occupied in this his latest work, and to draw attention to the salient features of a book which every theologian should read and master for himself.

Dr. Martineau's Introduction is occupied with a discussion of the true meaning of "religion," and of the relation which ethics bears to it. It may seem strange that any discussion about the meaning of such a word should be necessary, and a generation ago no one would have dreamed of entering upon such a question. But when Mr. M. Arnold defines religion as meaning "morality touched with emotion," and the author of *Natural Religion*, with a yet more unjustifiable perversion of terms, includes under it "habitual and permanent admiration," whether in nature, science, or art, it is high time that some understanding between those who write the English language should be arrived at. Dr. Martineau opens by saying that he uses the word "religion" in the sense it invariably bore half a century ago: "Belief in an ever-living God—that is, of a Divine Mind and Will ruling the universe and holding moral relations with mankind." That will sound very old-fashioned in the ears of many modern teachers and their disciples, who love nothing better than to use sacred words in an entirely new sense, and try to conjure life into these hollow abstractions of their own creed by investing them with the hallowed associations which belong to the True Object of human worship. Comte is not the only philosopher of modern times who has attempted to set up a religion without a God; and the only consideration which comes in to temper our honest indignation against men who thus pervert the sanctities of language, is the tenderness induced towards those who, while denying the God who made them, show that they cannot live without an eager and despairing effort to fashion an Ideal Substitute of their own. The latter mood should perhaps on the whole prevail.

"It is a pathetic thing," says Dr. Martineau, "to see how hard it is for the human soul to let its religion go: to watch those who, from loss

of the Infinite Father, find themselves in an orphaned universe, would fain attempt compensation by worshipping either each other, or even, while its sacred Lord still lingers, the mere scene where He was, and persuade themselves that it is the same piety, though they stand alone, and no one reads their heart or hears their orisons" (vol. i. p. 11).

Yet the "debasing of the moral currency," which George Eliot protested against in another sense, is just now so common a fault, that to denounce it becomes a sacred duty, when a hollow Simulacrum is set up on the throne of the universe, instead of the Father of Spirits, and a Dagon of human manufacture, ignominiously shattered, but ingeniously pieced together again, is made to take the place of the Ark of the Most High God. The word religion ought not to be prostituted by a writer who says that "God is but a synonym for Nature," or by another who bids us worship Humanity with a capital letter. It ought to be carefully defined, and Dr. Martineau has well defined it.

The First Book is occupied with a preliminary discussion, which some readers will find tedious, but which none can say in these days is unnecessary. Is religion itself an illusion? Is God indeed knowable? Do the limits of human intelligence in truth prevent us, as we so often hear it said, from finding any firm foothold in this higher region? and are we but entering a cloudland of human speculation and imagination, where, the higher our attempts to soar, the more ignominious will be our irremediable and unpitied fall. "We cannot afford either to enter a Paradise of Fools or to miss any Heaven of the Wise," says Dr. Martineau, and he enters consequently upon an investigation of the limits of human intelligence, the form and conditions of our knowledge, with a view to removing those initial obstacles placed in the way of faith which many to-day find so daunting and well-nigh insuperable. This "critical" investigation reminds us of Kant's *Kritik* in another field of knowledge in reply to the scepticism of Hume, and all upon whom the shadow of the modern doctrine of Nescience has rested, would do well to read Dr. Martineau's calm and comprehensive inquiry. The various forms of the Agnostic position—(1) in the formula, "*Homo Mensura*, man is the measure of all things," or in other words, the relativity of

knowledge prevents us from ever cognizing the Absolute; (2) in the Positivist form, "All we know is phenomena," of noumena, or aught beyond our immediate sense-impressions, we can know nothing; (3) the positing of a Cause or Power behind phenomena, which must be supposed, yet which is Unknown and in itself for ever Unknowable—are all closely and triumphantly grappled with. Particularly fine is Dr. Martineau's demonstration, that the very knowledge of phenomena implies something beyond phenomena, the existence of "a *permanent* ground, the correlative of changes without which they cannot be conceived, which is contained in their very meaning, and which has all the certainty belonging not simply to their actual occurrence but to their possibility" (vol. i. pp. 126-7). But this kind of argument implies metaphysics, the very mention of which terrifies the present generation, tyrannized over as it is by the dogmatism of physical science. It will not be long ere we are compelled to learn that a true metaphysic, recognized as such, is the only antidote for a bad and false metaphysic, which has been imposed upon us, without the use of the name itself—a name which Englishmen at least seldom fail to distrust. We recommend those who are usually shy of metaphysics to read Dr. Martineau, and watch how he banishes the "bogey" of Agnostic scientists by a demonstration of the true scope and significance of human knowledge.

The main body of the argument, contained in Book II., entitled "Theism," contains two sub-divisions. The reasoning on which Dr. Martineau relies for the establishment of his chief thesis, the demonstration of the being of God as at the outset defined, is twofold, based partly on mental, partly on moral phenomena. Here our author must speak for himself:—

"All religion resolves itself into a conscious relation on our part to a higher than we; and on the part of the rational universe at large to a higher than all—i.e., to a mind supreme above the whole family of minds. The conditions of such supremacy are twofold: (1) *Dynamical*, consisting in the command of all methods needful for the accomplishment of contemplated ends; (2) *Moral*, consisting in the intrinsic ascendancy of the highest ends, infallibly conceived and externally pursued, as the springs

of the Divine Will. In treating of the former, we have to do chiefly with the relation of God to *Nature*, the sole theatre of any possible power that can be supposed to limit or dispense with His. In treating of the latter, we deal with His relation to *man*, and in a secondary degree to the other sentient beings of our globe, as the only sphere open to our observation in which Character can play a part, and a righteous government appear" (vol. i. 137).

God as Cause—God as Holy—these are the two lines of argument; old perhaps, but lines which will need to be travelled again and again as "the thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns." New knowledge often seems opposed to old faith, until it has been thoroughly mastered and assimilated, and its bearings fully understood. The old "argument from design" and "argument from conscience" are never ended, never done with, but need to be perpetually renewed, restated, reinforced. Teleological ideas are exploded, it is said; but what is meant by teleology? No one who has received a thorough scientific training can believe in a moral government of the universe, we are told; but what is meant by moral government? and what is its true relation to "Nature," with which alone science has to deal? So the old controversy is renewed, and the Theist must not be the first to give up the battle.

Dr. Martineau's arguments concerning "God as Cause" range first round the true meaning of the causal relation. This is the key to the whole position, and here again the falsity of the shallow metaphysic of modern "science" is shown by an exposition of the true metaphysic of philosophy. A "thing" is not a cause, a phenomenon is not a cause, force is not a cause. All these current interpretations of causality fail because they state the relation, as it is supposed to be *given* to us, in the form either of sense or understanding. Dr. Martineau shows that nothing in objective phenomena can give us the link of connection which we denominate cause, but our apprehension of it is conditioned by the activity of the Ego. "In thinking of causation, we are absolutely limited to the one type known to us; and so behind every event, whatever its seat and whatever its form, must post, near or far, the same idea taken from our own voluntary activity.

This, it is plain, is tantamount to saying that all which happens in Nature has one kind of cause, and that cause a Will like ours; and that the universe of originated things is the product of a supreme Mind. And precisely thus, by no less immediate a step, are we carried by the causal institution to the first truth of Religion" (i. 230). The nature of the argument by which this is established we cannot sketch even in outline; but there are few better antidotes to Materialism—a doctrine which we will not say is characteristic of modern physical science, but to which it inevitably leads, if not corrected and counteracted by higher truths and methods—than the sections headed "The World as a Heap of Powers," "Will and Modes of Force," "Will and Kinds of Being." The very instructive sections on Teleology we shall advert to shortly.

Dr. Martineau's views on Ethics were expounded at length in his *Types of Ethical Theory*. With the fundamental ethical position of the author—that moral judgment is only comparative, a consciousness of superior excellence in one of two incompatible springs of action presented to us—we can by no means acquiesce. Yet with a large part of our author's ethical views we heartily sympathize, and, in our opinion, the most valuable part of his exposition of the true nature of moral judgment is to be found in this volume, where the connection is traced between ethics and religion. After dismissing the idea that "the authority which imposes the Moral Law is nothing but the gigantesque shadow of social opinion looming fearfully upon our thought," Dr. Martineau expounds very finely the nature of Right as the Divine in the human. He shows that as in *perception* we are immediately introduced to another than ourselves that gives us what we feel, so in the act of *conscience* we are immediately introduced to a Higher than ourselves that gives us what we feel. "The externality in the one case, the authority in the other, the causality in both, are known upon exactly the same terms, and carry the same guarantee of their validity" (ii. 28). There are few nobler passages in modern ethical literature than those in which Dr. Martineau shows that the moral law only reaches its integral meaning when seen as

impersonated in a Perfect Mind. Extracts mutilate the argument, but will yet give some idea of its scope.

"How else could it (the Moral Law) transcend our whole personality as it does, and haunt us with tones from beyond and above? If our humanity were at the summit, and in passing farther we emerged into blank silence, how could these subduing voices flow thence upon the heart? They attest a speaking nature there, that bids us feel as it feels, and become the organ of its thought: a nature that, appealing to us from a superhuman height, cannot be less than a conscious will, but simply a personal and holy Mind; and that, reporting to us a law which holds for all thinking and voluntary beings, is universal and supreme. . . .

"The inward suggestions of conscience remain dream-like suspicions and do but cleave the air, so long as they play around our own centre; and first start upon their feet and go forth to conquer, when they come to us in their objective power and so step before us in the conflict. We need this assurance that the moral differences we feel have their verification in reality ere we commit ourselves freely to them. The personal consciousness of them is not, simply as such, an integral knowledge, but only the sign that points to something signified; and the faith of conscience hovers with us, meaningless and incomplete, till it rests upon a realized Righteousness" (ii. 29, 32).

A more difficult topic connected with the testimony to Theism, founded upon man's moral intuitions, is that which concerns the conflicting moral aspects of the world. We may travel direct to God as a Moral Governor as long as we consider only the high behests of Conscience; but what is to be made of the presence of suffering in the world, its distribution, and apparently unequal incidence—still further, of the presence and prevalence of moral evil, of the strange course of history, and of the repeated and often long-continued triumphs of force, in a system supposed to be governed by One who is not only a Moral Ruler but an absolutely Holy and Perfect Being? These are old difficulties—older than *Æschylus*, older than *Job*—and we will not say that Dr. Martineau's solutions are wholly new, for that would be doubtful praise. But on some of these topics, old yet ever new, he presents familiar truth with remarkably fresh force; and while on others, as we shall show, we think his exposition defective, his argument as

a whole is admirable, and the chapter on the "Triumphs of Force in History" masterly.

The remainder of the work includes two books. Book III. is a "Review of Opposing Systems," including a careful examination of Pantheism, and a discussion of the controversy, Determinism *versus* Free-will. Book IV. deals with "The Life to Come," presenting a luminous and lofty view of the doctrine of human immortality, so far as that can be expounded apart from a belief in revelation, or the supernatural evidence afforded by the resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ. The Future Life Dr. Martineau rightly considers to be an integral part of his subject. Belief in a personal God, especially a Moral Ruler, cannot be separated from the belief in a hereafter. The latter is not a mere "episode in anthropology," an echo of man's longing cry for life and shuddering fear of all-devouring death. It is one of the imperative demands of conscience, and no writer upon the testimony of man's moral nature to God can afford to pass it by. It forms, however, a subject by itself, and Dr. Martineau's pages upon this topic alone form a little treatise of great and fascinating interest.

Such is a brief outline of Dr. Martineau's work. We proceed, after pointing out some striking excellencies of style, and passing a few criticisms of our own on minor details of reasoning or arrangement, to show what, in our opinion, is the chief value of this latest noble contribution to the Philosophy of Religion.

Imagination is one of the last qualities ordinarily expected in a metaphysician. The philosopher's eye, like the poet's, "ranging from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven," ought, indeed, one would think, to be trained to discern the finer analogies in the Cosmos, wherein "all things are double, one against another." His ear, if any, should catch the hidden harmonies, his tongue make audible the music of the spheres. But the traditional metaphysician laughs such fancies to scorn. It is, therefore, simply delightful to find the pages of a subtle, trained, and accurate thinker, like Dr. Martineau, bright with the figures and illustrations which a vivid imagination loves to multiply. Take this contrast between the

Positivist's calendar in "the religion of humanity," and the worship of the Christian Church :

"But place it beside the Catholic constellation of the saints ; and though its component stars are often of greater magnitude, you see at once that, as a whole, it is a minor worship, made grotesque by being thrust into the place of the Supreme. Its attitude is retrospective, gazing into the Night of ages gone : the other has its face to the East, and anticipates the dawn. It is a requiem for the dead ; the other is a communion with the ever-living, an anthem in tune with a choir invisible. . . . The secret dependence of all satellite forms of piety upon the grander, and at last upon the solar attraction, cannot be slighted without the fatal collapse of every problem we attempt. Guard your canonizations as you may, take only the fairest specimens of character where it seems to blossom into all the virtues, cull and combine them with blameless skill, yet they are memorials of what was and is not, and make but a funeral wreath borrowed from one grave to be cast upon another" (i. 14, 15).

Or this, upon the essential unity of Right in the moral universe :

"The rule of right, the symmetries of character, the requirements of perfection, are no provincialisms of this planet : they are known among the stars ; they reign beyond Orion and the Southern Cross ; they are wherever the universal Spirit is ; and no subject mind, though it fly on one track for ever, can escape beyond their bounds. Just as the arrival of light from depths that extinguish parallax bears witness to the same ether there that vibrates here, and its chemistry reports that one chemistry spans the interval, so does the law of righteousness spring from its earthly base and embrace the empire of the heavens, the moment it becomes a communion between the heart of man and the life of God" (i. 27, 28).

Dr. Martineau thinks in tropes, and makes the abstract truths of which he speaks real and living by the dexterous way in which he throws them into the concrete. Thus, when speaking of the need of the discipline of life to train the conscience, he says :

"All the dynamics of character are born of inequality, and lie asleep amid unbroken equilibrium" (ii. 30).

And of certain stages in the growth of conscience :

"This negative aspect of conscience belongs only to its rudimentary and rationalistic stage, while it is still in the bondage of fear and has

its downward look; when its wings of love have grown, and its eye is drawn to the heavenly light, it springs into an ideal air and finds new vigour as it rises" (ii. 121).

So of conscience grown careless and callous by repeated transgression :

"Each time that he is brought again to the bar, he gains the ease of familiarity, and finds some successful plea of mitigation, till at last he contrives to corrupt the whole procedure, to suborn the judge, and turn the very chamber of justice into a council-room of guilty conspiracy" (ii. 387).

If we are surprised to find a lively imagination in a reasoner on abstruse subjects, still less do we expect to find in his pages the coruscations of humour.\* The humour of levity is here, of course, entirely out of the question. The occasional toying with parts of his great subject which enlivens Dr. Martineau's pages is allowed to appear but here and there, and arises from the very ease and mastery with which he handles rival theories and places them in their true relations. Such handling shows that the writer is entirely at home with his subject, and enables his readers to be at home with it also. Occasionally, moreover, the touch of humour is effective in controversy, as the slender point of a rapier finds its way home at an unguarded spot where no broadsword of reasoning could be required or used.

It is impossible to resist a smile as, in company with Dr. Martineau, we watch "in a recent popular monthly review the memorable single combat between Mr. Herbert Spencer and Mr. Frederic Harrison, for the prize of the best religion that dispenses with anything Divine." Very happy, too, is the banter with which Dr. Martineau treats Darwin's explanation of the instinct of the cuckoo, and the attempt to show that from accident and inheritance combined a moral law is built up.

"It is well known that our great naturalist explains on this principle the strange habit which distinguishes the English cuckoo from the

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\* In respect of his lively fancy and his humour Dr. Martineau reminds us somewhat of Abraham Tucker, the author of *The Light of Nature*, but the intellect and imagination of the modern metaphysician are far loftier and larger than those of the eighteenth century psychologist, who, though a clear thinker and beautiful writer, was but a man of his time—very acute, but yet comparatively superficial.

American—namely, of depositing its eggs to be hatched in the nests of other birds. . . . If a casual slip, or trick of fancy, can be stereotyped and transmitted, and entered on the books at last as a law of Nature, it certainly puts all awkward people under a more serious responsibility than they had suspected. A gentleman knocking at the wrong door for a dinner engagement and shown into the drawing-room, might become the founder of a new race, with whom it would be a moral axiom to entertain everybody's guest but your own" (i. 129, 130).

Darwin's explanation of remorse is deservedly caricatured by the illustration of a wrong choice of a wall-paper, to which is permanently preferred another pattern from the same lot (ii. 10), and Schopenhauer's pessimistic exclamation, "Knock at the graves and ask the dead whether they would rise again: they will shake their heads," only deserves such a response as Dr. Martineau gives: "If they be very dyspeptic dead, perhaps they will: else should you be surprised if one were to say, 'Yes, try me again and I will do better?'" (ii. 79). Those who are familiar with Bain's explanation of the genesis of will in muscular spontaneity and random action till the primary pleasures are attained, will relish this description of its absurdity:—

"Life is not a mere wriggling into contact with something nice, which thenceforth becomes its master, but contains within itself its own directing forces, which select what it is to do, and crown the doing by satiety" (ii. 215).

The italics are ours, and indicate a happy *reductio ad absurdum* of a theory elaborated with all the care of minute physiological and psychological analysis, but quite unable to resist the first thrust of humour dexterously directed by common sense.\*

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\* Readers of the *Types of Ethical Theory* will recall an amusing example of this feature of Dr. Martineau's style, in which our philosopher does not disdain an allusion to a "Gladstone bag!" "Philosophers do not like to be encumbered, in their survey of the world, with bundles of first truths as numerous as the elements of a lady's luggage; they cannot move freely till their outfit will all go into a Gladstone bag. So they try to find some one of their packages of thought capacious or elastic enough to hold all that cannot be proved superfluous; and as in any case room enough must be left for the senses, which are solid affairs, it is usually the moral sentiments that are apt to get squeezed and to come out at the end hardly recognizable" (vol. ii. p. 281). Here humour gives edge to an argument which without it would hardly draw blood.

We have no space to quote at length passages to illustrate Dr. Martineau's natural eloquence, or even many specimens of his aphoristic utterances. Among these latter, however, we find a terse description of the systems of those who complain of the "waste" in Nature, and the deserts and apparently useless spaces on the surface of the earth. He laughs at philosophers who are so anxious for a "snug little planet, without a waste or a wild beast," and condenses his argument into a phrase: "This is *the landscape gardening of philosophy*, from which for my part I gladly escape back to the wild forest or the open sea, or even the stern wonders of the icebergs and the northern lights" (i. 354). How true is this characterization of the modern scientific attitude which despises all theology as "anthropomorphism"—"contempt for a machine-maker ends in setting up a machine instead" (i. 345). Again the absolute necessity for relying upon the implicit assumptions of the human heart is indicated in a simple, telling phrase: "We have to trust something before we can know anything" (ii. 2). The following aphorism deserves a place among the best of its kind: "Wherever conscience is, there we stand only in the fore-court of existence; and a moral world cannot be final, unless it be everlasting" (ii. 383). It is poor and unsatisfactory work, however, to attempt to illustrate style by isolated extracts; and we need only say further that to us the great charm of Dr. Martineau's style is the glow of life and feeling with which every part of his subject is invested by his treatment of it. The gleams of imagination and humour which brighten his sentences are not ornaments artificially appended to glisten in the sun, but simply the raying forth of his own active mind, vivid imagination, and living interest in every part of his great theme.

The book is, nevertheless, overloaded with needless critical discussions. Dr. Martineau is himself so thoroughly master of his subject that he does not feel it a useless delay to criticize in detail writers upon each portion of the whole. The ordinary reader—we speak of intelligent readers only—has neither the strength nor the patience for the long digressions, which appear to him to lengthen the journey, without any gain to recompense for the long circuit. Some of these

discussions—*e.g.*, those which refer to Kant's psychology, and the long investigation into the nature of Will—are more or less necessary to the argument. But the discussion of Professor Laurie's views of causation and the criticism of Professor Royce's new version of Theism are specimens of episodes which do not help the main argument appreciably, and hence weaken by overloading and retarding it.

There are details, moreover, in which we can by no means agree with our author. Of these we can make room to mention only three. The treatment of the vexed question of Free Will is, as a whole, exceedingly able, and the case against Determinism has seldom been so well stated. But the way in which the relation of the Divine Prescience to human freedom is treated is by no means satisfactory, though Dugald Stewart is quoted as having hinted at a similar way of escape from this long-standing difficulty. Dr. Martineau holds that God's limitation of Himself prevents Him from foreknowledge of the contingent, and that this self-limitation is not a defect in the Divine nature.

"An infinite mind, with prevision thus extended beyond all that is to all that can be, is lifted above surprise or disappointment, and able to provide for all events and combinations; yet, instead of being shut up in a close and mechanized universe, lives amid the free play of variable character and contingent history, into which there is room for approval, pity, and love to flow. Is this a *limitation* of God's foresight, that He cannot read all volitions that are to be? Yes, but it is a *self-limitation*, just like His abstinence from causing them; lending us a portion of His causation, He refrains from covering all with His omniscience. Foreknowledge of the contingent is not a perfection; and if, rather than have a reign of universal necessity and stereotyped futurity, He willed, in order to prepare scope for a gift of moral freedom, to set up a range of alternative possibilities, He could but render some knowledge conditional for the sake of making any righteousness attainable; leaving enough that is determinate for science, and enough that is indeterminate for character" (ii. 279).

Doubtless, if such self-limitation were absolutely necessary to secure the freedom of moral agents and the accomplishment of the Divine designs for those whom He has endowed with freedom, it would not be a defect. The voluntary self-limitation of love is part of the Divine glory. But is such

limitation necessary? God's Omnipresence is not conceived of as spatial, as if no room were left in space for finite creatures. Dr. Martineau himself admits that the permanency of God must be subject to reservations; it must not annex and absorb the faculties of created minds, while it spreads beyond them as "an infinite sea of possibilities" (i. 354). Why then should Divine Omniscience, including the prescience in question, shut out the possibility of freedom? God's knowledge, *sub specie eternitatis*, does not determine man's actions in time. Foreknowledge does not condition and determine human action, but is itself conditioned by man's free activity, the subsequent date of which, as we reckon it, is here no hindrance. The puzzle is but part of the old metaphysical difficulty of the co-existence of finite and infinite. The poet solves it better than the metaphysician:—

"For was, and is, and will be, are but is :  
And all creation is one act at once,  
The birth of light : but we that are not all,  
As parts, can see but parts, now this, now that,  
And live perforce from thought to thought, and make  
One act a phantom of succession : thus  
Our weakness somehow shapes the shadow, Time."\*

The knot cannot be untied, but it must not be cut as Dr. Martineau cuts it. He cannot have thought out the bearings of his bold speculation that God foresees what will happen, according to the regularly operating laws of Nature, but is ignorant of what will take place in the region of contingency caused by human freedom.

Our other criticisms affect points where Dr. Martineau's theological views differ from our own. Part of the reasoning concerning consciousness and causality seems directly to lead to the doctrine of the Trinity. The reasoning in Book II. chap. i. (see vol. i. p. 201) would point to an eternal unconsciousness in the Divine Being prior to creation.† The

\* Tennyson, *Princess*, iii.

† A critic who apparently has no sympathy with Theism of any kind says:—"It would be the cruellest irony of dialectic were an eminent Unitarian divine driven, by his own premisses, to postulate a plurality of persons at the beginning of things."—(*Academy*, March 17, 1888.)

only sufficient answer to Pantheism is found in the Christian doctrine of the Trinity. Not in a Great Unconscious, nor in a Great Solitary Consciousness, do we find the origin of all created being. The doctrine of John i. and Colossians i. contains profound teaching for the philosopher, if he knows how to use it. But this subject we cannot pursue.

The remaining point to which we have referred is the treatment of sin (see vol. ii. pp. 105-116). This section is full of true and profound remarks, and the reply to those who object against the very possibility of evil under a Moral Governor is complete: "Whoever commits a trust to others thereby opens a possibility of moral evil; but we do not on that account regard him, if the trust be violated, as the author of the unfaithfulness; unless indeed he has burdened the assigned duty with unmanageable conditions" (ii. 107). But the deepest difficulties in the question of moral evil concern the question not of individual sin, but of *race-sin*; and these are not touched by Dr. Martineau, for he does not believe in a Fall, and cannot speak of Redemption. What is said, moreover, concerning the "forfeiture of freedom and the relapse into automatic necessity," the terrible verdict concerning a hardened offender that "he has lost the privilege of sin, and sunk away from the rank of persons into the destiny of things" (p. 115), appears to us an attempt to minimize moral difficulties by misstatement of moral facts. The utterly depraved will of a Borgia or an Iago, the furious and insatiable lust, the horrible delight in cruelty, which has marked men who seem, even on earth, to have begun to be fiends, cannot be thus explained away. Such men, alas! are not "things," but evil spirits; and to ignore the devil, and classify fearfully depraved human beings with natural monsters, devoid of responsibility and doomed to disappear, may be convenient to the optimist, but it does not accord with the terrible realities of personal and spiritual life.

It is time, however, that we summed up our notice of a long and comprehensive work by a brief statement of what we regard as its chief value at the present time, and its most important contributions to current discussions on the fundamental questions of religion.

I. The need of a sound metaphysic in order to secure a sound basis for religious belief is here insisted on and proved. From the study of "phenomena," nothing but "phenomena" will emerge. Professor Fiske's friend, mentioned in Dr. Martineau's Preface, expressed the truth very appositely. Complaining of the Professor's finding in the psychical evolution of man an intimation of individual immortality, he exclaimed, "What? John Fiske say that? Well; it only proves what I have always maintained, that you cannot make the slightest concession to metaphysics without ending in a theology!" Or, as Dr. Martineau expresses it, "If once you allow yourself to think about the origin and end of things, you will have to believe in a God and immortality." We are not afraid that men will give up thinking about the origin and end of things. When the present tyranny of physical science—too largely a reaction against a similar dogmatism of theology—is past, as it soon will be, we shall wonder that intelligent men ever believed that the methods of physical science in the investigation of "phenomena" could suffice for all truth. Dr. Martineau's demonstration of the misleading assumptions of modern Agnosticism, and his vindication of the functions of the human intellect within its appointed limits, is a valuable breakwater against the intruding tide of scepticism.

II. A contribution of importance is here provided to the study of Teleology. It is only a contribution, though a valuable one, and no more could be expected in a single section of such a work as this. Few things are more needed at present in the department of Apologetics than a comprehensive handling of the Argument of Design, based upon our present scientific knowledge. Perhaps the time is not yet ripe for that. Meanwhile, Dr. Martineau's treatment of the subject may be commended, as showing the lines upon which the work will have to be done. Teleology implies a proper comprehension of causality, and causality a proper comprehension of will. If "the notion *cause* takes its form from the fundamental antithesis and correspondence of the Ego and the non-Ego, revealed in percipience as the constituents of one whole," and our idea of cause is dependent upon our imme-

diate consciousness of will, there is a place for teleology such as many modern scientists refuse to give it. With this view of cause, we are justified in looking upon the universe as pervaded by intellectual power and assuming purpose everywhere. It requires, however, great care to know how to read purpose rightly, and Dr. Martineau is, in this respect, a safe guide, not attempting to make teleology prove too much. Under the three heads of Selection, Combination, and Gradation, he shows that no explanation of the facts of Nature but that of presiding intellectual power will suffice; and in a separate section meets most of the leading objections to teleology. These include the necessity of imposing limitations on the Divine Being, the existence of useless and unmeaning arrangements, and of adjustments in Nature which are positively hurtful, such as the apparently enormous overprovision for replenishing the world and the existence of pain and death. The shallow sneers at the Argument from Design, which are fashionable just now, are hardly worth noticing; but serious objections from serious thinkers always deserve attention, and Dr. Martineau's treatment of these is sympathetic, weighty, and cogent.

III. Perhaps the strongest part of the book is its presentation of the argument for the existence of God derived from moral obligation. The moral order is not explicable in terms of pleasure and pain, as Utilitarians hold, or the struggle for existence, as Evolutionists teach. It is certainly not arbitrary and meaningless. Whence, then, does it derive its significance? Dr. Martineau's answer is that it is "imposed by an authority foreign to our personality, and is open, not to be canvassed, but only to be obeyed or disobeyed." In working out this thesis, considerable space is devoted to the conflicting moral aspects of the world, including the "admission of suffering," the "admission of sin" and the "triumphs of force in history." It is not given to any single writer to deal exhaustively with the mystery of pain and the mystery of evil; but Dr. Martineau's contribution towards a solution of the great problem of human life is full of suggestive and helpful thought. If he does not satisfy sceptics, he will do much to relieve doubting and questioning believers, and more than this

is perhaps hardly possible within the limits of the natural religion which Dr. Martineau is expounding. No light-hearted optimism, with its watchword "Whatever is, is right," will avail to read the riddle of the world, and Dr. Martineau is no shallow optimist. But his reasoning goes far to obviate many current objections against Nature "red in tooth and claw with ravine," and no one can read these pages without gaining new light on the world-old mysteries of pain and death.

We must make room here for one closing extract. It is from the chapter on the Triumphs of Force in History, and exhibits the true significance of history, as it can only be seen when lighted up by keen moral perception and spiritual insight. Dr. Martineau is meeting the plausible objection that in history confusion reigns, and all things here go by might alone. The conquests of a Hannibal and an Alva, the "tramp of Goths and Vandals over Roman causeways" and the "bell of St. Bartholomew's night" induce the thought that everywhere the law of the strongest prevails, and that "the play of the world is a scrambling lottery, where the prizes are seized by the least scrupulous mind and the most greedy hand, while all the blanks are drawn, amid the laughter of the shrewd, by hesitating conscience and pious simplicity." This, however, is a grievous mistake. It is not physical force that prevails. There is a hierarchy of forces in human affairs, ranged thus in an ascending scale:—

"(1) That of *instinctive appetite and passion*, in which there is the least remove from the condition of other animals; (2) that of *self-conscious pursuit of personal or social ends*, involving the first exercise of will; (3) that of *conscience*, in which these ends are taken, not as we *like*, but as we *ought*; (4) that of *faith*, in which the conflict is transcended between what we like and what we ought, and duty becomes Divine" (ii. 119).

In the individual these stages are successively passed, and the lower is seen to be not merely inferior to, but weaker than the higher. As in the individual, so in the race. "Races repeat in their experience the successive stages of personal character, and exhibit among them the same relations of graduated strength; each stage, as it is reached, gaining an advantage over its lower predecessor, and conferring fresh

resources for social combination and obedience." The Phœnicians were a sample of utilitarian civilization; but what has been their place in the history of the world?

"Compared with little Athens, what have those bankers, and carriers, and factory-builders of antiquity bequeathed in memory of their existence? When the time arrived for them to come into collision with the grave and vigorous Roman, no individual genius, no prowess, could avert their fall before the sterner moral solidity against which they were flung; the commercial civilization, which was great on the exchanges of the world, went down before a law-giving and law-abiding people, whose mission it was first to codify the social conscience of the human race. . . . Yet when that mighty Rome had, by centuries of military police, embraced in her order all that was not barbarous of three continents, and opened a field for sympathies large and human, the strength and tenacity of its universalism were put to a test which they could not bear. An unnoticed competitor for the homage and allegiance of all hearts stole in at the background of the scene; insisting also on a common law, administered in no prætor's court; but far more, on a blending affection such as fellows in suffering, in exile, in hope, may naturally feel; speaking with equal voice to the conscience of the woman and the man, the bond and the free, the client and the patron; and by glad hymns and tender prayers making the presence felt of an everlasting love, the home and rest of all trustful spirits. In Christianity a spiritual universality stepped forth to try its strength on the field of the legal and political; and though long despised, and more than once driven into retreat and threatened with extinction, it asserted its superior vitality by slipping across the boundaries of empire, raising its altar in opposing camps, and quietly surviving the shocks of revolution. As the old order caved in and made a disastrous ruin, the new religious organism lifted its head and grew; and whether we judge the inward unity which it created by its intensity or its duration, it far transcended that of the great secular empire which first spread its field. Whatever may be said in derision of the dissensions of theology, and said truly within the limits of the minor phenomena, there is no uniting principle so wide, so deep, so enduring, as the enthusiasm of religion; which, relatively to the minds possessed by it, is also the highest" (ii. 27, 128).

With this noble passage we must close, though we have by no means finished our sketch of a work which we trust our readers will study, admire, and learn from for themselves. It is no more than an Apology, but it is a great one. Strange that in these days religion and the belief in a living God should need defence; but none can deny that there is need of

such defensive work, of "clearing and guarding the rock-base of natural faith," and this is the work to which Dr. Martineau in his advanced age has set himself, and which he has ably and splendidly accomplished. It is a high theme, a great argument, to

"Assert eternal Providence  
And vindicate the ways of God to men ;"

and it can never be adequately achieved without taking account of Revelation and Redemption. Of these, Dr. Martineau has in these volumes naturally nothing to say; but as a *præparatio evangelica* this latest and finest work of his will do invaluable service. There are tens of thousands of educated men amongst us who need just such a clear-voiced herald of the true dayspring from on high. They are not yet ready to listen to the voice of the Saviour of men, and need a John the Baptist to prepare His way. There are obstacles in the way of their accepting a revelation from God at all, which only such a vigorous and devout thinker as Dr. Martineau can remove, and to such the reasonings of the *Study of Religion* may prove of life-long service. That those who travel thus far with Dr. Martineau will need something more to satisfy them, we cannot but believe. "If such a God there be, will He not speak to us?" men cry. Has He not indeed spoken, and what is the burden of His message? Freedom to sin permitted by the Great First Cause, and no freedom from sin made possible by the eternal Heart of Love? This can never be; but to follow out that thought would lead us far beyond the subject of this article. Only, in looking down the vista Dr. Martineau has opened up in his *Study of Religion*, we see a Cross and One who hangs on it, a Throne and One who sits thereon. In Him we find a solution of problems which before had only haunted and bewildered us, in Him a unity and harmony where was before only perplexity, diversity, and discord. As we look at Him we can believe in what before we could only dream of, and long to know—

"The God, that ever lives and loves,  
One God, one law, one element,  
And one far-off Divine event,  
To which the whole creation moves."

ART. II.—THE PRUSSIAN OLD AND THE GERMAN  
NEW COURT RÉGIME.

1. *Mémoires de Frédérique Sophie Wilhelmine de Prusse, Margravine de Bareith.* Brunswick, Paris, et Londres. 1812.
2. *The Memoirs of Wilhelmine, Margravine of Baireuth.* Translated by PRINCESS CHRISTIAN. London: David Stott. 1888.\*
3. *The German Emperor and Empress, Frederick III. and Victoria; the Story of their Lives.* By DOROTHEA ROBERTS. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1888.

THOSE famous *Memoirs* of Frederica Sophie Wilhelmine, Margravine of Baireuth, and eldest sister of Frederick the Great, which Carlyle pronounced to be so "true, lucid, and charmingly human," have, within the last few months, been given to the English-reading public in a spirited and graceful version by the Princess Christian; and that large public can now, if it will, compare Wilhelmine's frank and fearless portraits of certain great personages with the same figures as they appear under the admirably managed chiaroscuro and skilful grouping of that Rembrandt of historians, who has made her unflattered pen-and-ink sketches so serviceable to the composition of his great picture—but in his own way. Concentrating the high white light on this excellence, spreading a lucid gloom over that eccentricity, plunging into almost impenetrable shadow that other deformity, Carlyle has attained a result impossible to any but a supreme artist with such materials. The same facts, seen by the cold daylight of the *Memoirs*, make a different impression, and a less favourable one.

The book has another and a more pleasing use. By its aid

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\* While this article is passing through the press, another volume is published by the same house, entitled *The Margravine of Baireuth and Voltaire*, which is also translated by Princess Christian, and which forms a sort of sequel to the *Memoirs*. It appears to be very interesting, although Voltaire's sinister influence seems not to have left untouched the character of the Margravine.

we can see what were the tone and atmosphere of the Prussian Court in those pre-Revolutionary days, what was the education, what the lot of Prussia's Royal sons and daughters in the first half of the eighteenth century; we can compare these with the life-story, beautiful even in its most painful passages, of our English Princess Royal and her soldier-husband, Frederick, Emperor of Germany. The comparison will hardly lead us to the conclusion that the former days were better than these; rather, we may rejoice in the vast change for good wrought during the hundred years of convulsion and upheaval that followed the Margravine Wilhelmine's death in 1758.

The characteristic portrait, in autotype from an original at Berlin, prefixed to the new English version of the *Memoirs*, forms an excellent introduction to the text. Her fine head, with its snowy powdered curls, relieved against the artificial gloom of some mock-rustic retreat, Wilhelmine looks at us out of her large clear eyes with a friendly half-humorous glance; her delicate lips are curved into a subtle gentle smile. Her dress, in its rich and sombre grace, has a curiously modern air, altogether in harmony with the brightly intelligent physiognomy. It was a keen-witted, high-bred, cultured woman of the world to whom belonged that broad high brow, those finely-drawn traits, that enigmatic smile. But nothing in this suggestive portrait hints of her weary life of conflict, of the tragic scenes she passed through; indeed, she opposed to her "sea of troubles" a gay and serene courage and a spirit of self-devotion which secured to her the victory at last. But the fight had been too hard; the light of her life went out early.

The trials of that brief life began almost with the year when she was born into the midst of the corrupt selfish high society which she reveals to us. Her slender hand lifting the thick curtain of oblivion that hangs between us and the Prussian Court, over which ruled her parents, Frederick William I. and his Queen, Sophie Dorothee of Hanover, daughter of George I., we are well able to judge how little chance there was for peaceful free development of young life therein. We see that uncongenial Royal pair, ill-matched, though their marriage was one of affection, busied about their separate

schemes, with little heed for each other's comfort; we see a whole world of plotters, great and small, making capital out of their discords; we can discern the stormy and arbitrary but honest King working hard at his needful task of "getting his finance and other branches of administration put on a rational footing"—task made so terribly difficult by his splendid thriftless father and predecessor!—working harder, if possible, at the perfecting of Prussia's military organization, which must be accomplished at whatever cost of comfort; while his Queen pursues *her* pet scheme of a double matrimonial alliance between England and Prussia, hoping to secure the consort-crown of Britain for daughter Wilhelmine, wedded to the Prince of Wales, while the English Princess, Amelia, should espouse son Frederick, afterwards *the Great*. It is a mere futile dream of maternal ambition, but its political bearings are so important that Austria is willing to take much pains for its thwarting. For Protestant Prussia being so closely united with Protestant England might become too strong for Catholic Austria. Therefore that Power has her unscrupulous agents at the Prussian Court, her Grumkow and her Seckendorf, implicitly trusted by the simple honest King, and busied for years in sowing discords between him and his wife, between the Prussian and English Courts, counterworking the plans which the Queen prosecuted with much more zeal than prudence. Her feminine doubleness, the King's violent despotic temper, and the ease with which both were played on by traitors in whom they blindly confided, did much to aid the plotters, whose mole-like workings are half revealed and half concealed in these *Memoirs*. Even the King's peculiar methods of carrying out his life-work played into the hands of his enemies, and contributed to the wretched misunderstandings that distracted his family. The jealous economies that he practised in order to meet the cost of his vastly increased military establishment, the very close paring by which he cut away four-fifths from the expenses of Royal State as he found it, appeared sordid and heartless to the wife and children, whom he stinted of dress, food, and attendance, caring nothing that they did not understand his aims, making no attempt to enlist their sympathy. Like the hard uncultured soldier that

he was, he despised womanly nature and understanding; and he had his reward. Those who should have been his best helpers chafed at his restrictions and mocked at his tastes; his passion for collecting gigantic recruits for his army was a family jest; the gay bright-witted young creatures, strangely born his children, made perilous mirth out of their grim father's rages; a silent rebellion against him pervaded the household. The situation, not unheard of in humbler homes, culminated in tragic wretchedness.

Wilhelmine, says Carlyle, who throughout holds the brief for Frederick William, "exaggerates dreadfully" in her account, "veracious" though it be; we must hold it only for a "flickering wax-taper" in its light on these times. Yet, when she speaks of what she saw and knew, perforce we accept her eye-and-ear-witness, having nothing trustier to correct it with. Though her part in the tragi-comedy was too often that of her mother's tool, she appears to have felt both affection and admiration for her father; and it is no enemy's hand which has traced the portrait she has left us of the brutal soldier-King, the fanatic enemy of all culture and refinement, who prides himself on manly inflexibility and clearness of insight, who is yet the very slave of passion, on whom any cunning knave can play as on a pipe, "sounding him from his lowest note to the top of his compass." If we must respect in him the able administrator, employing his naturally great business faculty with steady, honest purpose to benefit his fatherland, we can only pity the betrayed and befooled father, ensnared into deeds which wound and alienate his nearest and dearest. Nor can we esteem the Queen, who finesses and suspects, who is hard and imprudent, who teaches her children to deceive their father. The last glimpse given of her in these *Memoirs* as a new-made widow, grieving more because her beloved son excludes her from all political power, than because of her recent bereavement, and wearing a "sinister and melancholy expression," is too much in harmony with all her earlier conduct.

From the hero-worshipper's point of view, however, Frederick William has one grand advantage over his consort, which would countervail the utmost womanly sweetness and nobility

on the Queen's part. She failed of her life-long aim, and he attained his. The Prussia of to-day bears the very stamp which his will sought to impress on it; it holds that commanding position as the chief military Power of Europe which, with unwavering perseverance, he strove to secure for it. Therefore, it is that we have been invited to see in him one of the silent master-spirits of the world, and to condone the odious faults of his character—its narrowness, its coarseness, its cruelty—in consideration of its essential greatness. A careful study of these *Memoirs* does not incline us to comply with the invitation.

The narrative presents us, by way of compensation, with one charming group, all the more attractive for the stormy background against which it is relieved: two radiant young beings, a brother and a sister, Wilhelmine and Frederick, growing up together into an eager, intellectual, and emotional life, and bound by strong and sweet mutual affection. Wilhelmine's lucid, simple prose glows almost into poetry when she speaks of "the brother who was educated with me, who for a thousand reasons became so inexpressibly dear to me, and who I have the happiness of knowing was the admiration of all Europe. . . . The most amiable prince you could see—handsome, well-grown, with great mental gifts and endued with all the virtues that make a perfect sovereign." In later years, alas! it is a different portrait that she draws; a hard-lined face, with mocking glance and sneering mouth, replaces the image of the gracious boyish Frederick. The "furnace of iron" that he passed through left him hard and cold as steel.

For a few years after her birth, in 1709, Wilhelmine's was the natural child's life; we see her the vivacious, mischievous darling of Court and home, caressed by all, and quick-witted enough to delight the heart of Peter the Great with apt words of compliment when that splendid barbarian visited Berlin. But there was little space for unconscious, innocent childhood in the Prussian Court, which then resembled one great whispering gallery of malicious gossip. Now the talk was of a high-born lady, mother of beautiful daughters, who hoped through the loveliest of her girls to gain a lawless influence over the King; now the Queen herself was assailed with

causeless slander; now, with bated breath, people talked of a plot against the King's life. And while he kept aloof—working hard as any clerk at the details of government, drilling his battalions, or smoking and drinking with his jovial comrades in his *Tabagie*—all the feminine world that he despised—Queen, ladies, and waiting-women—was spinning busily at a vast web of matrimonial or quasi-matrimonial intrigue. Wilhelmine was but ten when her mother initiated the precocious child, flattered by being treated like “a grown-up girl,” into some of these perilous secrets. She heard how Madame von Blaspiel, a Court lady more loyal than prudent, had been disgraced for daring to whisper how Grumkow was implicated in a plot to take the life of the King and his two sons, and to secure the Crown for the next male heir, the Margrave of Schwedt, who, to strengthen his title, would be married to Wilhelmine. The story was at first credited; but the luckless lady had not armed herself with corroborating proofs, and was soon borne down by Grumkow's bold counter-assertions. The Queen, however, steadily believed in the plot, associating with it the Margrave of Schwedt's suit for her daughter's hand, which was being urged, with the King's sanction, but which she fiercely opposed, having indeed devised her long-cherished scheme of the English alliance to counteract it. She now sought to enlist the child-princess on her side, and she succeeded well. Wilhelmine instinctively hated the Margrave, and she vividly remembered the day of terror when she had been bidden to use all her infant lures to detain the King from some entertainment where he *might* be slain, and when her mother, driven to despair at his rising to depart, clung about him, weeping and shrieking, to prevent his going forth. Furnished now with the key to this strange scene, the girl felt her repulsion for the Margrave quite justified.

She did not relish the idea of the marriage better when it became the pretext for much weary suffering, especially at the hands of her under-governess, a certain Léti, who, though sufficiently gifted, was violent, of low morality, and revengeful in temper, concealing all her defects with the mask of piety. Refusing to betray the Queen's confidences to this woman, a bribed advocate for the Margrave of Schwedt, the Princess was assailed

with heavy blows, thrown off her chair, and beaten till her face and arms were black and blue. Somewhat alarmed at this result, Léti for the future spared the soft young face, but not the arms and legs. The little victim, with the strange reticence of childhood, made no complaint, even when under these outrages she became dangerously ill. The furious woman who had nearly caused her death was at last dismissed, rather through her growing insolence than any graver fault; and her place was filled by a good and gifted instructress, a Mademoiselle von Sonnsfeld. This lady was happy in persuading the Queen that mildness would do more for her pupil than severity. Queen Sophie Dorothee's scheme of education was really large and liberal, but her methods were harsh. The hours of study passed in her mother's presence had been miserable for Wilhelmine; so exacting had been the royal lady, so sharp her reproofs for any defect of memory, that the child-student, naturally self-possessed and gracious, was becoming "shy, frightened, and melancholy," and spent her nights in weeping. Such were the gentler influences that surrounded the childhood of Prussian royalty in the last century; if we wish to deepen the shades of the picture to blackness, we need only turn to Frederick William's usage of his eldest son.

Wilhelmine, having described her beloved brother in his infancy as far more intelligent than quick or lively, a child whose rare powers it needed some sympathetic insight to discern, goes on to tell us: "The King could not bear my brother; he never saw him without ill-treating him; and this caused in my brother a fear of his father and a shyness in his presence which he never got over"—a plain statement which we may not put aside because once Frederick William was enchanted to find lovely little three-year-old Fritz, Wilhelmine at his side, "strutting about and assiduously beating a little drum," of which pretty scene he had a charming picture painted, still extant, and charmingly engraved to illustrate Carlyle's *History*. The soldier-King could be fatherly to an obedient soldier-son; but woe to that son if he did not speak, think, act, as the father willed! And unhappily in the dumb struggle for domestic mastery between King and Queen, young Frederick followed the lead of his mother, whose literary tastes he shared,

while the King utterly contemned them. It was maddening to find in one's eldest-born son a lover of music—effeminate folly! a devotee of French literature—mere corrupting trash! allied in Frederick William's opinion with the low morality and heretical opinions he more than suspected in his heir. And the Prince's passive disobedience—prompted by his mother, alas!—kept the King's rage ever smouldering, when it did not break out into furious flame, as in 1829, when Frederick and his sister were perilously involved in the Queen's luckless schemings for the double English alliance. The negotiations with England had become tangled in a hopeless knot, twisted and double-twisted with secret plottings; the King, irritated with the whole business, and tortured with gout, became quite dangerous in his rageful suffering. A scene at the Royal dinner-table, just before the marriage of the young Princess Louise to the Margrave of Anspach, and provoked by the bride's complaints of the fare provided by the kingly economist for his children, is a fair sample of the wild explosions which made the victims regard their august parent as a sort of stage-tyrant *pour rire*. "What is amiss with my table?" cries the angry King to the impertinent complainer. "There is not enough for us to eat," she answers boldly, "and what there is, only cabbages and carrots, which we detest." Whereupon the King, driven frantic, wreaks his wrath not on the speaker, but on the Queen, Wilhelmine, and Frederick, who *may* have been guilty of laughing. A plate flung at Prince Fritz, who dodges it, is followed by another aimed at Wilhelmine, who also slips out of the way; then come torrents of abuse directed against mother and children; and as the younger culprits are escaping, the King strikes at them with his gouty crutch, and luckily misses them. It is not their first experience of dodging the paternal cane; often they have to run at the sound of the King's heavy foot, to hide behind screens, in cupboards, under beds, when he is in his furious moods. After this scene, worthy of the pencil of Hogarth, we read unsurprised how Frederick, his father's enforced companion, was "in utter despair, and his patience quite exhausted," his father having dragged about by the hair and beaten till the blood came, this Prince, already seventeen, and precocious in ability as in sensibility.

And ever the double-marriage scheme is the bone of contention between the father and mother. Wilhelmine is weary of her life for it. The pretensions of the Margrave of Schwedt are revived, they divide with those of the Prince of Weissenfels the approval of the King. The Queen, detesting both matches, still bent on her English project, puts forward the Hereditary Prince of Baireuth as opposition suitor, merely to gain time. We are driven to suppose that the irritation produced by this endless chaffering, by his son's veiled rebellion, and by the vile insinuations of plotters, had affected the King with a kind of temporary insanity; for he seems really to have attempted Frederick's life.

"He sent for me one morning," said the Prince, in a stolen interview with his sister. "As soon as I entered the room he seized me by my hair and threw me on the ground. After having beaten me with his fists, he dragged me to the window and tied the cord, which fastened back the curtains, round my throat. I had, fortunately, time to get up and seize hold of his hands; but as he pulled with all his might at the cord round my throat, I felt I was being strangled, and screamed for help. A page rushed in to my assistance, and had to use force in freeing me from my father's hands. Tell me now what remains to me but flight!"

England was the haven of refuge that Frederick hoped to gain, and the marriage with Princess Amelia was the lode-star that drew him thither. We must not, indeed, think of him as a romantic lover. There are certain ugly details in the original *Memoirs*, dismissed by our Royal translator in briefest abridgment out of respect to decency, which make it plain that the old Prussian Court, with all its discords and miseries, was beautiful purity and sweetness compared with some contemporary Courts, notably that of Dresden, where this poor Prince Fritz on a luckless visit had been taught the worst lessons, and had parted for ever with such innocent freshness of heart as could make possible the pretty romance of ardent love for an unknown beautiful princess-cousin. But marriage with her smiled on him as the fairest way of escape from the tyranny under which he groaned; and he had sworn to wed no other. A formal embassy from George II., to settle about the long-desired marriages, now came unluckily to sudden hopeless end, through an explosion of Frederick William's gusty temper, provoked artfully by evil

advisers ; the Prince remained really desperate. His father had often taunted him with his tame spiritless submission to all manner of ill-usage without a struggle for liberty : Frederick, bitterly mindful of every such taunt, resolved to act on them, and made all his plans for escape, with the privity of a clever and attached, but not quite admirable, confidant, a young captain of good family, named Katte—a wild gay youth, accused of dissoluteness and impiety, and suspected of a presumptuous admiration for bright Princess Wilhelmine. It is well-known matter of history how at the very outset Frederick's wild enterprise was betrayed through the blundering of a page, and how, captured as a deserter, he was dragged back to his father, whose fury transformed him for the moment into a dangerous wild beast, and who with infinite difficulty was restrained from taking his son's life with his own hands. Such a tragedy might have appalled Europe, and altered the course of its history ; but the victim's sufferings would not have equalled those he endured in the months immediately following his capture.

Though he had armed himself with a scornful composure under his personal sufferings, under the King's violence, under imprisonment, trial, and condemnation to death as a deserting "Colonel Fritz," Frederick was not proof against the last trial devised him by the irate father, who, hardly wrought upon to reprieve his own son from death, was inexorable to poor Katte, his accomplice, and caused him to be executed almost under Frederick's eyes, the scaffold being erected so near the Prince's prison-window that the unhappy friends, as the doomed one went by, could exchange farewell words of despair and devotion. Frederick, having vainly expended himself in frenzied entreaties for mercy, sank into a swoon that held him long, then was seized by a fever ; and he remained many a day the prey of violent fitful despair, of darkest melancholy. From that dreadful hour it is easy to trace through his sister's narrative the steady hardening of his character, the withering of its softer, more generous traits, till, with his accession to the throne, the cynical, sceptical, supremely able and entirely unscrupulous Frederick of history stands before us. Wilhelmine, whom he still loved after a fashion, recognizes the change

with natural bitterness; wherefore Carlyle deprecates her "exaggerated, perhaps perverted tone:" she ought to have adored the hero-brother, without such criticism!

The Princess tells the tale of Frederick's futile flight and its results with a dramatic vividness that shows what anguish had burned the details into her memory. From the moment when her girlish delight in a Court ball was cut short by the hint of her brother's arrest, to the hour when her father stood before her, "black with rage," and felled her to the ground with a blow on the temple, as Frederick's guilty accomplice, all the story lives, breathes, palpitates, with the hurried anxiety, the sickening suspense, of the moment. Imprisoned, ill-treated, loaded with vile accusations, threatened with shameful punishment; trembling for her beloved brother's life; the girl was at last wrought upon to buy pardon and safety, for him, and peace for the family, by submitting to the King's command and accepting the Hereditary Prince of Baireuth as her husband. Queen Sophie Dorothée never forgave her daughter for this step; yet it was well and wisely done of Wilhelmine, whose story thenceforth flows on, not smoothly indeed, but broken by no new calamity, to the day of her marriage, which was by no means an unhappy one, since she learned to love and esteem the husband who loved her, though she had accepted him in a spirit of self-sacrifice rather than of affection.

This marriage is the turning-point of the story. Satisfied with having brought his children to submission, King Frederick William ceased to steel his heart against them. Touched by the ardent gratitude which made Wilhelmine fall at his feet in tears of joy when her pardoned brother was restored to her, perceiving what a warm loving nature he had been wronging in *her*, he began to treat his son also with decency and humanity. But such tardy justice could not efface the work of years of ill-usage; the Crown Prince received it with a cold ungraciousness which little pleased his father. At a later day, indeed, when the stern old King was facing death with a strange pathetic courage, Frederick showed that the son's heart was not quite dead in him; but Wilhelmine saw him not in that softer mood; and the records of the brother and sister's after intercourse exhibit him only in his new hard aspect, like the avenging

Coriolanus—"grown from man to dragon; he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing." Naturally, the later pages of the *Memoirs* are mostly concerned with the young Margravine's new home and position, with the "humours" of Baireuth and other little Courts, its neighbours; and not a little appalling is the picture given of old-world German high society. Some incidents that Wilhelmine relates with her easy lightness recall the darkest French contemporary scandals, and for unredeemed grossness could hardly be paralleled in the English society that knew Robert Walpole. The young Margravine, with her proud purity, her intellectual cravings, her finer, higher tastes, came like an unwelcome light into that thick atmosphere of stupidity, arrogance, and vice; but it seems that the light conquered. She made of Baireuth a centre of culture and learning unexampled before in Germany.

Though something of an *esprit fort*, an appreciative student of Newton, Locke, and Shaftesbury, an admirer of Rousseau, a correspondent of Voltaire, Wilhelmine appears little inclined to eighteenth-century Atheism. The few and simple religious utterances of her *Memoirs* bear the stamp of sincerity; and from time to time she laments how this and that associate had infected her brother's mind with infidel principles. To us the marvel would have been great had the Prince's mind escaped such infection, seeing that the father who treated him with ferocious injustice prided himself on rigid piety and stainless orthodoxy, being indeed wont to weary his children with long angry sermonizings and enforced austerities, which they took the more impatiently for the unlovely guise that religion wore in their savage-tempered monitor. Nor was the King's the only injurious example, or the worst, which came under that cold, clear glance of Frederick the Great. It is no uncommon phrase with Wilhelmine, in describing a character odious for vice or perfidy, or both, to add, "this scandalous behaviour was concealed under a cloak of extreme piety." Unless she grievously misjudged the world in which she lived, it was one where, under a thin crust of sanctimonious observance, might often be glimpsed a foul abyss of hatred, falsehood, and evil concupiscence; and in the great game of Court intrigue the hypocrites won and the honest and open lost. Meanwhile, high and

low, traitor and true, alike seem to have been swayed by contemptible superstition. Grumkow, the crafty intriguer, trembles before an apparition of the dying King of Poland; Queen, Princesses, and ladies consult famous fortune-tellers; strange noises in the Royal apartments are held to foreshow the Prince's misfortunes; the "White Lady" is heard wailing before an august death in the palace at Baireuth. These portents and sundry others, as Wilhelmine scornfully tells us, affected people's minds with the most abject fear. In view of the mixture of full-blown rascality, childish credulity, and vile hypocrisy, so largely characterizing the society he knew, we wonder not so much that the great Frederick became a mocking sceptic and misanthropist, as that his highly-gifted sister was so little of either. From *her* we have no word resembling that frightful utterance of his to the man who spoke of humankind and its inborn leaning towards goodness. "Ach, mein lieber Sulzer, er kennt nicht diese verdammte Race."

One of Wilhelmine's visits to the home of her maiden days gives us perhaps as piteous a picture as any in her gallery—that of the poor young Princess of Brunswick-Bevern, whom Frederick William selected and imposed on his son as his bride.

"I am torn out of my quiet life, and made to marry a person I have never seen; my consent has been forced from me; I am very wretched about it all," wrote Frederick to his "adored sister" at Baireuth, very soon after her own marriage. We have to pity this reluctant bridegroom; but sadder was the lot of the bride, whom her mother-in-law elect pronounced "very handsome, but as stupid as a bundle of straw; the silliest creature on earth; she can only say 'Yes' or 'No,' and laughs so idiotically that it makes one quite ill;" and who indeed had the helpless shyness as well as the exquisite complexion of a child. A poor, lovely, unformed being, awkward and dumb through the timidity which robbed her blooming girlhood of all charm, Elizabeth Christina of Bevern was thrust on the keen-witted, strong-willed, cynical Prince, who never pretended to love, although he learned to respect her; she was flung defenceless into the midst of a circle of mockers already gibing at her. Such were the unhappy conditions that presided over

the marriage of a Prussian Crown Prince in 1733. The genuine piety of the unloved wife saved her from becoming the heroine of any scandalous romance such as were then too common in high places, the real nobility of her character made her not only blameless but beneficent; yet her poor little story ministers more to compassion than to any other feeling.

It was a far different marriage that was made in 1858 for a later inheritor of the crown once worn by the great Frederick, with a happier bride, beloved for her own sake; yet there is enough of surface resemblance between this modern story and the old one that we have been retracing to make their real diversity more striking. Again a union between the hope of the Hohenzollerns and an English Princess is in question; the bridegroom-elect is again one of two Royal children of Prussia, a brother and a sister bound in tenderest friendship. Again it is a Princess, not less precocious nor less richly gifted than Wilhelmine, whose early girlhood is disturbed by talk of marriage; Prussia is still before all a military nation, perhaps more thoroughly penetrated than ever by the martial sentiment, for the wars of Napoleon have come and gone, and every Prussian youth, of whatever rank or calling, is destined to be an armed defender of the Fatherland. But with all this similarity of outward circumstance, what a difference! Here is no compelled union between two young creatures who have never looked on each other's face, no loveless wedlock with its attendant miseries; a sweet homeliness breathing of trust and affection pervades the Royal households that are united in their children; and these children have not been enforced to snatch by stealth its forbidden fruit from the Tree of Knowledge: on the contrary, their natural powers have been carefully developed by an education broadly and nobly planned. Nor has divine religion been masked up for them in some grim disguise, and made odious by association with oppression and treachery: it has appeared to them as the fair sovereign companion of freedom and happiness, the real author of these blessings. "Make the tree good, and his fruit good:" already the union of two beings so richly endowed and wisely reared has been fruitful of blessings to the land that looked up to this

pair for its highest example of noble living, and that was not disappointed therein.

Nothing could well be prettier and more idyllic than the beginnings of love between Victoria, Princess Royal of England, and Prince Frederick William of Prussia—not yet Crown Prince in those days, his uncle Frederick William IV. still reigning. If the two had been young rustics, going primrosing or gleaning about their fathers' fields, their attachment could hardly have arisen more simply and spontaneously than it did amid royal splendours and great national pageantries;—for it was on that bright May day of 1851, perhaps the most splendidly happy of our Queen's reign, when the First International Exhibition, the "Peace Congress" devised by Prince Albert, was opened, that the future German Emperor and Empress met for the first time. As a Royal guest the nineteen-year-old Prince had his place near the central group of English Royalty amid which Princess Victoria, then a child of ten, stood holding the Prince Consort's hand, and gazing with large eyes on the fairy scene. It would seem that even so early the precocious grace and intelligence of the Princess, her high-souled father's dear pupil and child-comrade, deeply impressed the noble youth, whose visit to England proved no unimportant part of his education for sovereign duties. During his lengthened stay in this land, "he was always more and more impressed with the spectacle of the loyalty of a free people; he admired our constitutional institutions and government; he was struck with wonder and delight to see the ceaseless industry of the Prince Consort; above all things he was attracted by the 'perfect domestic happiness which he found'" strangely enthroned on the highest and most arduous summit of society, where rarely indeed it can find footing. And in connection with the whole fair scene came always to his memory the bright, and humorous, yet earnest, child-face, whose imagined lineaments haunted him even in Titian's pictured saints. So, four years later, when he had reached the prime of early manhood, and was ready and eager to play a man's part in the world's warfare, it was to England and to its Queen's Scottish home of Balmoral that he came seeking the bride who must make his noble manhood perfect, enriching it with her sweetness, her moral height,

her rare mental breadth, not inferior to his own. He came with the full consent of his own parents, and did not find his lady's parents too stern; but the Princess was so young—fifteen only—not yet confirmed; let him wait a little. He would wait then; but silent waiting is not easy to ardent four-and-twenty, amid all the ease and gaiety of a free country life, and with the spray of white heather given and received on the slopes of Craig-na-ban came a perfect understanding between the pair; though the formal betrothal must perforce be deferred for a time, and some years must pass before the marriage. When the ceremony at last took place, the Princess was only seventeen.

It would be hard to find a greater contrast than that presented by this young romance to the "alliances" made or sought for Prussian Royalty in the days of ambitious Queen Sophie Dorothee and her despotic spouse, unless we seek it in the sort of training bestowed on bride and bridegroom, as opposed to the educational influences surrounding Frederick the Great and that inarticulate image of a wife, her waxen prettiness spoiled by paralyzing shyness, whom he was forced to wed—poor Princess, "well brought up, modest and retiring as women ought to be; and a God-fearing creature," said her father-in-law, speaking truly enough as to the last point; but that good up-bringing of hers had not taught her how to talk, stand, or move rightly, and would seem to have been ruled largely by the maxim that young Royal ladies "must be seen and not heard."

"Unser Fritz," as the Germans have long loved to call the Emperor (even the French defeated foe picking up the phrase affectionately in dark 1870), had indeed such a thorough military up-bringing as would have enraptured rough old Frederick William I. Beginning at ten with the rank of sub-lieutenant, he steadily worked his way up through successive grades to high command, neglecting no military duty, roughing it on equal terms with his men, studying and teaching in due course through all the strict Prussian army routine. What a captain he thus became was well seen on many a bloody field, from Düppel in the Danish war onward. But this needful education would only half have satisfied the views

of his mother—the now widowed Empress Augusta—a Princess of Weimar, high-minded and spiritual, in love with universal culture; and the heroic King and Emperor William, wiser than some of his predecessors, and trusting justly in his wife's judgment, did not counteract her plans. So Prince Fritz not only acquired two other trades beside soldiering, after the good Hohenzollern wont, and became past-master in the crafts of carpentry and bookbinding, but was carefully trained in all graceful accomplishments, and received the most liberal of liberal educations, æsthetic, classical, practical, studying at the University of Bonn before completing his soldierly training at the Military Academy in Berlin. Travel in England, Russia, Switzerland, Italy further enlarged and liberalized the mind that was soon applying itself to gravest questions of statesmanship; but perhaps most precious of educational influences was the atmosphere of sweet, pure home happiness, of religious feeling, not formal in orthodoxy, but living, practical, kindly, amid which the young soul grew up into grand and gentle manhood.

With but slight changes this description of the Prince's early life applies to that of his bride, whose childhood was perfectly free, joyous, and natural, yet most watchfully guarded, being entrusted to the care of those whose purity and goodness were beyond question, and who reared her in the spirit of reverent loving piety. Her "child's heart" remained true and tender; her "man's head" enabled her to profit wonderfully by the rare educational advantages secured to her, not only by the lessons of the ablest professors, but by the constant sympathy of her father. He instructed her so well in the mysteries of politics and of national economy that veteran diplomatists, meeting her after her marriage, wondered over her "statesmanlike and comprehensive views" as to Prussia's policy and the duties of Prussia's sovereigns; better still, he succeeded in inspiring her with his own self-devotion, his own large philanthropy. She learned to think with him that of all religious manifestations works of mercy are most according to the mind of the Eternal, and that pride of place and vastness of power mean only the multiplication of duties. The very courtesy, so exquisite and touching, which won all hearts for

the young bride, sprang from the "self-forgetfulness" which he bade her cherish as "a spark from Heaven"—words how impossible to even the finest spirit in the family of old Frederick William I.; how more than impossible to any member of George II.'s coarse German-English Court, where the great Frederick would so gladly have found his bride! Truly it is a blessed change that has come in our days over both English and German royalty.

The pair so fortunately mated have amply justified the heart-intuition which guided their marriage choice and the training which fitted them for each other and for their high sphere. Throughout his career the Emperor has shown how all soldierly excellences might consist with a noble sympathetic nature—a combination making him inexpressibly dear to the men he commanded. They followed him with blind devotion in the field, even to the gates of death, and often in the hospital wards his image and his name mingled with the delirious dreams of the wounded and the dying—among their last dear remembrances. He has proved, too, how the same sympathy, magical in its divining power, can accompany true statesmanship and exalt it into unerring wisdom: this has been seen in the proclamations, peace-breathing and healing, that have come from him since his accession, under that cloud of physical suffering which did not darken his mind. In fullest union, too, have he and his devoted wife worked together at their great two-fold task of training aright the future rulers of their land, and of caring now, in the living present, for the best interests of that land and its people. No divided ambitions, no parties warring, this for the husband's schemes, that for the wife's: the two have walked the world

"Yoked in all exercise of noble end,"

and bating nothing of heart or hope, even when the dread shadow of the final parting seemed to fall upon them. Hitherto their education of their children, conducted on the lines so successful in their own case, has had results equally fortunate. The young royal people have been trained in simplicity, self-reliance, kindliness, and Christian faith; no icy etiquette has stood between them and their parents, no false pride of

station has debarred them from fellowship with the lowly, to whom they have learned to minister. Here, indeed, in the charitable activities of the new régime, is the contrast with former days the most startling. Scarcely in all Margravine Wilhelmine's *Memoirs* can we find a hint that she knew of a Prussian People, the promotion of whose welfare was the *raison d'être* of her father's kingship, and therefore of the state and splendour and wealth (well-beloved of Wilhelmine) surrounding his family. Kings and potentates, their ambitions, misdoings, armies, palaces, and courtiers, good and bad, throng so in the foreground of her picture that we can hardly catch a glimpse of the crowds of humbler beings in the background, by whose goodwill alone could the whole glittering courtly scene exist; for were that goodwill once wholly alienated, the gay picture must melt like hoar-frost at sunrise, as the next generation of great people in France proved, to their extreme astonishment. Wilhelmine's rugged father, indeed, knew well that he held his power for his subjects, not for himself, and acted on his knowledge honestly and prudently; but no glimmering of an idea can be traced in his daughter's pages that care for the public weal could be expected from young royal ladies, their business being to preserve an unspotted reputation, to make appropriate marriages, and to maintain their high state in due splendour thereafter, while sedulously promoting the individual interests of husband and offspring by every means not unlawful.

It is a different ideal of duty that has been cherished by the Empress Victoria. Replying in March last to the congratulatory addresses of seventeen institutes and associations which claim her for patroness, she said that "the noblest vocation of a princess was unwearying activity in ameliorating the lot of the suffering classes," for which reason "the moral and intellectual education of women, care for the people's health, and the improvement of the facilities for women to earn their own livelihood were by preference constantly before her eyes."

These words indicate clearly the lines which her efforts have followed, unceasing, unrelaxing, year after year; even while in her own home she was giving the closest, most practical

attention to the physical and moral health of her young children, she was devising means of promoting health and happiness in myriads of humbler homes, and of finding fit and useful employment for the energies of German women—too often, like their English sisters, to be ranked among the suffering classes. The great wars of 1866 and 1870, when the Crown Princess, with her Royal mother- and sister-in-law and her sister Princess Alice, was constantly and most usefully engaged in organizing and superintending hospital and ambulance service, drew her attention to the crying need of training-schools wherein cultivated German women could acquire the science of nursing, and thus secure true independence for themselves while ministering to the needs of others. To meet this want there came into existence in 1881, through her efforts, the Victoria House and Nursing School, an admirable institution, connected with the magnificent Stadt Hospital in Berlin; and in like manner the Society for Promoting Health in the Home, with its various branches, enlisting the energies of many persons of position and culture, has profited greatly by the substantial aid and the suggestions of the Empress when Crown Princess, her husband sympathizing and assisting. The operation of these societies, in doing away with needless squalor and suffering, the fruit of helpless ignorance, and in giving to the pale children of the city some share in health-bringing country influences, is a service to humanity worthy of a princess. But the Empress's scheme of service to her humbler sisters has a wider sweep, and takes in artistic, literary, and industrial education; witness such institutions as the Victoria Lyceum, devoted to the higher culture of women, skilfully planned, on the broadest lines, now at work for eighteen years; and the "Victoria Stift and Lette Verein," a Home for the industrial training of orphan daughters of officers and nobles, which has for its joint founders the Empress Victoria, a Herr Lette, and a Frau Stiepel, and in which not only ordinary women's trades are efficiently taught, but the proper training for female artists and clerks is afforded. In every such effort to popularize art and spread education, the Emperor also has manifested an earnest interest, not inferior to his wife's.

"The spirit of Christianity . . . is the basis of all their educational theories. . . . They are keenly alive to the refining and regenerating influences of the best art, the best poetry, and are eager to extend the benefits of the museums and national collections to the whole nation."

It is to their joint efforts that the Museum of Industrial Art at Berlin owes its perfection, they having watched over its erection and good arrangement with anxious, fostering care. But idle were the attempt to catalogue now all the beneficent movements which have been originated or aided by them, while yet the prolonged life of the venerable Emperor William stood between them and the splendid burden of sovereign power. Yet even our imperfect sketch may show how natural it was that the Empress's first public action of note since her husband's accession should be a visit to the lately inundated districts on the Elbe, that with her own eyes she might see the nature and amount of help needed by the sufferers: a holy purpose, to accomplish which she snatched a few hours from her loving duties in that sick-chamber where she has been the most devoted of nurses. One of the prettiest pictures in Miss Roberts's popular little book—that of the Crown Prince and Princess taking part in the Christmas joys of the Pestalozzi-Fröbel House—is more than charming, it is instructive. There, in that happy home of many poor and lowly German children, in whose training the Crown Princess was wont to aid with zeal and ability, we are allowed to see her, her stately husband, and their two fair daughters mingling with the merry crowd round the loaded Christmas tree, so naturally, so kindly, in such utter simplicity, like father, mother, and elder sisters, that the spectacle goes far to explain the magic change that has come over German feeling towards German rulers—a change wrought by long years of kindly and beneficent living on the part of those rulers.

In the year of revolutions, 1848, the late Emperor William and his wife, had to escape for their lives from the rage of a revolutionary mob, and to flee across the frontier by aid of passports made out in the name of two devoted friends, one of whom, disguised as a servant, accompanied the princely pair.

Very dreamlike is this story, told of the heroic, victorious old Emperor, whose hoary head was a true crown of glory in the eyes of his people—the father of the wise and well-beloved Emperor Frederick, over the ebbings and flowings of whose mysterious malady the German folk have long watched with keen, affectionate jealousy, trembling lest the inestimably precious life should pass away, its work to human thought half wrought. It is not only that the national pride is enlisted on the side of the Hohenzollerns, under whom Germany has won her unity, so long despaired of, amid a blaze of military glory surpassing hope and desire; it is also that the national heart has come to recognize in its hereditary rulers qualities higher and better than those, however valuable, which merely ensure success in diplomacy and war.

Blessed are these inheritors of a grander power, these wielders of an influence nobler and more fruitful of good than ever was that of the great Frederick, founder of Prussia's national grandeur; blessed and happy shall be their name and memory, even should their tenure of power be among the briefest that the story of their line can relate; for already they "in a short time have fulfilled a long time," growing ever towards perfection in the discharge of every princely duty, under circumstances of difficulty all but unexampled, that would surely have paralyzed feebler spirits and hearts less dauntless in well-doing.

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### ART. III.—RICHARD WAGNER AND THE MUSICAL DRAMA.

1. *Richard Wagner : Sa Vie et ses Œuvres.* Par ADOLPHE JULLIEN. Paris : J. Rouam. 1886.
2. *Richard Wagner : Life, translated from the above, with Facsimile of Letter and Score.* London : Gilbert Wood & Co. 1886.
3. *Richard Wagner.* By E. DANNREUTHER. Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians. London : Macmillan & Co. 1885.
4. *Richard Wagner.* Life down to 1882. By FRANCIS HUEFFER. London : Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington. 1883.
5. *Wagner : Ueber das Dirigiren : A Treatise on Style in the Execution of Classical Music.* Translated and Edited by E. DANNREUTHER. London : W. Reeves. 1886.

THOSE students of Wagner who retain anything of their childhood's satisfaction in a well-rounded story concluding with an unmistakable act of poetic justice, cannot fail to have derived all the satisfaction the case affords as some few months ago their eye caught the announcement of the "Life" of the great Master, the title of which heads this paper. That Paris should, only three short years after the death of the man it had hissed off its boards, whom it robbed of one of his most cherished librettos, and whom it finally starved out of its city—that Paris should give us the most pretentious "Life" we at present possess, contains a lesson which it is easier for the reader to detect than for us to point out. We do not forget the faithful, loving service done by Mr. Dannreuther; the very readable sketch published just before Wagner's death, by the Editor (Francis Hueffer) of *The Great Musicians* series; nor do we fail to appreciate the bright and facile descriptions which we owe to the Rev. H. R. Haweis; but as yet the French are before us, in that

in biographical form they have done tardy justice to a man of genius, who had passed his fiftieth year before the clouds lifted and the skies grew less grey. He had completed his fifty-first year when the King of Bavaria—sane on this one point at any rate—sent him a brotherly entreaty to come and do his work at Munich, a guest at the royal palace. Only just in time though, for the Master at last confesses that he is growing tired of piling one silent score upon another, and that poverty and disappointment are doing their fatal work.

Wagner was born on the 22nd of May, 1813, in Leipzig, the city whose fall roused the Prussian nationality to fever heat, the outcome of which was their never-to-be-forgotten War of Independence, their "Freiheitokrieg." Beethoven, during the first decade of Wagner's life, published his seventh, eighth, and ninth Symphonies, and in the last of these we discover the germ of the "Musical Drama," the life-work of our composer. It was, however, the germ only, for Wagner says of himself, referring to a Scandinavian superstition, that the Norn who attended his birth deposited in his cradle "the never contented spirit that ever seeks the new." The gift told almost immediately. Greek, Latin, French, and English were studied each in turn; Greek for Homer, and English for Shakspeare, with a very passion of enthusiasm; but before music came his love for poetry and the drama; and he would be a poet. Big tragedies, with their impossible catastrophes and overwhelming *dénouements*, seem to be a youthful complaint from which every genius, be he poet or artist, has to suffer, and Wagner had it badly. At the age of fourteen he wrote his tragedy, a prodigious affair, a compound of "Hamlet" and "Lear." By the time the curtain falls on the fourth act, forty-two of his *dramatis personæ* have suffered death, either at their own hands or at the hands of each other. And now what can a distressed poet do? Only one thing was left to him. Bring on their ghosts to make the fifth act!

Three years after he was doing genuine work, the outcome of which are a Sonata and a Polonaise for four hands in D: his Opus 2! At the age of seventeen he was literally saturated with Beethoven, reminding us of his own devoted disciples of after years, Richter and Bülow. This severe study of

Beethoven bore good fruit—bore it definitely some ten years after in Paris, when, at a rehearsal of the "Choral Symphony" at the Conservatoire, he conceived the idea of writing a "Faust Symphony," but which appeared only as a "Faust Overture" fifteen years after this memorable date. Four years after it was written, a trial performance of it was granted, and nothing came of it. Dannreuther calls it the "first work of the true Wagner stamp, and an Autobiography in Music." Before writing the "Faust Overture," he had composed symphonies, overtures, and two operas, "Die Hochzeit" and "Die Feen." At Würzburg he obtained an appointment as Music-Director of other people's compositions, but little or no recognition of his own. At twenty-one he made his first and last bid for popularity, "Das Liebesverbot," written on the Italian model, and with due regard to the taste of the public in general and opera-singers in particular. When a man lowers his art to suit the public taste, the best fate which he can wish for his work is utter failure, and this was the history of the "Liebesverbot." Disappointed on all sides, but labour never ending, hard study never relaxed, and poverty for constant companion, his cry was, "How to get out of this groove of mediocrity!" and Paris, with its Grand Opéra, seemed the means to the end. But before this could be tried, at the age of twenty-three he must needs go and marry! His little wife is described as "bildhübsch," lovely as a picture; but has been blamed for persuading her husband to write pot-boilers. The pot is, however, an awkward fact in daily life, and the boiling a necessity; and Wagner's pot-boilers were probably not quite the typical fuel. If Germany will not hearken, perhaps Paris will; and to Paris, with its Grand Opéra, he and his wife came after three weeks' tossing on the sea. It was a miserable voyage to most of the passengers, but to him a grand step in his mental growth; for, while the tempest roared and the sea raged, he talked to the superstitious sailors about the weird legend he had learnt from Heine, and "The Flying Dutchman" took shape and colour.

It is heart-breaking to read of the three years' struggle in Paris. Poverty, hunger, and cold patiently endured, and still work, ever work; nothing, howsoever mechanical and unin-

aspiring, being left untried, while through it all the noble spirit strove to give utterance to the thought which was now taking definite shape. For, dreary as were those three years outwardly, Paris is associated with "Rienzi," "The Flying Dutchman" (the libretto for which was kidnapped from him by M. Pillet, the Director of the Opéra), and above all, he suddenly found himself face to face with his Ideal, for, coming accidentally upon the Volksbuch "Der Sängerkrieg" and Wolfram von Eschenbach's "Parzival" and "Titurël," he saw his whole life-work lying before him—a life-work to which he brought the undivided powers of his mind as Poet, Musician, and Philosopher. And here, in this composite character of his mind, we have the reason for the misunderstanding and criticism wide of the mark to which the Wagnerian music is subjected. The critics forget that we have passed out of the childhood and youth of Music, and have come, through much suffering, to be as gods, knowing Good and Evil; that childhood and youth are gone for ever since Beethoven handed on his Thought to Wagner. It is difficult for a man to embody philosophy in music, and still more difficult for the world to understand the philosophy when so embodied, especially when, as in Wagner's case, the philosophy is an unpopular one; for, as he had the musicians ranged against him, so had his teacher, Schopenhauer, the philosophers of his day. If we wish to place ourselves in a position to sit at the feet of this great Master, we must accept, as he did (at any rate as a key to his Thought), Schopenhauer's axiom: "Music is not a copy of the Ideas, like other Arts, but a representation of the cosmical Will co-ordinate with the Ideas themselves." That Music is not an imitative, but a creative Art, is now so generally acknowledged that it becomes a truism to state it; but we have yet to realize that it is constructive, laying hold upon Poetry, Philosophy, and Painting as materials for the edifice which it erects. The full realization of this is the heritage of the future. We can but own the truth, dimly feel that it is there, and pass our little creed on to them of the later days, with greater minds than their fore-runners, since more composite. Whether Wagner realized all this in his earlier works may be doubtful, for the Message is

ever greater than the Messenger; but he certainly, in compiling his work entitled "*Das Kunstwerk der Zukunft*," refers repeatedly to his own works to illustrate this very point.

The sudden success of "*Rienzi*" recalled him to Germany. But though the public were willing to accept "*Rienzi*," that was not the ambition of its author; he had outgrown it, and in outgrowing it had made up his mind as to the definite aim of his Art—that of reformation, and the development of the music of the future, which means, to quote from himself, "a union of Music, Poetry, Painting, and Architecture: in a word, the 'Musical Drama.'" Easy words to write, and easy task to look over the pages which contain the story; but what of the story not written with pen and ink—that daily record of struggle with poverty, with work rejected, of those long years of exile, and the bitter hatred of contemporary artists? All this cannot be written down, much as we are stirred by the suggestiveness of the record. Wagner's own words help us little, for the brave soul disdains to cry out, and it is only from chance expressions we gain a glimpse into the suffering heart of the man.

In 1849, on the slenderest of grounds, he was banished as a political offender. The thirteen years of his exile were spent in Munich, his stay being broken only by a visit to London, where the Philharmonic Society, having been disappointed of a conductor for 1855, bethought themselves of Wagner. Mr. Anderson waited upon him at Zurich to invite him to wield the bâton declined by Spohr and Berlioz; and had Mr. Anderson's prescience been shared by the editors of the *Times*, *Musical World*, and *Athenæum*, the triumph of the eighth and last concert of 1855 might have anticipated that of 1877. In 1859 he made one more attempt on Paris, and at first success seemed assured; but the Parisian public was not yet ripe for the music of the future, and total failure, almost ruin, was the final result. "So," says Wagner, "I left Paris with a load of debt, not knowing where to turn. Apart from such things, however, my recollections of this distracting year are by no means unpleasant." But this terrible collapse in Paris meant triumph in Germany; and when, in 1862, Wagner was pardoned! and returned home, he found his countrymen in a

very passion of enthusiasm—enthusiasm for him, but not yet for his works : for of all the years of his life there were none he shrank from remembering with so much pain, as the three he struggled through from his recall to his unexpected invitation to join the King of Bavaria at Munich.

Through all these sixteen years one friend there was whose strong right hand upheld him from first to last ; one friend who had been to him all in all ; who soothed his home-sickness during exile, defended him against the swarm of detractors who pounced upon him as soon as he was out of the country ; and who before all, and above all, when the great heart grew weary and despair set in, compelled him with gentle force to believe in himself and work on, if only for love's sake. This friend was Franz Liszt. Liszt gave his affection at a time when, as Wagner says, it was becoming more and more apparent that his dramatic work must be a failure ; yet, although for many years the favoured guest in the most brilliant cities of Europe, Liszt returned to settle down in the little town of Weimar, to take up once more the conductor's bâton, that thus by his name and influence he might instruct the public and force upon them a recognition of his friend's work. In addition to all this he made a tour to England, arranging all music, which would bear such arrangement, for the pianoforte, and persistently performed pieces so arranged in public and in private. When Wagner was sitting in Paris after his last terrible failure there—ill, miserable, and despairing—Liszt was giving a never-before-heard-of representation of the "*Lohengrin*;" and when heart and soul seemed dead within him Wagner received these few lines, written after the first success, the faint prophecy of the future triumph : "Behold, we have come so far ; now create us a new work that we may go still farther;" and when the inspiring challenge had been accepted and "*Parsifal*," the "new work," had been given, the friends were together at Bayreuth to share the joy. We all remember how the summer before last the old man, after a fatiguing tour here and on the Continent, left our shores for Bayreuth that he might be present at the representation of "*Parsifal*;" how nature gave way under the strain ; and how that season will be ever memorable to those who saw the

fainting form carried from the performance, and knew that Liszt had passed from their sight for ever.

Ludwig, the young King of Bavaria, is supposed to have read the poem of "*Der Ring des Nibelungen*," with its preface; also it is known that in his sixteenth year he had heard "*Lohengrin*;" beyond this he knew nothing of the Master's music. It is difficult to account for his preference for Wagner, inasmuch as he had not reached his music through Beethoven, the natural method of all who have come to understand him. Be this as it may, three years after Wagner's return to Germany he sent the object of his admiration this touching message: "Come and do your work here, with me." But the messenger had some difficulty in finding the Master, for at last despair was setting in, and he had left Vienna; but he was eventually discovered, and installed as friend, and almost brother, by the King in his own palace. And now, surely the Ideal was reached and the goal within sight; but no, his enemies were upon him here, and after much stormy dispute the Parliament requested the King to dismiss Wagner, and he was forced to yield. The Master says of this time: "My creditors were quieted, I could go on with my work, and this noble young man's trust made me happy. There have been many troubles since—not of my making, nor of his—but in spite of them I am free to this day, and by his grace." This is not the place in which to discuss the attitude of the late King of Bavaria towards Wagner; but in passing our heart dictates a moment's pause in order to lay our little wreath of immortelles upon the tomb of the man, who at no little personal risk rescued a fellow-man over whom the waves of this troublesome world had well-nigh closed, setting his feet on firm ground, and giving him that which alone could make the rescue fortunate, leisure and largeness of room in which to place before the world the accomplished work of a lifetime. And having laid our chaplet on this, one of the saddest of self-made graves, we leave the story. Still, notwithstanding the Parliament's decision, the King determined that Wagner should not quit Munich, and granted him a further pension and a residence in the city. Here, and at Tribschen near Lucerne, he resided until he removed to Bayreuth in 1872, with his

wife, Cosima von Bülow, his first wife having died in 1866. And now, through the indefatigable efforts of the King of Bavaria and the few staunch friends who rallied round him, Wagner's hopes of presenting his works to the world were realized, and on his birthday, the 22nd of May, 1872, he gave at Bayreuth, as an introduction to the whole of his works, an unparalleled performance of Beethoven's "Choral Symphony" and his own "Kaisermarsch." At last the probation was over, and the work of a lifetime was before the world. Eight or nine years before his death, as is the manner of this nineteenth century, "Wagner Societies" sprang up in all civilized parts of the globe, and the fight raged hotter and fiercer than ever. But the "Musical Drama" is an established fact, and for the present we must leave it.

In 1882 Wagner went to Venice, after the performance of "Parsifal," to gain strength (for he was suffering sadly from heart complaint) for a repetition in August 1883. Here the end came, on February 13, as he was seated on his couch after a morning's writing, with the arms of his wife around him, and his head resting on her breast. Thus the two remained, he resting from his labours, she unconscious of her loss until the doctor entered, raised the drooping head, and lifting the passive form in his arms laid it upon the bed. Then, closing the door, he shut out the sight of suffering for which he had no remedy. On the steps outside the house he paused a moment, and, raising his hat, announced to the silent crowd which had gathered, "The great Master is dead!" Hans Richter was among the first to arrive. He and four others carried the coffin upstairs, and with their own hands laid the Master in it, Cosima placing under the head a crimson velvet cushion containing her own hair—that hair which had been one of the chief delights of her husband. What need had she for it now?

"The rippling, wavy wealth that was his pride  
Now love's last gift!"

And so they minister to him of their best; and the loving hands of Liszt, Bülow, and Richter lay him to rest in his own

garden at Bayreuth, amidst the tall fir-trees and evergreen shrubs, while in the distance the windows of his study keep silent watch over this gentle "Gottesacker."

And now, what was the work which Wagner set himself to do? The answer seems to us to be contained in half a dozen words: The establishment of the Musical Drama. But what is the "Musical Drama," and how was it established? How it was established, we have in a measure attempted to show; let us now see what this "Music of the Future" is. War between Wagnerians and anti-Wagnerians still rages so hotly that we are hardly cool enough, and are certainly too near the object of our love and hate, to be able to judge dispassionately. Let us, however, see a little of what is said on both sides. Loud is the outcry against the *form* and *colour* of the Wagnerian music. Wagner is accused of dazzling the eyes of a half-enlightened public by the brilliancy of his colour in order to hide the defects of his form, the whole being only tolerable by means of melodies introduced at rare intervals to keep interest from altogether collapsing.

Our *Nineteenth Century* Review, for the month in which Wagner died, contained an article, which nothing could have supported us through the reading of but a vivid recollection of Weber's criticism upon a Symphony of Beethoven, in which he expresses his gratitude to Almighty God that "he has survived the *din*!" We are therefore not afraid for the future of music when we hear anti-Wagnerians speaking of the "clear melodies," the "exquisite form" of Beethoven. Wagner is safe, even in the teeth of such withering sarcasms as, "When at a loss bring in the big drum;" and the equally incisive criticism, that true philosophy can help its disciples to bear all things, even toothache, rats, and Wagner music. But let us take the anti-Wagnerian on his own ground. Has not a man a right to choose the form in which to express the thought within him? Who has any business to lay down dogmatic laws on this point, and to condemn a man if he infringe them? After all, what is form but the garment in which we clothe the idea which burns within us for expression; and as the idea is ours, surely we may choose the form in which to present it to the world. Further, Wagner's form is not the form of the opera

proper ; his mission was to reform that opera, not to copy it. The message he had to deliver was one of denunciation against the drama, musical and otherwise, as he found it ; denunciation against those in whose hands he found it, denunciation against the public who tolerated it, and who, by their false taste and desire for excitement, drove all artists, with rare exceptions, to supply them with the food which they deemed to be convenient for them, until the drama, which in Greece had been the centre of the most cultivated intellectual education, had become in modern times the very centre of intellectual degradation. To quote from Dannreuther, who in his turn epitomizes from Wagner's published works on the subject :—"Taking his stand upon the Beethoven music as his starting-point, Wagner asks : 'Can the modern spirit produce a drama that shall stand in relation to modern culture as the drama of Athens stood to the culture of Greece?' This is the central question, the multi-faced problem he set himself to solve. Whether he touches upon minor points connected with it, speaks of the mode of performance of a play or an opera ; proposes measures of reform ; discusses the growth of operatic music up to Mozart and Weber, or of instrumental music up to Beethoven ; treats of the efforts of Schiller and Goethe to discover an ideal form for their dramatic poems ; whether he sweeps round the problem in wide circles, comparing modern social and religious institutions with ancient, and seeking free breathing space for his artistic ideals, he arrives at results tending in the same direction"—and, as Mr. Dannreuther sums up—"his final answer is in the affirmative ;" and the "Musical Drama" is the substantial form that answer has taken. We have said in our defence of the Wagnerian "Form" that it is not the form of the opera proper, and that this is true meets us at the very outset. A musician wishing to publish an opera applies to a professional librettist for a poem, he then sits down and composes the music, driven by public opinion to make arias the prominent feature in his work. These arias must be written with the full consciousness of the vocal demands of the *artistes* who shall present his work to the public. The arias and choruses are loosely strung together by means of recitativi, and so the work is completed. Wagner, on the other hand,

writes his own poem, which, when separated from the music, is as true a drama as the Orestes, CEdipus, or Alcestis, and which, curiously enough, reminds us in its expression of the poetry of Walt Whitman, which, without hypercriticism on our part, we may call the *Poetry of the Future*. He then, possessed by his dramatic thought, composes the music, abolishing the aria proper and the connecting recitative. The music is an interpretation of the human interest of the poem, of the philosophy of life which it depicts, of every phase of Nature which its local colouring demands, and unconsciously lets us into the secret heart of the poet-musician. There remains the difficulty with regard to the rendering of his work. No man is so dependent upon this as the musician; he alone must speak to the world through the medium of others. He is dependent for the translating of his idea upon all sorts and conditions of men—and women; from a Joachim to the young lady performing a waltz of Chopin in the drawing-room to inspire the conversational talent of the listeners. He is in the power of an amateur conductor of a village choral society, as well as in the hands of a Richter. Wagner rose above all these conditions; he saw the peril, and created a Bayreuth. He superintended the scene-painting by the artist Tourkowski in every detail. He and Richter trained, practised with, and brought to perfection the orchestra; and, above all, he took in hand and reduced to loving subjection those most difficult elements—the actors and singers. But here, it seems to us, lies the danger. Has not Wagner, by localizing the representation of his works, limited them to one place and to the lifetime of the artiste and musician who interpret them to us? We were told that one of the great reasons why we should go to Bayreuth the year before last was that the man who took the part of "Parsifal" was trained by Wagner himself, and that the orchestra was still as he left it. This cannot go on for long, and then? An answer to this would indeed lead us into a consideration of the "Music of the Future" quite beyond the limits at our disposal, and to the future therefore we must leave the answer.

To those to whom the phrase "Music of the Future" is not all explanatory, it will be interesting, at any rate instruc-

tive, to go back with us to the beginning of things : and this beginning here, as in so much else, is Greece. Wagner not only makes no secret of the fact that the structure which he raised has its foundation there, but again and again states it, as in the quotation we made from Mr. Dannreuther's "Life." In so doing he challenges a comparison ; we accept the challenge, and, without further comment, sketch for the reader one section of the sublimest tragedy of Sophocles, his "Œdipus the King ;" then placing by its side the "Parsifal," that last and crowning achievement of Wagner, leave the reader to decide whether or not the Ideal has been attained, and whether or not the dim morning twilight of Greek thought, feeling after God, has grown into the clear sunrise of Christian faith. In order not to break the continuity of the parallel we wish to draw, we would remind our readers parenthetically that, to understand the "Parsifal," we must not forget Ammergau.

It is the spring of the year, about 440 or a little later, before Christ. Athens is crowded with strangers from all parts of Greece ; these and the residents are flocking in holiday attire to the great theatre scooped out, tier above tier, in the slope of the Acropolis. Overhead stretches the blue, cloudless sky. To those in the higher tiers the distance takes in the long line of the Mediterranean ; while on the rock above our heads Pheidias' statue of Athenæ presides, and we feel that the Parthenon is there. On the floor of the theatre, on a raised platform, stands the altar of Dionysus, crowned and waiting. In front of us, stretching across the entire end of the theatre, is the stage, very long, but very narrow, the background exquisitely painted, broken by three doors and decorated, notably by a divine statue of Apollo, placed so as to catch the earliest rays of the rising sun. And here the thirty thousand spectators will sit for many hours of many succeeding days, and listen to tragedy after tragedy of an Æschylus or a Sophocles, as the case may be. To-day the story of Œdipus the King will pass before us, written by

"Our Sophocles the Royal,  
Who was born to monarch's place,  
And who made the whole world loyal  
Less by kingly power than grace."

Slowly and sadly the stately chorus, composed of the citizens of Thebes, enter, treading in rhythmic grace to dirge-like music from the entrances below the stage, and meet around the altar on the platform. They are clothed in garments of mourning. As the choral ode in which they describe their desolated homes and pray for help from Œdipus the deliverer dies away, and the graceful dance leaves them fronting the stage, the palace door opens and the King enters. Helpful he stands before the citizens, and his words reassure them. Has he not sent to Delphi ! and even now the door on the left opens and Creon comes from the oracle. A crime has been committed, Laius, the former king, and father of Œdipus, was not lost, but foully murdered, and the guilty one must be given up to the Fates. Œdipus' strong clear voice rings out, and he assures the stricken chorus that, should Heaven and Hell have to be searched, he will undertake the quest and drag the culprit to the light of day ; and for one short moment he stands before us—the king, the deliverer, the avenger.

Only a moment, for blind Teiresias, the soothsayer, led by a boy, feels his way on to the stage. The prophetic fire burns within him, and in impassioned language he denounces Œdipus as the murderer. With indignant surprise Œdipus asks him how that can be, appeals to a blameless life, and to his services for Thebes. But even as he recounts in glowing language the events of his past life, there rushes over him the memory of a certain dark night, when, driven from the Court of his adopted father by the sneers of a courtier, in a lonely spot where three roads met, between Phocis and Bœotia, he is attacked by a party of travellers, one of whom is seated in a chariot, and who amongst others falls by his hand. "Oh woe ! woe ! woe !" he cries, as the scene unfolds itself, burning each detail into his memory for ever ; and maddened, he rushes from the stage, while the chorus chant their solemn monody upon the uncertainty of human happiness, and "How are the mighty fallen, fallen, fallen," is the strain sung as they move in mystic dance around the altar. Suddenly the *Eccyclema* rolls out upon the stage the interior of the palace, and Œdipus stands before us, sightless, blinded by his own hand. "Oh, drive me forth," he cries, "out of the

haunts of men ; alone, where none can link his fate with mine, where I can die unknown, forgotten, and so wipe out for ever this haunting memory of a spot polluted by a father's blood. But first, one only request, bury her who lies within, slain by her own hand, then execute your wills on me." The chorus, mute before such despair as this, hide their faces in their robes, and for one moment there is silence ! Who are these who glide in upon the stage ? Fair maiden forms, who with sad eyes and tear-stained faces tenderly possess each a hand, and lead the broken-hearted man from our sight—Ismene, to remain in Thebes, a devoted sympathizer ; Antigone, to share the wanderings of her father until the goal is reached. Forth they go, to years of ceaseless wandering ; the blind father led by the grandest type of womanhood ever conceived by poet, forth into the free woods, they two, alone with Nature, he working out his own salvation—she, with gentle angelic ministrings, heartening him thereto by story of bird, and tree, and flower ; by song of tender tint of early morning, or gorgeous hue of declining day ; by her beauty and devotion gaining courtesy and shelter for the weary, suffering man from all they meet until Colonus is reached. Here the pair seat themselves near the grove of the Furies, and are warned of their profanity by the chorus, whose voices rise high in indignant song. But the chastened soul of Œdipus fears not the "gentle goddesses," though, softened by sorrow, he will not offend, and rising with a weary sigh, gives his hand to Antigone to be led away. At this moment a messenger from Thebes arrives, no less a friend than Ismene. An oracle has declared that only Œdipus, dead or alive, can avert the wrath of the gods which has fallen upon the city, and Ismene is come to take the wanderer home. "Never," exclaims Œdipus, with a flash of his old dignity ; "I will abide here near Athens !" The chorus, in an exquisite ode, declare their readiness to accept him as a guest ; then in solemn hymn advise him to perform the last rite necessary for full expiation of his crime. He must sacrifice to the Furies, the "virgin goddesses." This Œdipus is willing to do ; but he is so unworthy, these, his daughters, they are pure ; let him receive his forgiveness from the "virgin goddesses" at the hands of his maiden daughters. And with bowed head the

blind old man stands, turning to the east while his daughters pour the libations and strew the olive branches. Theseus has heard of the suppliant, and now appears on the scene to welcome the guest. On this the chorus burst into a grand ode of welcome, and happiness is at its height. Scene here hurries upon scene, ode upon ode. The trial and purification of Œdipus become perfect. With the words of prophecy on his lips, his bent figure erect, and the light of poetic fire on his brow, he stands before us, Œdipus the *purified*. Then the end: the strange thunder, the terrified chorus in wild rhythmic confusion, the mysterious voice from beneath: "Œdipus, Œdipus, thou art wanted—wanted." All uncertain, bewildered, except the blind king. "Follow," he says to Theseus and his children; "but," as Antigone springs to his side to take the loved hand, "touch me not;" and unguided, with the conscious separateness put upon him by the hand of death, he goes forth, followed by the three chosen witnesses, led by the mysterious voice gently calling: "Œdipus, Œdipus, thou art wanted—wanted." On he goes to the cool stream, bathes his weary limbs in the fresh water, lays aside the worn-out garments of his exile, and—is not!

Outside the town of Bayreuth, on a rising ground, reached through an avenue of lime-trees, alone, amid trees and flowers, with the distance taking in the Bavarian hills, stands the building we have come all these weary miles in search of. It is very plain, severe in style, and in shape amphitheatrical. The seats are not numbered, and are all alike in price. The entrance-doors are many, and the audience seat themselves quietly. For we are all in earnest; no one is frivolous amongst us; there is no mere idle loungeur, no *blasé habitué* of the theatre proper come to see his friends between the acts, and yawn away an hour before going in search of fresh amusement. But we do not enter until we hear the well-known signal, the motive of the act of whatever drama may be selected for the day. To-day it is "Parsifal;" and we band of pilgrims come up the avenue, or collect from silent communings with Nature in the precincts of the building. The "Grail Motive" is being played by heralds stationed in the fresh air, amid the scent of the pine-trees and the musical hum of insect life. As

the last notes die away we are in our seats, and quietly, very slowly and gradually, the lights are lowered, and the "Parsifal Vorspiel" steals upon the ear from the hidden orchestra. It will be as well to mention here that all individuality of player and singer is lost in the sublime whole of the musical drama. Richter, we know, is conducting. Hour after hour he and his orchestra give to us the divinest music, themselves hidden away, nowhere, only the mouthpiece to us of the great spirit who has left us this heritage of sound. Further, no applause is allowed except at the end of each act. We cannot see our score, even if we wished to follow it, and no one asks who is "Parsifal," or "Kundry," or "Amfortas." Some one did ask Mr. Haweis once who Amfortas was, and he replied, "The wounded king." And now, before the curtain rises, a few words of explanation. The Holy Grail, along with the spear which pierced our Lord's side, is in possession of the chief Titirel at his castle of Monsalvat in Spain. He is very old, but cannot die in presence of the Holy Grail, and is lying in a trance, broken at intervals, beneath the high altar. Amfortas, to whom the treasures have been committed, has lost the spear to the wicked knight Klingsor, the enemy of his father and himself. In losing it Klingsor wounds Amfortas; the wound cannot be healed until a knight pure from sin arrives, slays Klingsor, recovers the spear, and proves himself worthy to heal the wound of Amfortas, to reign in his stead, and to be the guardian of the Holy Grail. The *dramatis personæ* are Titirel, the old king; Amfortas, his son; Gurnomanz, an old knight; Parsifal, the deliverer; Klingsor, the sorcerer; and Kundry, the sorceress. A solemn *réveillé* sounds from the castle. It is early morning in the fields and woods around the Castle of Monsalvat, and the aged knight, Gurnomanz, is explaining to two of the younger brotherhood the reason why the King Amfortas is wounded—how, in bitter strife with Klingsor, the sorcerer, he has lost the holy spear, with which, in losing it, Klingsor has wounded him, and how the wound is incurable until the Deliverer shall come, the knight pure, but by "pity enlightened." The story is broken into by the appearance of Kundry, a strange, wild being; she who looked upon Christ on

His way to Calvary, who derided His sufferings, who, in consequence, is doomed to wander until she, too, meets with a deliverer—deriding, with her bitter, mocking laugh, all effort after good, and yet bearing deep down in her memory that look of pity from the Divine eyes which acts alternately upon her wild nature both for good and evil. Now she comes, bearing rare balsam for the healing of the wound of Amfortas, penitent for her share in the disaster. Her coming seems a faint shadow of the approach of the true Deliverer. He comes; but how announced? With cries of woe from those who lead him in, with looks of horror on the faces of Gurnomanz and the young knights, with the last cry of agony from the dying swan, as it flutters down pierced by the arrow from the bow which he still holds in his hand. "The guileless one," as his name denotes—innocent because ignorant. Ignorant of his parentage, ignorant of the misery and sin in whose presence he stands, ignorant of his mission, of all, save that he has had the misfortune to kill one of the swans in the precincts of Monsalvat. For this he is sternly reproved by Gurnomanz, but the words die away on the old man's lips as Parsifal, repentant, breaks his bow. Something in the action seems to remind him of the prophecy, "pure, guileless, but by pity enlightened." Can this be the Deliverer? Strangely attracted towards him, he invites him to the castle, and, amid the taunts and bitter laugh of Kundry, Parsifal follows his guide. As the two leave the scene, the elder man, with his arm thrown lovingly round the shoulder of the younger, the music—which all this time, though hidden from the eye, has kept up a subtle relationship to the human interest which has been passing before us—now wavers, changes into key after key, rising and falling in divinest harmony, as the scene upon which our eyes have rested begins to fade slowly, and then more visibly, until the forest disappears, rocks take its place, and a steep pathway appears, lost to sight in the distance. Up this—led, followed, surrounded by the mystic music—the two disappear. Slowly and solemnly sound the bells of the Castle of Monsalvat. The knights of the Holy Grail march into the hall and take their seats at the refectory tables, while the acolytes place upon one of them the holy vessel, hidden

beneath its sacred covering. Amfortas is borne in, deadly pale and in mortal agony, and placed upon a raised couch at the head of one of the tables. Now a grand chorale is pealed forth by the brotherhood, interrupted by the voice of Titurel high overhead, but behind the couch of his son, in warning and pleading tones demanding that he uncover the Grail. With a bitter cry of agony that he, sin-stained and unworthy, dares not quit his post, Amfortas totters forward and uncovers the sacred vessel. This act is indeed his sorest punishment. But it is done, and he sinks back half unconscious, while the chorus of boys and young men take up the chorale.

Earthly daylight again fills the hall, and the knights sit down to the Agapé or Love-feast of the ancient Christian Church. All this has been too much for the suffering Amfortas, who, uttering a low cry of misery, is borne from the hall. During the scene Parsifal has stood motionless, but rouses himself when Gurnomanz, quivering with excitement, asks him what he has thought of it. The great, childlike eyes of the innocent youth, flooded with tears of pity for the wretched Amfortas, turn upon the eager knight, and the quivering lips ask the question, "What is the Grail?" "You are a fool," bursts out Gurnomanz, "an innocent, hopeless, helpless fool; begone from this, and in future seek for geese and leave our swans alone!" As he is thrust out three voices, high overhead, sing softly in gentle prophecy—"By pity enlightened, the guileless one, blessed in believing." The first act is over, and we are out again in the fresh air, eager for the next. How is the innocent soul to be tested for his enlightenment, and how will he bear the test? Soon come the notes from the warning trombones of the "Enchanted Garden Motive," and we are once more in our seats. Furious, magical music from the hidden orchestra! A horror of darkness seizes upon us as the curtain rises and reveals the castle of Klingsor. Blue incense fills the air as he seats himself before his magic mirror, and summons to his presence the instrument of his machinations. What a cry of despair comes from the unseen instruments and the blue lips of the tortured woman! "Oh, release me! the others were weak, but he, the pure one, he is strong." "Never until he has fallen and the Grail is mine, thou she-Lucifer,

thou rose of Hades." And the plot is laid for the ruin of Parsifal. The music becomes fuller and fuller of anguish, while the hysterical laughter of the agonized woman rings through the hall. Bluer turns the light, and slowly hall, magician, and sorceress vanish. One last cry of anguish from her and of fiendish triumph from him: "Thou babyish boy, when pureness has departed into my power, thou'lt fall." And where are we? Soft seductive music, the scent of flowers, gentle sunshine, murmuring brooks, lovely birds with gay plumage, and still lovelier girls,—singing, dancing, throwing themselves into every conceivable attitude of grace—bright eyes, bright hair and silvery laughter, in ever-narrowing circles moving round the young man—tall, fair, and earnest—who stands leaning against a tree! He has seen something since we last saw him, learnt something; has met foes, and conquered them. What next?

At present he is quietly pleased with the charming dancers, smilingly waving them off when their movements bring them too near. But who is this? No girl she, but woman of divinest form, clad in the loose flowing garments of the East! The music changes from the delicious melodies sympathetic with the flower-girls' chorus and dance, and as the rich voice of Kundry calls him from the arbour he stands petrified for one instant, and then advances towards her extended hand. Surely never was temptation presented in so subtle and irresistible a form. Love for himself she pleads; he is alone, beset on every side. Love for herself, she, the tortured instrument of Sin. He can save her! And as her pleading grows more and more impassioned, she stoops over him on the couch on which he is reclining and imprints a burning kiss upon his lips! In a moment the spell is broken; springing up he flings her off, loathing and hating her and himself. Falling on his knees in an agony of remorse, he buries his face from her sight, and when she timidly approaches him, flings her aside. Oh the wail from the broken heart of the woman! But she tries again and again. "Thou canst save me; take me to thee!" But no temptation moves him, and Kundry, hardening once more, laughs (for the last time) her wild mad laugh, and calls upon Klingsor, who comes at her

summons with the holy spear in his hand. He flings it at the tempted one, when lo, a miracle ! It hangs suspended in the air above the head of Parsifal. He seizes it—he is saved ! The castle falls in ruins, the gardens fade, the maidens lie about dead, and Kundry, with a despairing cry, sinks down, a lovely heap of misery. As Parsifal quits the scene he pauses, he turns a look full of pity upon the prostrate woman, and disappears. As his figure fades she half raises herself, and looks drearily after him. And so this act ends, and we are once more outside, awed and silent, weary after the fight, and sad at heart for the miserable, sinful woman. But the signal is given, and once more we seat ourselves. Very sweet and tender is the spring landscape which rises before us. Once more it is early morning in the fields and woods around the Castle of Monsalvat. The aged Gurnomanz and a few of the knights have left the castle and retired into the “silent life ;” for has not the Grail disappeared, and is not Titurel dead ! But to-day it is early morning, and the hope of the springtide rests on the old man. But what discord is this ? A human groan among the shrubs in the sweet spring morning ! Kundry, almost lifeless, is dragged to the light by Gurnomanz. She is attired in the coarse garb of a penitent ; there is no sign of life as yet, and for an instant Gurnomanz looks into the dead face of the woman who has ruined his brotherhood ; but the spirit of Christ comes upon him, and with tender care he ministers to her need. Presently the eyes open, fix themselves dreamily upon him, she raises herself to a sitting posture, rests herself one moment upon his breast, then rising, she retires to the hut, but speaks no word. Nor can Gurnomanz draw her into conversation, though with quiet womanly tact she busies herself in the affairs of the house. As she is leaving the hut, pitcher in hand, to draw water at the well, her quick ear is the first to detect the approach of a stranger, and her quick eye the first to detect who he is. The man approaching is clothed in armour from head to foot : but the head droops a little from weariness, and the hand almost relaxes its grasp upon the spear ; for wearied almost to death is Parsifal, and knows not that he has already reached the goal. Only in time though, for as he nears the hut of Gurnomanz his little

strength gives way, and he falls fainting into the old man's arms, who gently lays him down upon the grass. Without a moment's hesitation, and without a trace of emotion other than that produced by the sight of suffering which she can relieve, Kundry places her pitcher on the ground, kneels down by the fainting man, and with firm, tender hands removes the helmet, while Gurnomanz unfastens the heavy armour, and lo, underneath it, the prostrate form is clothed in the white robe of the pilgrim! Soon, in obedience to the loving efforts of the man and woman, the eyes of Parsifal unclose, and he recognizes Kundry. He regards her with the yearning tenderness of the deliverer, she with the humble, self-abandoned gratitude of the delivered for whom a lifetime of service is too little. Although now weeping bitterly she utters no word. Indeed, through the whole of the act she never speaks but once; two little words, "I serve." Little words, but how significant, how suggestive of the mission of that pure womanhood to which she has attained. And now the goal is reached, the victory is won. Parsifal is baptized and anointed by Gurnomanz custodian of the Grail. The wound of Amfortas is cured; and at the celebration of the Agapé the purified soul of Kundry passes away to its rest, while the holy vessel sheds its mild radiance over the brotherhood of the Holy Grail, and the white dove of peace hovers over the consecrated head of Parsifal.

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ART. IV.—THE PROTESTANT METHODIST  
CONTROVERSY OF 1827.

1. *History of Wesleyan Methodism*. Vol. III. *Modern Methodism*. By GEORGE SMITH, LL.D. London: Longmans. 1862.
2. *The Life of Jabez Bunting, D.D.* By his Son THOMAS PERCIVAL BUNTING (continued by the Rev. G. STRINGER ROWE). London: T. Woolmer. 1887.
3. *An Essay on the Constitution of Wesleyan Methodism*. By JOHN BEECHAM, D.D. Third Edition. London: John Mason. 1851.
4. *A Collection of Pamphlets Relating to the Leeds Disputes*. Compiled by the Rev. JAMES LOUTIT. 1827-30.

IN a previous number of this REVIEW\* we showed that, at the death of Wesley, the Methodist Societies were divided into three sections. There was an extreme Right, consisting of the Church party; an extreme Left, consisting of Dissenters; and a Centre, to which the ever-growing mass of the people belonged. At the opening of the century the contest between these sections had lulled. The Centre had vindicated its rights against the Church party in the matter of the Sacraments, and against the Dissenters in the strife with Kilham. The victory of the Centre meant the creation of another Church in England. The position of Methodism, standing between the Episcopal and Dissenting Churches, has often been called anomalous; but it can only be thought so by those who deny the possibility of the creation of new forms of ecclesiastical life. Let that possibility be granted; let the necessity for such a creation be shown, and the Hand of God will manifest itself in the origination and development of Methodism as well as in the founding of the new Church of the Apostolic Age. The men who dug out the foundations and laid the first courses of the Methodist building were unaware of the

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\* See No. 125 of this REVIEW (October 1884).

shape which the edifice would ultimately assume. The views of the artificers were diverse. Some wished only to add a chapel to the Anglican cathedral; others to erect a large, rough-cast "meeting-house;" but these varying views were dominated by the purpose of the Divine Architect. That purpose gradually asserted itself; and now it can be read by all who have eyes to see.

By the "Plan of Pacification" the hindrances in the way of holding services in "church-hours" were removed. The Societies eagerly availed themselves of their liberty, and began to concentrate in their "preaching-houses." As the practice prevailed, the separate existence of Methodism declared itself. The word "preaching-house," scarcely an exhaustive definition at any time, became totally inadequate to express the purposes for which the buildings were used; "chapel" entered into competition with it, and the fitter survived. When the Methodists began to look upon their chapels as more than "preaching-houses" the character of the services conducted therein presented itself for revision. The early Methodist service was of the simplest form. It generally commenced with a short prayer, then a hymn was sung, a short sermon was preached, and, after a few more verses of another hymn, the service closed. It will be noted that we have not mentioned the reading of the Scriptures in this description. Even as late as 1807, it was possible for Nightingale to point out this defect.\* The "Plan of Pacification" had stipulated that "at least the lessons appointed by the calendar" should be read; but this stipulation was not invariably observed. There was another defect in these early services. Wesley himself pointed out the particulars in which the brief extempore petitions of his preachers failed to realize the ideal of public prayer. It was fortunate that these defects were not the invariable characteristics of Methodist services. During Wesley's life-time, in certain favoured chapels, the worship of God was conducted in a spirit and manner which equalled, and even surpassed, the mode and tone of its celebration in the Anglican churches. In City Road Chapel, for instance,

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\* *Portraiture of Methodism*, p. 252.

the Liturgy was read. The service was differentiated from an ordinary Church service by the use of extempore prayer, the singing of hymns, and the length, strength, and unction of the sermon. Its influence upon those who crowded the chapel was decisive. Especially it told upon those who worshipped there, and then went down into the country, and once more frequented their own severe "preaching-houses." But, even in the days of Wesley, it was not necessary to go up to London to find a Methodist service conducted with fulness and propriety. Indeed, it was possible to discover in the provinces chapels which were in advance of those in London, in respect, at least, of the use of instrumental music. The chapel in New King Street, Bath, built in 1777, possessed an organ almost from the time of its erection; in the same, or the succeeding year, an organ was introduced into the Keighley Chapel; and in 1788, or thereabouts, an organ was placed in the chapel at Newark.\* It may be assumed that Wesley did not object to these instruments. His objection would have been fatal. We have reason to believe that if he could have secured competent organists he would have welcomed their more general use. All musical Methodists will remember what he says of a sacramental service held in Mr. Simpson's Church at Macclesfield. "While we were administering," he writes in his *Journal*, on March 29, 1782, "I heard a low, soft, solemn sound, just like that of an Æolian harp. It continued five or six minutes, and so affected many, that they could not refrain from tears. It then gradually died away. Strange that no other organist (that I know) should think of this." Tradition relates his subsequent interview with the organist. "Mr. M'Lardie," he said, "if I could ensure a similar performance to yours this afternoon, I would have an organ introduced into every one of our chapels."† But the English revival of instrumental music was afar off; and organists of the M'Lardie type were out of the reach of Wesley and his people. In the absence of cultured organists every effort was made to preserve that pre-eminence in hymn singing which was the glory of early Methodism. The

\* *Instrumental Music in Divine Worship Vindicated*, p. 31: Mr. Loutit's Collection.

† *Ibid.*, p. 33.

"Minutes" abound in racy and pungent directions guarding against formality, and the introduction of unsuitable hymns and modes of singing.

Wesley was especially anxious to accustom his people to the use of the Liturgy of the Church of England. In his letter to the printer of the *Dublin Chronicle*,\* he says that, in his judgment, such reading of the Liturgy would endear the "prayers" to his people, and prevent the danger of their contracting "a kind of contempt, if not aversion, to forms of prayer." There can be no doubt that he wished to secure a liturgical service in the "preaching-houses" frequented by those who declined to attend the ministrations of the parish clergy. One conclusive sign of this was his preparing, in 1784, a small volume entitled, *The Sunday Service of the Methodists; with other Occasional Services*—in reality an altered edition of the Anglican Prayer Book. It is difficult to discern his thoughts about the future of his Societies; but his acts indicate a conviction that, at his death, they would form a separate Church, and every provision was made to secure for that Church a well-ordered mode of public worship.

By the "Plan of Pacification" it was provided that wherever divine service was performed in England, on the Lord's Day, in Church hours, the officiating preacher should read either the service of the Established Church, Wesley's Abridgment, or, at least, the Lessons appointed by the calendar. It required the entreaties of the Conference to secure the observance of the minimum of this provision. The task of introducing the Liturgy, or the "abridgment," proved, in the majority of instances, too great for its influence. The "prayers" came to be considered the badge of the "Church" party; and the events of the Sacrament controversy were too sharply remembered by those who had shared in that fierce debate. As the Centre grew in numbers, the power of the liturgical party was overborne. In certain neighbourhoods that party was still strong. In the towns, however, where new populations were springing up, and where the Societies were rapidly increasing by the addition of new converts, the

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\* Works, vol. xiii. p. 236, 8vo ed.

popular voice was in favour of a plain service. In such neighbourhoods the "prayers" were often the source of ultra-Protestant terror, and their introduction was regarded as a first step towards Rome.

The formation of the Methodist Societies into a distinct Church, worshipping in its separate chapels, brought into prominence the fact that, lying round the Society, was a well-filled circle of persons known as "the members of the congregation." As long as the Methodists were mere members of a private society, worshipping in small buildings, they could fence their meetings, and, to a considerable extent, impose their own terms on those who attended them. By the year 1827, however, a policy of building huge chapels had been adopted. These buildings were much too large for the exclusive needs of the Society. They were intended to attract and to accommodate those who for various reasons chose to worship in Methodist chapels. Many of these persons subscribed to the building fund, paid for their sittings, contributed to the collections, and were everywhere conventionally called Methodists. It is no wonder that in this outer circle a strong desire should spring up for the improvement of the somewhat bald service which satisfied men and women whose chief desire was for the edification which came through hymns, extempore prayers, and sermons. The crisis, which might have been foreseen, arose; and Methodism had to accept the burden of its responsibility, and ascertain its duty towards all those whom it had gathered into its chapels. The middle passage between the position of a mere "Society" and a fully equipped "Church" had to be made; and, in its course, the skill and strength of those who were responsible for the welfare of Methodism were severely taxed.

We shall gain an insight into many aspects of an interesting problem, if we describe the events which have made 1827 a notable year in the annals of Methodism. Those events are more especially connected with Leeds, and their completest record is to be found in the books mentioned at the head of this article, and especially in the pamphlets which Mr. Loutit gathered together and annotated with so much patience. Brunswick Chapel, Leeds, was "opened" in 1825. It accommo-

dated two thousand people, and proudly claimed to be "the largest chapel in the Connexion." Its erection did not give unmingled satisfaction. Some suspected that it would lead to a more elaborate service; and it is alleged that some subscribers contributed to the building fund on condition that neither an organ nor the Liturgy should be introduced. The chapel was well attended, the regular congregations being much larger than had been anticipated. After a time, certain of the trustees concluded that the congregational singing would be improved if led by an organ. Their opinions were supported by a number of the seat-holders; and the question was discussed at a trustees' meeting. By a small majority that meeting determined to erect an organ. The decision of the trustees produced great excitement. At that time Leeds was divided into two circuits, each possessing but one leaders' meeting for its town societies. Brunswick Chapel belonged to the Leeds (East) circuit, and, on the 13th of October, 1826, a leaders' meeting was held, at which Thomas Stanley, the superintendent preacher, presided. He informed the leaders of the decision of the trustees; and stated that, as he thought it necessary that the leaders should sanction the proposal of the trustees, he brought it forward for their consideration. Several of the leaders thereupon expressed their strong disapproval, and resolutions were passed, which Mr. Stanley was requested to lay before the trustees. On the same evening a petition against the organ, signed by sixty local preachers, was announced; but, by Mr. Stanley's advice, it was not read. The petition reveals the local preachers' fears. They considered that the erection of an organ would change the mode of conducting the devotional part of the service; and they declared that such a change would destroy the "excellent form of our venerable founder." They also committed themselves to the statement that almost universal experience went to prove that the use of organs was "at variance with, and subversive of, spirituality in congregational worship." They then expressed their belief that a matter so fraught with serious consequences to vital religion would not receive from the "leaders" that sanction which, "by the laws of Methodism," was "indispensable to its adoption." The student of Methodist procedure will be

puzzled by the course adopted in this case. He will not be able to understand the interference of the leaders' meeting, much less of the local preachers. The action of the superintendent is not easily explained. It is clear that he had sufficient acquaintance with constitutional law to rule the local preachers' petition out of order; but it is equally clear that he considered that the organ could not be erected without the consent of the leaders' meeting. As we read the literature of the controversy, light breaks in upon us. It was soberly argued that, as the "Plan of Pacification" required that before the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper could be administered in any chapel a majority of the trustees of that chapel on the one hand, and the majority of the stewards and leaders belonging to that chapel on the other, should allow it, it followed that no organ could be erected without the combined consent of trustees, stewards, and leaders. It is quite true that organs are not mentioned in the "Plan;" but, if such an important matter as the question of the administration of the Sacrament was entrusted to the leaders, then, it was contended, the mode of conducting worship, in general, was similarly within their province. Those who are acquainted with the historical setting of the "Plan of Pacification" will not be impressed by the leaders' legal argument, although it must be conceded that there was some ground of natural reason in their contention. We cannot find any casuist sufficiently ingenious to harmonize the interference of the local preachers with Methodist law. Indeed, an apologist is needed to reconcile their intrusion with another law—the law of consistency. About ten years before the time of which we write, a chapel had been erected at Burley, for their express use. In this chapel there was an organ; and the local preachers had conducted the services there without being compelled "by the awful voice of conscience" to protest against the dangerous instrument. Their ten years' silence should have been a bar to precipitate action; and the preservation of the spirituality of the Burley worshippers should have made them more sanguine of a similar result at Brunswick.

In the latter end of February, 1827, the trustees began to solicit subscriptions for the organ. One of them, being in

London, waited on John Stephens, the coming President, and consulted him on the business. Mr. Stephens told him that he thought that the leaders' meeting had nothing to do with the matter. Another trustee wrote to Richard Watson, the actual President, and received a similar reply. Fortified by these opinions, the trustees proceeded with their canvass. About the middle of May Mr. Stanley again brought the question before the leaders. He informed them that the trustees had met, that he had presented their resolutions, that the trustees were of the same mind, and that they intended to apply to the District Meeting for permission to erect the organ. Mr. Stanley was, therefore, requested to present the leaders' resolutions to that meeting. The application to the District Meeting was essential. It is not necessary that we should trace the fluctuations of Conference legislation on the subject of the use of instrumental music. It will suffice if we quote the law as it then stood. In 1820 the Conference expressed its decision in the following terms:—

"We think that in some of the larger chapels, where some instrumental music may be deemed expedient in order to guide the congregational singing, organs may be allowed by special consent of the Conference; but every application for such consent shall be first made at the District Meeting; and, if it obtain their sanction, shall be then referred to a committee at the Conference, who shall report their opinion as to the propriety of acceding to the request, and also as to the restrictions with which the permission to erect an organ ought, in that particular case, to be accompanied."

In accordance with this direction, the trustees made an application to the District Meeting, which, after considering the subject, negatived the proposal by thirteen votes to seven. After the vote, the meeting was informed of the trustees' intention to appeal to the Conference, and it explicitly allowed that appeal. It is of the utmost importance that this point should be noted. The fact is challenged, but it rests on evidence that was given in the presence of Mr. Stanley.\* The trustees appealed, and a special committee was appointed to consider the case. The news reached Leeds on Tuesday, the 31st of July. It produced intense excitement. There can be

\* *Report of Special District Meeting*, p. 7: Mr. Loutit's Collection.

no doubt that an impression prevailed that the failure of the trustees' case at the District Meeting was final. When it became known that the consent of the Conference had been asked, the law of 1820 was searched by indignant eyes for any justification of the proceeding. The language of the law is ambiguous. It certainly may be made to say that no application for the erection of an organ will be granted by the Conference unless it has first received the consent of a District Meeting. That this was its only possible meaning was rashly concluded, and the local preachers again rushed into the fray. Dr. Smith, in his valuable history of the controversy, explains their remarkable pugnacity, and shows how the threatened interference of the Conference with the Sunday schools had excited them to disaffection and rebellion. We have not chosen to follow the line adopted by Dr. Smith, however correct it may be, because of the vehement protestations of the leading agitators against such a charge. We give them the benefit of the doubt, and shall confine ourselves to a sketch of their proceedings, without attempting to divine the motives of their conduct. It was unfortunate for the local preachers that their zeal was not tempered with a knowledge of the Methodist constitution. In their eagerness to protest against the action of the trustees, they called a meeting of their brethren to consider the situation. It will be remembered that in 1796, during the excitement caused by the action of Alexander Kilham, the Conference expressed its strong opinion on the subject of summoning meetings for the discussion of Methodist affairs. It said:—"Let no man nor number of men in our Connexion, on any account or occasion, circulate letters, call meetings, do or attempt to do anything *new*, till it has first been appointed by the Conference." It is no wonder that those who negotiated the "Leeds Regulations" in the following year asked for an explanation of this rule. That explanation was given as follows:—

"As the leaders' meeting is the proper meeting for the Society, and the quarterly meeting for the circuit, we think that other formal meetings in general would be contrary to the Methodist economy, and very prejudicial in their consequences. But, in order to be as tender as possible, consistently with what we believe to be essential to the welfare of our

Societies, we allow that other formal meetings may be held, if they first receive the approbation of the Superintendent and the leaders' or quarterly meeting; provided also that the Superintendent, if he please, be present at every such meeting."

Now, this authoritative exposition, being included in the "Leeds Regulations," formed part of the contract between the Conference and the Societies so happily concluded in 1797. With this law staring them in the face, the local preachers assembled, put one of their number into the chair, voted an address to the Conference, and sent two delegates to present it in Manchester. On August 4 a leaders' meeting was held, when an address to the Conference was also adopted, and signed by a local preacher as chairman. The addresses passed by these meetings reveal the position occupied by the opponents of the organ. They denied the right of appeal which was being exercised by the trustees, and stood firmly by their reading of the law of 1820.

The special Conference committee met, and the four trustees who had appealed, and the three persons appointed by the irregular leaders' meeting, were present. The committee was composed of those members of the Leeds District Meeting who were present at the Conference, and of eight or nine others who were nominated by the President. It included every minister who voted against the organ at the District Meeting.\* Mr. Stanley was also heard in behalf of the leaders. Ultimately the committee decided to recommend that the trustees should be allowed to erect the organ, and the Conference adopted the report.

When the leaders' deputation returned to Leeds, a meeting of local preachers was held. About fifty were present, one of their number being in the chair. A resolution was passed declaring the action of the Conference an infringement of their liberties; and it was determined to resist "so arbitrary and unconstitutional an innovation." The meeting was adjourned until the following Friday, when it was to consider the best mode of carrying the opinions of the local preachers into effect. A copy of the resolutions was sent to the Superintendent. The

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\* Dr. Smith's *History*, vol. iii. p. 117.

perfidious enthusiasm of these law-breakers for constitutional law would be amusing if we could forget the lamentable consequences of their actions. Their meeting was irregular in every respect. If they acted as a corporate body the organ controversy was no part of their business; if they met as private members of society then they met in defiance of the law relating to "other formal meetings." It is impossible to excuse their proceeding. The previous interference of the leaders, however technically irregular, was by the direction of the Superintendent; but Mr. Stanley had strongly discountenanced the unlawful assembling of the local preachers. Heedless of warning, they persisted in their project, and threw the gauntlet in the face of the Conference. The adjourned meeting was held on August 17, and was attended not only by local preachers but also by leaders. About one hundred were present. At this meeting milder counsels prevailed; and it was determined to make a friendly appeal to the trustees, the Superintendent being requested to summon a meeting for that purpose. A deputation waited on Mr. Stanley, who had not left the circuit, and laid the case before him. By this time he had begun to understand the meaning and probable issues of the controversy, and his reply was that, as the Conference had permitted the erection of the organ, and as he was, in a sense, no longer the superintendent of the circuit, his successor having been appointed, he declined to interfere. At the leaders' meeting he expressed similar views, and recommended the leaders to let the matter stand over until the new Superintendent arrived. The deputation reported the result of their interview, and Mr. Stanley's advice was accepted.

The preachers appointed by the Manchester Conference to the Leeds (East) circuit were Edmund Grindrod, Thomas Galland, and Titus Close. The appointment of Edmund Grindrod to the disturbed circuit was an event of signal importance. He was a man peculiarly suited to seasons of embarrassment and peril. His temperament was calm, his judgment clear, his loyalty to Methodism perfect. His name stands inseparably connected with his *Compendium of the Laws and Regulations of Wesleyan Methodism*. Describing him, his friends, even in the present day, usually begin with the statement that

he was "a solid man," a fact which is abundantly illustrated in the records before us. When he arrived in Leeds, a united deputation of leaders and local preachers waited upon him. What the man of law and order thought of these ill-assorted representatives of an irregular meeting we do not know; we learn, however, that at a meeting, consisting of about eighty leaders and local preachers, it was stated that he and his colleagues had decided not to interfere in any way with the decision of Conference. When this information was conveyed to the meeting it was determined to manifest disapproval, not only of the conduct of the trustees, but also of the Conference. Resolutions were passed declaring that the sanction of the Conference to the erection of an organ, in opposition to the wishes of the Society, as expressed by the stewards and leaders, and also in opposition to the resolution of the District Meeting, was an act of arbitrary and unjustifiable power. The following resolution was then passed: "That such an assumption of power must necessarily lessen the confidence of the people; and it is the opinion of this meeting that we are no longer under the same obligations as heretofore to contribute towards the support of various funds connected with Conference, such as the Chapel Fund, the Auxiliary Fund, the Children's Fund, the Kingswood and Woodhouse Grove Schools, &c."\* As a further practical protest against the action of the Conference, thirty-six local preachers signed an agreement not to preach in Brunswick Chapel if an organ were erected there. The effect of the resolutions was at once seen in the reduction of class and ticket money on the part of many of the members of the Society.

The dangers threatening Methodism in Leeds would have unnerved a less resolute man than Edmund Grindrod. He had to face an organized and violent opposition to the Conference. The leader of this opposition was a local preacher, who, upon his own responsibility, not only summoned meetings of the local preachers of the Leeds (East) circuit, to which he belonged, but also invited the local preachers of the Leeds

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\* Barr's *Statement of Facts*, p. 21: Mr. Loutit's Collection. From this "Statement," written by the literary champion of the dissident leaders and local preachers, we have gathered many of the facts recited above.

(West) circuit to be present at his irregular assemblies. His conduct did not secure the support of all his brethren. One of them met him some weeks before the regular local preachers' meeting, and, showing him a summons he had received, asked him if he had signed it. He said that he had, and that he had called the meeting on his own responsibility. The local preacher then informed him that his conduct was a violation of rule; and he gave him notice that he would be called to account for it. The local preachers' meeting was held on September 24, and, when the name of the leader of the agitation was called, the charge was preferred. The accused admitted its truth, gloried in it, and declared that he would take the same steps again under similar circumstances. After attempting in vain to induce him to retract these statements, to confess his misconduct, and to promise not to repeat it, the Superintendent at length proceeded to pronounce officially his suspension from office as a local preacher for three months; adding, however, his assurance that if, at the end of six weeks, when the new plan was to be printed, he would express regret for what he had done, and promise conformity to Methodist rules in the future, especially in reference to the irregular meetings, he should at once be restored to office, and his name would appear as usual on the new plan.\* Mr. Barr, the dissidents' apologist, tells us that this proposition was "indignantly spurned."† The local preachers at once protested against the action of the Superintendent, holding that, if the accused were guilty, then those who had advised the calling of the meetings, and had attended them, were equally blameworthy. Upwards of seventy of them resolved to preach no more until the sentence was revoked or the period of punishment ended. In pursuance of this resolution they neglected their appointments on the next Sunday, and threw the circuit into confusion.

Their determination was published in the *Leeds Mercury* of September 29, and the domestic quarrel became public. Controversialists, innocent of any knowledge of the history, laws, and usages of Methodism, joined in the riot, and the clamour

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\* *Report of a Special District Meeting*, p. 10: Mr. Loutit's Collection.

† Barr's *Statement*, p. 23.

became deafening. The effect of the agitation was distressing. The spiritual work was sharply arrested; and, by the disaffection of leaders and local preachers, the ordinary modes of Methodist discipline were rendered inoperative. There were some who thought that the Methodist constitution furnished no remedy for this deadlock. But Edmund Grindrod was aware that the Conference was not impotent. As his action in reference to the suspended local preacher was challenged, he offered to submit his conduct to a District Meeting if the disciplined man would summon it. As he declined to do this, Grindrod determined to convene a Special District Meeting, and lay the whole case before it. We have already in these pages referred to the circumstances under which the Conference appointed District Meetings, and have shown that they were designed to supply the lack of Wesley's supervision of his preachers and Societies during the intervals of Conference.\* The laws relating to District Meetings had been revised from time to time, and in 1797 the following regulations were passed:—

“1. In order to render our districts more effective, the President of the Conference shall have power. . . . to assist at any District Meeting if applied to for that purpose by the chairman of the district or by a majority of the superintendents in such district. And he shall have a right, if written to by any who are concerned, to visit any circuit and to inquire into their affairs with respect to Methodism, and, in union with the District Committee, redress any grievance.

“2. The chairman of each district, in conjunction with the brethren of the committee, shall be responsible to the Conference for the execution of the laws as far as his district is concerned.

“3. That no chairman may have cause to complain of the want of power in cases which (according to his judgment) cannot be settled in the ordinary District Meeting, he shall have authority to summon three of the nearest superintendents, to be incorporated with the District Committee, who shall have equal authority to vote and settle everything till the Conference.”

The object of these provisions is clear. The “Leeds Regulations” did not abolish the legislative power of the Conference, or the discipline which was exercised by the preachers in its

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\* See No. 129 of this REVIEW (October 1885).

name over the Societies. Indeed, the Conference expressly said that the "Regulations" evidenced its willingness to meet "our brethren in everything which is consistent with the existence of Methodist discipline." That discipline was preserved as a sacred trust, and it was incumbent on every preacher to enforce it. Especially was the Chairman of a District responsible for such enforcement. If he failed, he could be put upon his trial, and censured by the Conference. In order that he might not have any excuse for his failure, he had the right to summon the President and three of the nearest superintendents to his aid, and join them to the District Committee. If, notwithstanding this help, he failed to maintain discipline, then the heaviest ecclesiastical punishment could be meted out to him. When the meaning of the resolutions is detected, the verbal quibble that "three of the nearest superintendents" means the three who are closest to the boundary line of the District concerned will scarcely bear serious criticism. The "three nearest" might be young men recently emerged from nonage and probation. The vision of a venerable Chairman of a District summoning them to his aid to assist him in the enforcement of discipline was not before the eyes of the legislators of 1797. We should not have touched the suggestion had it not been seriously urged in the Leeds controversy. We may also dismiss, with brief discussion, another contention. It was argued by some that the jurisdiction of the Conference, through its District Meetings, extended only to the preachers, and did not include the people. But surely the inquiry into the affairs of a circuit with respect to Methodism, the redressing of grievances, the execution of the laws, are sentences which point beyond ministerial delinquencies. The disciplinary powers exercised by the Conference were those which had remained with it at Wesley's death, conditioned and limited by the "Plan of Pacification" and the "Leeds Regulations." That the Conference had disciplinary powers over the Societies before these measures were passed cannot be doubted. We must ask, then, if they were taken away in 1795? The answer is given by Dr. Beecham, in his invaluable essay, which remains as one of the best results of the disputes we are considering. He shows that, in 1796,

Alexander Mather, who was exceptionally well informed on the subject of the origin and functions of District Meetings, was obliged to convene a Special District Meeting to consider the conduct of a number of office-bearers and members in Manchester, who defied his authority as superintendent, and had called and attended irregular meetings. By the direction of the District Meeting, many of them were expelled. They published an *Appeal*, and in it they do not give the slightest intimation that the District Meeting had, in their judgment, exceeded its constitutional powers.\* Expeller and expelled were of one mind on that subject. We are, therefore, driven to ask if the jurisdiction of the Conference, through its District Meetings, was limited to the ministers by the Leeds Regulations of 1797? There is not a tittle of evidence of such a revolutionary change in the whole of the document. We have seen that the concessions then made were only such as were "consistent with the existence of Methodist discipline," and what that discipline was may be gathered from the fact that the concessions included certain modifications of the mode of receiving and excluding private members of society, and appointing and removing leaders, stewards, and local preachers. The task of showing that the "Regulations" of 1797 excepted the Societies from the disciplinary powers of the Conference, acting through its District Committees, is too great for the ingenuity of the most subtle special pleader.

Pursuing a strictly constitutional method, Edmund Grindrod, as chairman of the Leeds District, summoned a Special District Meeting to his aid. It assembled in Leeds, on December 4, 1827. It consisted of John Stephens, the President; his "official adviser," Jabez Bunting, the Secretary of the Conference; George Marsden, John Burdsall, and Robert Newton, "three of the nearest superintendents;" and all the itinerant preachers of the Leeds District. Thomas Stanley was also summoned to give evidence. Great objection was taken to the presence of Jabez Bunting, and not without show of reason. His son says; "I think it must be conceded that there was theoretical force in this objection; and I do not believe that,

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\* *Dr. Beecham's Essay*, pp. 39-41.

in his latest days, the secretary would have cared to argue the point, though there was at least one precedent in which a similar irregularity, if irregularity it was, received the sanction of the Conference."\* After the meeting had received an account of the condition of the East and West circuits from their respective superintendents, it was considered that the statements made were *prima facie* sufficient to justify the calling of the District Meeting. It was then agreed to institute a careful "inquiry" into the state of "affairs" in Leeds, "with respect to Methodism." It was arranged that the leaders and local preachers of the two circuits should meet as separate bodies, and at distinct times, in order that their side of the question might be heard, and their alleged "grievances" redressed. But the dissidents objected to this arrangement, being anxious to assemble *en masse*. The District Meeting could not consent to their wishes; its consent would have involved it in the very offence of irregular and unconstitutional procedure on which it had come to sit in judgment. Many of the aggrieved, therefore, absented themselves. With those who chose to attend the members of the District Meeting conversed, and satisfied themselves not only as to facts, but also as to the true character, object, and tendency of the revolt. With the evidence before them, they deliberated; and found that a large portion of the town society of the Leeds (East) circuit was in a state of "awful disturbance;" that various evils had been introduced which must be forthwith counteracted and ended, either by the reclamation, or by the removal from office and membership, of those who had introduced them. The evidence proved, amongst other things, the holding of irregular meetings; gross contempt of the pastoral office; the slandering of the preachers in general, coupled with an attempt to starve them into submission; the censuring and vilifying of Methodist rules and forms of Church government in newspapers and pamphlets; culpable opposition to the enforcement of discipline in the leaders' meeting; an attempt on the part of the local preachers to intimidate the Superintendent by a secretly concerted and simultaneous desertion of their official duties:

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\* *Life of Dr. Bunting*, p. 595.

and the invitation of the leaders and local preachers of another circuit to the meetings of the opposition. The District Meeting admitted that "extenuating circumstances" might be pleaded in behalf of some who were only partially concerned in the disturbances; but it expressed its opinion that such circumstances did not justify the open resistance which had been offered, seeing that "the peaceable, regular, and constitutional modes of obtaining explanation or redress" had been "repeatedly offered to the complainants." As to the organ, the Committee decided that the trustees had exercised their legal and undoubted right in making their application to the Conference; and, as to the Rule of 1820, it declared that, in its judgment, no absolute veto was intended to be given by the Rule to any District Meeting. The ambiguity of the Rule was lamented, inasmuch as it had occasioned a misunderstanding of the law. Such misunderstanding, however, it declared, was only possible on the part of those who failed to view the law in connection with other Methodist rules and usages.

"For," says the *Report*, "it is an unquestionable and fundamental principle with us, that the paternal ear of the Conference shall at all times be open to the applications of all our people; and especially of all our regular meetings, whether of leaders or trustees. If it were possible that the Conference could have *designed*, by the clause in the law of 1820, to abolish or abridge the right of those bodies to appeal to it for advice, protection, or redress, whenever they deemed such an appeal to be necessary, and to constitute a mere District Committee of its own body, however respectable, the *final* and *absolute* judges of a question in which the interests and wishes of responsible trustees might, in their judgment, be involved, such a design would at once prove . . . . the *tyranny* of the Conference over those whom it is bound to help and protect."

The right of the leaders to express their opinion was distinctly recognized; but it was suggested that it ought to be exercised peaceably and prudently, on extraordinary occasions only, on things which immediately and directly affect that portion of the Society to which the petitioning leaders are particularly attached; "and, finally, with a careful abstinence from all assertions of an authority such as neither our rules, nor the general principles of justice and of religious liberty, will sanction in reference to the *local* regulations and

usages of other societies, congregations, and circuits." The Superintendent's action in the case of the suspended local preacher was approved; and the conduct of the revolting local preachers was condemned. All the leaders were called upon to renew, in writing or verbally, declarations of their attachment to the general system of Wesleyan Methodism, and of their intention to support the preachers in the exercise of discipline; and those who persistently refused were prohibited from taking part as leaders in the government of the Church. The resolution passed at the leaders' meeting of the Leeds (East) Town Society, by which leaders who refused to renounce irregular meetings were declared to be deposed from their office during the continuance of that refusal, was approved, and the Superintendent was directed not to re-admit leaders so deposed except on reasonable proof of their determination to act a consistent and faithful part in future to the Society and its discipline. The Committee strongly condemned the irregular meetings. It left the removal of the evils existing in the Leeds (West) circuit to its Superintendent and his colleagues, in connection with the other local authorities. The Committee also directed that a leaders' meeting should forthwith be formed at each of the town chapels; and that the Superintendents, or one of their colleagues, should in general hold such meetings at each chapel weekly, "for the purpose of examining the leaders' class-books, and of making suitable inquiries into the state of the classes as to religion and morals; of giving advice and instruction, especially to the younger leaders, on their official duties, and on general subjects connected with the Methodist doctrines and discipline; and of uniting in solemn prayer for Divine blessing on their common labours." Finally, the Special District Meeting adjourned *sine die*, subject, in the event of any emergency, to the call of the Chairman of the Leeds District.

Following the findings of the Special District Meeting, a great secession took place in the Leeds Societies. It is supposed that about a thousand persons left the agitated circuits. "The Wesleyan-Methodist Nonconforming Leaders and Local Preachers" issued an appeal to the members of the Wesleyan-Methodist Societies in Great Britain. The word "Noncon-

forming" was well chosen. In their pamphlet they reveal the secret of their nonconformity. They say: "The dispute in which we are now engaged is not merely whether our simple mode of worship shall be altered by the introduction of organs, the Liturgy, &c., but whether the Conference shall possess supreme and absolute sway over the Methodist Societies."\* The *Appeal* being scattered broadcast, the President considered it prudent to circulate the *Report of the Special District Meeting*. The case was thus brought before the Connexion, and the smouldering embers were blown into a flame. An agitation was commenced against the Conference which was to last through many years. At this point it is enough to say that the London (South) circuit, by an address presented to the Conference of 1828, plunged into the fight. Certain resolutions, which were subsequently passed at the September Quarterly Meeting, evoked an "affectionate address" from the pen of Richard Watson, in which he pointed out their tendency, and showed that they were utterly antagonistic to the connexional principle which was vital to the constitutional existence of Methodism. The "address" produced a voluminous reply. In it the doctrine of circuit independency is vehemently proclaimed; and, as to the appellate jurisdiction of the Conference, the writers say:—"We admit in them no right whatever to receive or determine any appeals, except against the proceedings and conduct of travelling preachers."† It is not surprising that persons holding such opinions found their position in the Wesleyan-Methodist Society untenable. A secession took place in London, which joined the Leeds dissidents, who, on August 27, 1828, had formed themselves into a society called the Wesleyan Protestant Methodists. The arrival of the London "contingent" was somewhat embarrassing. They stipulated for the use of the Liturgy in their chapel, and their request was granted. It is no wonder that sturdy Daniel Isaac, remembering the organ in the Burley Chapel, knowing of the band which led the worship of the "Protestants" in Leeds, and aware of their concession of the Liturgy to their

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\* *Appeal*, p. 7 : Mr. Loutit's Collection.

† *Reply to Watson's Address*, p. 84 : Mr. Loutit's Collection.

London confederates, scathed them with sarcasms. But in fact the organ and Liturgy controversy vanished before the presence of the great question of Conference authority which overshadowed it. We have no desire to indicate the inconsistencies of the Protestant Methodists, or to point out their failures as Constitution Builders. All who wish to discern these things may see them plainly set forth in the *Three Letters* which Daniel Isaac addressed to them.\* In the Leeds disputes we become conscious of the beginning of a great storm; and we are more interested in watching the darkening of the skies, and the progress of the tempest, than in following the course of those clouds which were the first to rise, but which were soon lost in the general gloom. Under the circumstances which we have described did Methodism in Leeds pass through the straits into the open sea. If it had not been for the skill of Edmund Grindrod, the loyalty of his colleagues, and the faithfulness of those officers and members who stood by them with admirable firmness, our chronicle would not have been of a voyage, but of a wreck.

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#### ART. V.—GORDON AND GARIBALDI.

1. *Letters of General C. G. Gordon to his Sister, M. A. Gordon.* London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.
2. *Garibaldi, Memorie Autobiografiche.* Firenze: G. BARBERA, Editore. 1888.

OUR nineteenth century, reputed as the most prosaic and practical of all the Christian centuries—our Mammon-worshipping materialistic Age, incredulous of all that it cannot handle and see—the Age that scorns the antiquated romance of chivalry, having learned to deem of a man's "worth" by the amount of money standing to his credit—the Age that has taken for its motto, "Buy cheap and sell dear," with results unspeakably inhuman to the slaves of its labour-market—can

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\* Mr. Loutit's Collection.

yet boast of its knights-errant, as single-minded, as heroic, as adventurous, as any that made the glory of Arthur's legendary Table. In the ranks of this latter-day chivalry, which includes men of many callings—sailors, soldiers, explorers, lay and clerical, men of science and of religion—we shall hardly find names more noble or more widely known than those brought freshly before us by two recent publications: the *Letters* of Charles George Gordon, and the *Autobiographic Memoirs* of Giuseppe Garibaldi. Nor can we easily find lives that, in outward form, as in inward motive, approach so closely to the ancient ideal of the champion of the oppressed and the wretched, the sworn soldier of God and justice, who "rode abroad redressing human wrongs," as do the lives which these volumes invite us to contemplate, self-portrayed by the hand of each hero. It is a revelation equally unconscious and complete in both cases; it matters not that Garibaldi has set himself deliberately to write the history of his career, to justify himself to his countrymen and the world, while, without any such motive, Gordon, day after day and year after year, unfolds his inmost thoughts to a beloved confidante: the simple self-complacency of the Italian is no less transparent than the noble humility of the Englishman; the rougher or finer lines of character shine through with the same clearness, unblurred by egotism, undisguised by abnegation. Each life is a poem; but *one* is somehow set to music so much loftier and sweeter, so much less marred by harsh earthly discord, that we cannot doubt as to which hero is the Galahad, the stainless knight, the invulnerable, "whose strength is as the strength of ten, because his heart is pure."

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No period can well be more vivid and brilliant in the recollection of those who have watched European history for the last thirty years than those wonderful summer months of 1860, when Garibaldi and his famous One Thousand threw themselves on the shores of Sicily, sped from victory to victory through that land, ever gathering strength and numbers, drawing to themselves the bravest and best, and, leaping the Straits of Messina, like an avenging flame, swept the Bourbon tyrant from his Neapolitan throne into remediless exile—all in the little space between the 5th of May and the

2nd of October; the splendid story being fitly crowned by the armed Dictator's surrender of his irresponsible power into the hands of Italy's constitutional King. Those who remember that time will remember also the magnetic charm of the hero's personality, of his physical aspect even; the lion-like head, with its abundant mane of hair and beard, the direct commanding glance of the deep-set eyes, the captivating expression of candour and devotion; the sailor-like careless costume, red shirt, loose-knotted handkerchief, broad soft hat—all for swift easy movement, nothing for military decorum; they will remember with what frantic enthusiasm that unconventional striking figure was hailed when it appeared in London—enthusiasm raised to its highest point by the fresh remembrance of that fatal day at Aspromonte, when Italian troops, acting under the impulse given from France, wounded and captured the great Italian chief, guilty only of a premature attempt to seize Rome for Italy; they will not forget what sympathy that story had aroused for the patriot immolated to political necessity, nor with what eagerness every detail of his slow recovery had been followed, till it was known that his island home of Caprera had received him again. It was in those years, from 1859 to 1866, that Garibaldi's fame touched its meridian height; his name was then a name you could conjure with perilously. The generation that has arisen since has hardly felt such a glow of pure fervid admiration for any one man. It was a noble homage, for it was rendered to true nobility; to courage, power, and patriotism absolutely disinterested—to a life of unquestioned self-devotion, which had conspicuously and splendidly aided in doing away with an intolerable tyranny, and in securing the unity and freedom of a great nation.

Garibaldi received all this homage with a simplicity that did him honour, but with no attempt to shun it; something essentially childlike in his character made him take his popularity quite naturally, as being reasonably due to one who for many years had been the soldier of Humanity, and whose services were now at last recognized.

But the high flood-tide of favour turned soon: the public began to spy flaws in its idol, to note something petulant and

irrational in his action, to grow weary of heroism that spent itself unwisely. When, in 1867, the General made his second fruitless attempt on Rome, and when, at Mentana, he was again discomfited, through demoralizing discords among his own soldiery, men who could not doubt his courage and honesty began to think slightly of his ability and insight; and his last campaign in France against the Prussians, very generous in motive, but profitless to the land he fought for, completed the disenchantment of his foreign admirers. It was not possible that he should fall back into the half-obscurity that had covered the fifty-three years of his life before 1860; those glorious Sicilian days had carved his name too deeply into his country's history. But his fame, which had sprung so suddenly into full-orbed splendour, was, through the remainder of his life, passing steadily into eclipse; and the conclusion can hardly be resisted that his surprising reputation was acquired more through a peculiar fitness between his character and certain momentous circumstances, than from any transcendent gifts of mind and soul in himself. This conclusion is much supported by the *Memoirs*, which make manifest some almost fatal flaws, some lamentable deficiencies, in his mental and moral equipment.

Far otherwise has it been with Gordon, whose influence and whose fame, comparatively inconsiderable while he lived, through his obstinate self-effacement, have increased immeasurably since his last great humane enterprise ended in discomfiture and death. "Every one has to fail, or we should have too high a belief in our own powers. As yet I have been successful; I have still to fail," were the strange, prophetic words with which he departed on that enterprise. But that through failure he should win, not only heavenly but earthly immortality, was the thing he did not, and could not, foreknow; yet so it has been. Popular sympathy in England had not been deeply moved by the surprising successes of the young officer of Engineers in grappling with and slaying the hydra of rebellion in China, or by his later gigantic achievements in deadly conflict with the vast slave-trade of Central Africa; the nation was hardly alive to that rare combination in its heroic son of cool daring, great military genius, and fervent

piety, of austere disinterestedness and impassioned benevolence, which was arousing the half-incredulous wonder of astute Chinese and Turkish statesmen. But the sympathy denied to his marvellous success was granted fully to his one failure—to the lonely hero who had put his life in his hand, and gone to save innocent men at imminent risk to himself, and who remained through long months of misery staunchly at his post, defending the helpless people trusted to him, and the honour of England—in vain. Sent, as has been bitterly said, “to work a miracle,” denied all human aid that could have made his mission of mercy fruitful, he could but fail, and could but die; and then his country awoke to the sense of the possession it had never prized, and that now was irrevocably lost. The soldier-philanthropist had been allowed to go on his errands of mercy about London streets unmarked of men; no crowds ran and cheered and shouted themselves hoarse when the slight, active figure came in sight; no enthusiasts struggled for the chance of sunning themselves in the glance of the penetrating blue eye, with its strange, mesmeric power of compelling obedience to a will entirely righteous. The nation which had gone wild over the picturesque, romantic Garibaldi had allowed Gordon to be as obscure as he wished. But during that last fateful year the gaze of England was wistfully bent on the desert city which held him, the ear of England was strained to catch every whisper of news from him, and when, at last, the black tidings came of his death, the heart of England was pierced with passionate, remorseful admiration, that rather increases than diminishes; for every fresh light thrown on his character does but bring out in higher relief that purity and elevation, that moral grandeur, which was hardly suspected by his contemporaries, and least of all by himself, while year by year he grew steadily into “the fulness of the stature of a man in Christ Jesus.” What that Christ-like manhood ought to be his story shows nobly; these last-published documents add more and finer touches to the picture, and aid in explaining how, with many points in common with Garibaldi, he is strong exactly where the merely human hero is weak—in self-knowledge, self-control, self-surrender, in the eagle-eyed perception of the thing fitting to be done, which is

hardly possible to a mental vision ever so slightly clouded by egotism and self-seeking.

That our Italian knight-errant did suffer from this kind of blindness, his *Memoirs* in many a passage of querulous discontent betray. Wealth and grandeur he coveted as little as did Gordon, and he ever aimed to serve Italy and Freedom; but he had the most imperious need to predominate and command, in council as in battle, and his simple undoubting faith in himself touches the sublime. Never should we find him asking, like Gordon, for "God's arrows against self and self-conceit," or saying with him, "Had I gone to such a place it would have been another fiasco," for he never even suspects in himself an error of judgment. His magnificent self-confidence often served him well, but as often it betrayed him. Then, chafing under incomprehensible discomfiture, he cries to heaven and earth against the perversity, the treachery of his coadjutors and allies, which *must* have caused his failure. Cavour, who checked, thwarted, and used him—who prudently disavowed his bold undertakings beforehand, lest they should fail, and then calmly appropriated their fruits if they succeeded—is very naturally, with all his following, Garibaldi's favourite aversion. But the ultra-Republican Mazzini and his party, having dared to disapprove the hero, come in for much of his Achillean wrath also. The Government of Cavour "throws out its nets of treachery and miserable contrariety;" its popularity is fictitious, being "bought with the nation's money, ill employed in purchasing men and newspapers;" the party of Cavour is "based on corruption, composed of bought journalists, of fat pro-consuls, of parasites of every kind, always ready to serve, with every species of baseness and prostitution, any one who will pay, and ready always to betray their employer when he seems likely to fail; it reminds one of the worms on a corpse—their number indicates the degree of putrefaction!" Its "immoral and ridiculous" members employ "the most ignoble expedients, which might succeed, if with heavy stipends the monarchy could have inspired its agents with a little more courage and less tenderness for their own skin."

"These be very bitter words." Garibaldi is a little like

those frantic French Jacobins, who suspected their every opponent of being "corrupted by the gold of Pitt." Without corruption, how can he explain the fact that so many persons were not of his opinion, which must be the right opinion obviously? He does not indeed ascribe to the Mazzinian Irreconcilables the crime of being bought by the monarchy they denounced; but not the less he contemns

"these professors, accustomed to give laws to the world from the depth of their writing-shops, who fancy they know the moral and material state of the peoples better than we, who have the fortune to command and lead them to victory. . . . Certainly, monarchies prove every day that from them, as from priests, no good can be hoped; it is patent. But when these Mazzinians cry out that I ought to have proclaimed the Republic, from Palermo to Naples, in 1860, that is *false*! And those who would prove the contrary do so because of the party hatred they have ever manifested since 1848—not because they are convinced of what they say."

That is, Mazzinian criticism of Garibaldi's action cannot possibly be honest, it must be malignant. The same train of thought underlies his bitter denunciations of the priesthood. It is incredible to him that a Romish priest should honestly believe the creed of his Church, for he, Garibaldi, cannot accept it. Every priest then is an impostor, a liar; and as "every liar is a thief, and every thief an assassin," it follows that the cry of "Freedom for all!" must be uttered with *one* reservation—the "black genus" of the priesthood has no more right to liberty of action than any other class of criminals.

We shall vainly look for such outbursts, shortsighted and violent, in any page written by Gordon, even under the severest provocation. True it is that he never stooped to flatter, to conciliate, by saying the thing that was not, by calling slothfulness caution and faithlessness statesmanship; true, that he never spared the plainest speech, the sternest reproaches, even the most biting satire, while these could yet avail to awaken slumbering Power to its duty; true, that he did not disguise how he suffered under "the peculiar pain, coming from the excessive anxiety one could not help being in for these people"—anxiety unshared by those who had

imposed it on him. But when Hope was dead, and anxiety had passed into Despair, he ceased at once from fruitless remonstrance, and accepted the inevitable calmly, thus acting in the very spirit of his own words :—

“It is a delightful thing to be a fatalist, not as that word is generally employed, but to accept that, *when things happen*, and *not* before, God has for some wise reason so ordained them. . . . We have nothing further to do, when the scroll of events is unrolled, than to accept them as being for the best; but, *before it is unrolled*, it is another matter, for you would not say, ‘I sat still and let things happen.’”

Nor was he content in remembering the sharp rebukes wrung from him by ill-usage crueller and fataler than any endured by Garibaldi.

“I hope” [he writes from Khartoum] “I may cure that ‘stinging’ way I have too often given way to. It is unkind, evil, satanic, and utterly un-Godlike to be so bitter, and I have no excuse, for so many are kind to me. . . . I must try and be passive, while doing what He thinks best.”

Considering, then, the restless angry egoism of Garibaldi, as contrasted with Gordon’s tranquil submission; comparing the narrow prejudice of the one with the large comprehensive tolerance of the other, with his readiness to see good in those who thought not as he did; and, looking from the solitary grandeur of that death in Khartoum of the betrayed and deserted commander, refusing to buy his life by deserting “his sheep,” to that unedifying spectacle of the sick and dying old lion still muttering thunderous growls against those who had entrapped and wounded him; we are compelled to recognize in Gordon an immense superiority, best accounted for by the fact that in one life the religious sentiment remained of infantile vagueness, undeveloped, almost impotent, while in the other it was a mighty transforming force of unequalled potency. Keenly alive, with the quick poetic sensibility of his race, to the beauty and grandeur of Nature, Garibaldi does just carry his thought beyond these to their Creator; perhaps he recognizes in the Almighty *a stream of tendency making for righteousness*, even as he recognizes in the Saviour “the Just One, the Liberator of slaves, the Teacher of equality ennobled by Him.”

And once, at least, he seems to recognize also the hand of an overruling Providence, when he confesses himself guilty of a justly-punished sin. That heroic wife of his, the lady of his thoughts, Anita, the daring and devoted, who rode beside him on his adventures and shared his every peril—she, his treasure of great price, had been a treasure forbidden to him; sacred ties had stood between them. But at the first glance interchanged their two souls rushed together and blended in an overmastering love, to satisfy which

“the existence of an innocent man was shattered. She is dead—I am wretched—and he is avenged! . . . . Yes—avenged! I knew the great evil that I had wrought, that day when, hoping yet to restore her to life, I pressed the pulseless wrist of a corpse, and wept the tears of despair. I erred greatly, and I erred alone!”

But here is no word of “Against *Thee* have I sinned, and done this evil in Thy sight”—no hint that his offence was against God as well as against man. And though the sweetest remembrance of his youth is that of the pious tender mother, who sat at home weeping and praying, while her daring sailor-boy was tossing on the seas, her piety affects him more as something femininely charming than as an example to be followed :

“Not rarely in the great perils of my stormy existence, coming forth unhurt from the breakers of the ocean, from the iron hailstorm of the battlefield, I had a vision of my loving mother kneeling, bowed before the Infinite, imploring the life of her child. And I, though trusting little in the efficacy of prayer, was moved thereby, was happy, or at least less unhappy.”

Nowhere can we find in the *Memoirs* any clearer expression of personal piety. And his faith, being of this cloudy formless sort, had little appreciable effect on his conduct, which seems to have been determined either by mere impulse, or by the action of two or three fixed ideas, hardly modified by experience, which ruled him from youth to age. Contempt for the priesthood, hatred for the Papacy, loathing of their influence; a strong preference for Republican Government, as “the system of honest people, the normal system, desired by the majority, and therefore not imposed with violence and imposture;” patriotism the most ardent, finding its best

symbolical expression in the love of Rome, the Eternal City, which, amid its majestic ruins, suggested to him, in waking vision,

"the Rome of the Future, the Rome of the regenerating idea of a great people; that idea which dominates all that the Past and the Present could inspire in me—Rome, which is Italy for me; and I cannot see an Italy possible unless in the compact federated union of its scattered members."

These strong and simple passions, joined to the deep pity for suffering that is twin-born with the hatred of tyranny, and to the true sailor's love of perilous adventure, controlled the whole course of Garibaldi's life. Son and grandson of bold Ligurian mariners, born, within sight and sound of the Mediterranean, at Nice, he passed by the easiest transitions from making voyages in a trading-vessel to acting as a sea-fighter for the South American Republic of Rio Grande, in conflict with the Empire of Brazil, then to serving on shore for that doubtful cause, recommended to the young Italian patriot exile by the single word *Republic*. Having learned the trade of war in this wild school, he was ready to fight for freedom at home so soon as the great disturbances of 1848 gave sign of commencing. There followed his famous services for Republican Rome in that year of convulsion, and his more brilliant achievements in 1860, which all the world knows. This life, as full of disastrous chances and moving accidents by flood and field as Othello's, is related with the matter-of-fact straightforwardness of a Robinson Crusoe; the most momentous and the most unimportant events are set forth with the same grave particularity. It is a heroic child-mind with which we are thus brought into communion, incapable of hiding or of mastering its vanity, its caprice, its gusty anger, or of giving right articulate expression to its half-conscious spiritual life. Nothing could be more idle than to expect, as it would seem some of Garibaldi's devotees have expected, an important addition to the literature of introspection, a legacy of large deep views on things human and divine, to be embodied in the posthumous *Memoirs*. But that which the unreflecting man of action cannot give us we receive richly from the greater Gordon, who in the full tide of vigorous action

meditated deeply and reasoned highly, and to whose restless energy the intermission of either form of activity would have seemed like death. It is a singular but really natural result of this completer development that he, the meditative and the mystical, was incomparably the more efficient in practical matters, his career offering a long series of splendid well-earned successes, with a single sublime failure, for which he was in no degree or respect responsible, while Garibaldi's one glorious campaign is preceded and followed by mere ineffectualities of heroism. As naturally it resulted from Gordon's deep sense of the Divine omnipotence and of human nothingness, that *he* could not become the prey of irrational prejudice, chimerical suspicion, and puerile irritation. He was at one with Garibaldi in his frank impatience of hollow shows, in his scorn of luxury and venality and falsehood, and in distrust of the mere officialism, *routinier* and purblind, whose red-tape can cripple a nation's energy no less fatally than despot chains. But contrast the wrathful condemnation in which Garibaldi wraps together whole classes of Italians, and the Italian Government in particular, with the following quiet judgment on our modern England and its chiefs:—

"I declare the products of Great Britain have terribly fallen off. You can never get a good thing now-a-days. . . . I feel sure it is nearly over with us. I hope it may come after our day, but I think we are on the decline. It is money, money, money with us. We put lime in our cotton, and are full of tricks in everything. . . . It may be fancy, but, to my mind, for the last fifteen years our products have deteriorated. Now falsehood in trade shows want of morality in the nation, and when morality—i.e., honesty—is lacking, the end is not far off. . . . I comfort myself with respect to the action of our Government, in thinking they were not able to do anything else; it was so ordained and had to be fulfilled. . . . We try to look after ourselves, *coûte que coûte*, and often deviate from the straight path. Nothing justifies trickery such as our Governments have followed: it is the ignoring of God. . . . I cannot help thinking our Government is one of expedients."

In this perfectly calm arraignment of rulers and ruled there is something far more disquieting than in all the wild whirling words of the *Memoirs* about "Italian corruption:" we feel that the clear glance of Gordon has discerned a real deadly danger which we cannot put aside with a half smile, like the

vague talk of the Italian hero about "a Government which is preparing a disgusting reaction, and employing the money of Italy in buying spies, vile police, priests, and such-like *canaille*." Childish chatter, we may deem this; but those other warning words come from a far-seeing man.

Touches of exquisite tenderness abound in both our records, reminding us how in each writer "soft-hearted mercy" clasped hands with courage. It is in speaking of women, "the most perfect of created beings," in their quality of ministering angels of pity, that Garibaldi's voice melts into its mildest accents, while Gordon, always curiously inaccessible to all feminine influence, save the dear home-love of mother and sister, speaks of little children with a more than womanly gentleness. Those "dear little lambs," those "doves," as he caressingly calls them, had instant access to his heart, and, recognizing their friend as children always do, they repaid him to the full of their little ability. But helpless animal suffering appealed with hardly inferior power to both these dauntless men. When Garibaldi tells us how keenly he remembers the grasshopper whose leg he broke in capturing it, many a year ago, and how he wept for an hour over the involuntary cruelty, being then a mere boy, we recognize a delicacy of fibre similar to that which made it "a haunting memory" to Gordon that "on the road to Katerif to see King John's ambassador" he flicked with his whip at a lizard and cut off its tail; and, which bade him at once relinquish shooting for sport, when a beautiful bright-eyed hen partridge, captured on its nest, struggled and fluttered and died in his hands, while he tried to sever the cord that bound its wings: "I felt it very much and do so still. . . . that day the gun was doomed." And if the one hero had the instinct of saving life, if he could not choose but leap to the rescue of the drowning, and even served once as volunteer nurse in the cholera hospital of Marseilles—the other, moved by untiring divine pity, spent every leisure moment of a very busy life in ministering most lovingly to the sick, the destitute, the wretched. For compassion in Gordon was more than a generous instinct—it was converted into a lifelong principle by the heaven-illuminated intelligence which discerned active charity as a duty never to be foregone. In him, too, this

sweetness of nature co-existed not only with the coolest intrepidity, as in Garibaldi, but with an iron steadfastness which shrank not from the sternest measures demanded by true mercy in the guise of justice; for he was persuaded that no man could die but at the time and in the manner ordained of God, in whose eyes he had also learned to think "the fleshly life of man is of small account. Death," he said, "is nothing in God's sight, and would be nothing in ours if we recognized that our life is only a pilgrimage." Musing on the mysteries of life Gordon had learned to greet Death as a kind angel, unlocking the gates of the fleshly prison for the soul, and setting it free at once from this body of our humiliation and from the fleshly mind, the foe of our lifelong fight. In this opinion, and in that implicit reliance on God as the sovereign Ruler of earthly events, which he chose to call his "fatalism," we find the secret of that absolute unconcern in the presence of grimmest peril which gave him so great a mastery over men, and of that unwavering firmness in any sharp strong deed called for by the interests of true humanity which made him so formidable a foe. "I have a great desire for death," he writes; deeming it no evil for himself he deemed it no evil for others, who were as precious in God's sight as Gordon. But his own "desire for death" was the thirst for the Divine; not the soldier-passion which made Garibaldi say that, to a valiant honourable duteous man, "death is as sweet as the delicious kiss of a woman"—a comparison how natural to the hero of an unhappily guilty Romeo and Juliet romance, how alien to the crystal-clear spirit of Gordon, never clouded and muddled by any such overmastering infatuation. In like manner it is a much more earthly vein in which the Italian warrior makes a sort of shamefaced apology for the joy which set his heart beating in prospect of battle, for his rapture in the sight of two noble armies in battle array: "Never saw I fairer or more magnificent spectacle. . . . A perverse taste for a disciple of Beccaria, the enemy of war! But what would you have? On my way through life I met the Austrians, the priests, and despotism!"

"I had a good heart," says Garibaldi, quite frankly, of himself as a child. In his sense, which is not the English sense, the sense of impulsive warm goodwill, this was true of the man

also. But the multiplied disappointments and deceptions of his later years dealt hardly with his natural benevolence, and quite shattered the armour of pretty Rousseau-like theories as to human goodness with which he had equipped himself for life's warfare. He found to his grief that men, though perfectly acquainted with the Right, could still choose the Evil, if the Evil ministered more to their vanity, their ambition, their covetousness; he found too, with the saddest surprise, that Civilization and Righteousness were not synonymous, though in the faith that they were he had vowed himself the soldier of Liberty and Progress. No such cruel disillusion awaited Gordon. Starting with the conviction that the Scriptural view of man as a fallen creature was absolutely true, he was not slow to discern in himself and others humiliating proofs of that truth, which did not therefore dismay him, for he knew the remedy. In every soul he saw a battle-ground where the immemorial conflict between Good and Evil went on, only with varying fortune. He despised no man therefore, he hated no man; the vilest were but faring worse in the universal strife than he, whose every seeming excellence was due to the mighty working of Him, the controller of all human events. Thus it was that he repelled and detested praise; thus, that he revenged himself on his adversaries only by pleading their cause with God; thus, that, when betrayed and deserted alike by African and European, he calmly accepted their falseness and their fatal delays as part of the Divine plan, leaving no malediction to either when there blackened over him the shadow of doom, but writing instead those farewell words of unbearable pathos: "I am quite happy, thank God, and, like Lawrence, I have tried to do my duty." No extremity of injury could plunge him into those dark waters of pessimism that confessedly overflowed Garibaldi's latest years, and for which we must grieve, pitying the hero-soul that never saw Christianity but in its corruptest guise.

But in Gordon, lifted so high by a pure faith obeyed in fervent purity, we recognize the greatest and the noblest, the Galahad who rode through life in the strength of God, "shattering all evil customs everywhere," and who now has gone to be crowned by his crowned Saviour, "far in the spiritual city."

## ART. VI.—ST. JEROME AND HIS TIMES.

1. *Sancti Eusebii Hieronymi Stridonensis Presbyteri Operum.*  
Tomus Quartus in binas partes divisus. Complectens commentarios omnes in Novum Testamentum, atque epistolas criticas ejusdem argumenti, ordine Librorum Scripturæ Sacræ positas. Deinde cunctas alias epistolas ordine chronologico nunc primum editas, et in varias classes distributas, cum opusculis Apologeticis et Polemicis, ad fidem vetustissimorum codicum recensitis ac restitutis. Studio ac labore Domni JOHANNIS MARTIANAY, Presbyteri et Monachi Ordinis S. Benedicti, é Congregatione S. Mauri. Parisiis, apud Claudium Rigaud. 1706.
2. *Saint Jérôme. La Société Chrétienne à Rome et l'Emigration Romaine en Terre Sainte.* Par M. AMÉDÉE THIERRY. Two Vols. Paris: Didier et Cie. 1867.
3. *Vigilantius and his Times.* By W. S. GILLY, D.D., Canon of Durham and Vicar of Norham. London: Seeley. 1844.
4. *The Contemporary Review*, May to August, 1867. Articles by W. C. LAKE.

JEROME'S claims to saintliness of spirit or temper are so slender that one cannot resist a smile to see him enrolled in the calendar. He is emphatically a saint with a temper. Jerome's biographer does not need Cromwell's advice to his painter; the warts are here so conspicuous that his best friends would not recognize a portrait in which they were forgotten. What can an apologist plead for one who thus speaks of himself: "I like to write down a few follies in my note-books, to comment on the Scriptures, to show my teeth a little, and thus to set my digestion into order, and by some practice in general topics to sharpen my arrows and lay them up against the time of battle"?

After such a confession it would be a bootless task to represent the great Father of the Latin Church as a pattern of Christian excellence. His faults are too many and too

striking to be either condoned or forgotten. Yet, when all is said, Jerome must still be acknowledged as one of the most influential minds in that memorable century which witnessed the "Conversion of the Roman Empire," illustrated, though it was, by the immortal names of Athanasius, Basil, Gregory Nazianzen, Ambrose, Chrysostom, and St. Augustine. There is not one of them but rises head and shoulders above St. Jerome in the graces of Christian manhood; yet not one of them rendered such service to the subject of Biblical study in all its bearings, not one of them compares with him in erudition, or surpasses him in devotion to the career which the providence of God marked out for him to pursue. His very faults add piquancy to his biography. Poor Jerome! his bark was often tossed on a sea of troubles, but right manfully, amidst every tempest, did he steer onward to his haven. His life has many points of interest. It forms a strange episode in the story of a century of action. The Church of the fourth century had little time for contemplation. Struggles with paganism without and heresy within kept her foremost confessors busy as long as they lived. The work of a bishop in the great cities of the empire taxed to the utmost the energy of such men as Ambrose and Chrysostom. Augustine tells us, in one passage of his *Confessions*, that he greatly desired to open his mind to Ambrose, but could not bear to break in on the prelate's scanty moments of reading, snatched from the constant round of episcopal duty. Such labours Jerome refused to face. He was indeed ordained priest at Antioch in 377, but he wisely held himself aloof from the work of a city parish. He is the literary man of the fourth century. The monastic orders claim him as one of themselves, but the strongest opponent of monasticism has no reason to regret his retirement to Bethlehem. For Jerome the monastic cell was a study, where he laboured with unwearying zeal to place the best results of Biblical criticism within the reach of all the busy pastors of his time. By such toil he laid every Christian minister and every Christian congregation under inestimable obligations. Many of his contemporaries were unable, it is true, to discern the value of his work, but it has earned for him the undying gratitude of succeeding generations.

Some light is thrown on Jerome's personality by the circumstances of his birth and early training. Sophronius Hieronymus Eusebius—that is the father's name—was born between 340 and 345, at Stridon, a small town on the southern slope of the Illyrian Alps, to the north of the Adriatic Sea. Stridon was partly a Dalmatian, partly a Pannonian town. It stood on the northern confines of the Roman Empire, and in Jerome's own life-time perished during an invasion of the Goths. The Church Father has left no flattering portrait of his fellow-townsmen. Their god was their belly; they lived from hand to mouth; the richest man was the most honoured. Such is Jerome's verdict. His own parents were wealthy and Christian. They also possessed some share of learning, for Jerome's father superintended his early education. If his foibles be attributed in part to his birth and early surroundings, Jerome's vigour and originality must also be traced to the eighteen years spent at Stridon. Rome had grown effete. Little force of character or originality was left in the empire city, which in Jerome's old age became a helpless prey to the hordes of barbarism. We shall often be reminded, as we trace his course, how much the great man owed to his birth and rearing among the virile people of the north.

At the age of eighteen Jerome was sent to Rome in order to study under the celebrated Donatus, the commentator on Terence and Cicero. Grammar, rhetoric, philosophy, and jurisprudence were the subjects taught. Jerome soon gained a reputation for his learning and skill in controversy. In his commentary on the *Galatians* he recalls with evident delight those academic disputations. By much pains and toil he now formed the nucleus of that precious library, which afterwards shared his travels by sea and land, the dearest companion of his wanderings. Some volumes were bought, most were painfully copied by his own hand. He yielded somewhat to the seductions of the licentious city, for he speaks of "the slippery journey of youth in which I also have fallen." But he did not go far astray. Julian's attempt to galvanize the decaying heathenism of his time into new life was made and failed whilst Jerome sat in the school of Donatus. The country youth held fast to his father's faith. The welcome leisure which his Sun-

days brought was often spent in exploring the catacombs. Such influences—love of study and ardent admiration for the early confessors of Christianity—saved him from any serious lapse amid the corruptions of the great city.

In 370 we find him at Treves, where Valentinian then held his court. There Jerome was able to enrich his library. Hilary of Poitiers, the Athanasius of the West, had prepared some commentaries which were for the most part free translations of Origen, but were marked by deep knowledge of the Scriptures, and contained many earnest discussions on dogmatic theology. Hilary had just been dead two years when Jerome copied his work on the Psalms. The young student returned to Rome laden with his treasures. He now took the decisive step of offering himself as a candidate for baptism.

From Rome Jerome passed to Aquileia, the capital of his native province. M. Thierry, in his suggestive and pictorial chapters, describes Aquileia as the Venice of those times, a great commercial and maritime centre, where art and letters held an honoured place. The young Christians of that region, more Illyrian than Italian, showed an incredible ardour in study. Jerome also found them as enthusiastic as himself in praise of monasticism. His eloquent appeals soon led his young friends to form little convents of their own, or even to become anchorites. Meanwhile Jerome gratified his passion for solitude by withdrawing to the neighbourhood of Stridon. One of his friends at Aquileia was Rufinus, afterwards a monk on Mount Olivet. He is esteemed as a Church historian, but is more widely known for his bitterness against Jerome in the Origenistic controversy at Jerusalem.

At Stridon Jerome came into collision with his bishop, Lupicinus, whom he describes as ignorant, coarse, incapable. Lupicinus stirred up his people against Jerome so that the young anchorite was compelled to flee with his brother Paulinus. He thus expresses his sentiments. "We are not so puffed up that we are ignorant of what is due to the priests of Christ. They should regard themselves as fathers not as masters." Jerome was allowed no peace in the spot to which he now withdrew. He therefore took leave of his brother, and returned to Aquileia. There he found a priest who had come over from Antioch to enlist

the sympathies of the Western bishops in the struggles of his own church. When Evagrius saw that these young ascetics were disillusionised by their attempts at monastic life and were eager to visit the East, he offered to become their guide. They eagerly embraced the welcome proposal, and sailed with him for Syria. Jerome himself preferred the land route. He pushed along the valley of the Danube, through Thrace to Constantinople. His precious volumes were his sole companions. He was rapidly becoming the most travelled man of his time. He visited Pontus, Bithynia, the whole of Galatia and Cappadocia, and at last reached Cilicia, where he suffered intolerably from the burning heat. In Cappadocia he found Evagrius, with whom he journeyed to Antioch at the end of 373.

Jerome now attended the lectures of the younger Apollinaris, Bishop of Laodicea. He was an eminent scholar, of whom Basil and others spoke with respect even after he became suspected of heresy in 371. His knowledge of Hebrew made his teaching specially valuable to the visitor from the West. But Jerome was at heart a monk as well as a student. One day he visited Maconia with his friend Evagrius. Here he was introduced to an old hermit living in a wild region thirty miles from Antioch. The love of solitude flamed up again in Jerome's breast. Armed with letters of introduction from Evagrius he retired to the desert of Chalcis accompanied by two friends. That desert was divided into three zones. In the first, which lay nearest to the inhabited part of Syria, were large monasteries. The monks cultivated the ground or engaged in various manufactures. In the next zone were the cells of the recluses. They generally lived alone, but sometimes enjoyed the company of a comrade or two. Beyond them, in a barren region, infested with scorpions, wild beasts, and serpents, were the Eremites, who had renounced all connection with their fellows. Some of these misguided men had spent thirty years without crossing the threshold of their cells or even seeing a human face.

The friends soon broke down under their fasting and manual labour in that burning climate. Jerome's companions succumbed to fever. He himself pushed farther into the desert to be alone with his sorrow. The sack which he threw

over his shoulders rendered him hideous to all beholders ; his skin was so black with exposure to the sun that he might have been taken for an Ethiopian. He passed whole nights in tears and sighs. He cast himself at the feet of Christ, pleading for grace. At last his burden was shaken off. He thought himself transported to the choir of angels, where he joined with overflowing heart in the praises of his Lord.

His devotion to study helped him to vanquish the several temptations which haunted him. A converted Jew, who had become a monk in one of the monasteries, offered to teach him Hebrew. The language somewhat repelled Jerome at first, but he laid the foundation of his Hebrew scholarship in the desert of Chalcis. During an attack of fever induced by his austerities Jerome fancied that he was summoned before the Judge of all the earth. The dazzling light around the throne caused him to cast himself to the earth in terror. When asked his profession he replied, " I am a Christian." " Thou liest," said the Judge, " thou art a Ciceronian, and not a Christian, for where thy treasure is, there will thy heart be also." Jerome could attempt no vindication, for his Plautus and Cicero had often revived his drooping spirits in the desert. He was chastised severely, but his conscience troubled him more than the scourging. At last those who were present pleaded that because of his youth he might be pardoned and allowed space for repentance.\* Such was the vision. Jerome promised to renounce his study of heathen writers for ever. Whether he kept the vow or not matters little. His mind was already so imbued with the classics that he could quote what he needed from memory. Milton refers to this "lenten dream" in his *Areopagitica*. Why, he asks, should Jerome be whipped for "grave Cicero and not for scurrill Plautus?" Why also should he only be punished and so many more "antient Fathers" allowed "to wax old in those pleasant and florid studies without the lash of such a tutoring apparition?"

Jerome now gave himself up to study. His friend Evagrius brought him books and procured scribes, who made copies of them. Jerome was fortunate enough to find a few Western

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\* *Epistola ad Eustachium, De Custodia Virginitatis.*

monks of kindred spirit, who formed a literary *coterie* in the desert. Jerome pined for a bosom friend. Despite his praise of monasticism, he was born for fellowship. He wrote a moving appeal to Heliodorus, who had left him on the edge of the desert. The letter did not bring Heliodorus to Chalcis, but it made no small sensation in Christian circles at Rome. Every one seemed to know it by heart. One quotation will show the impassioned ardour of this popular epistle :—

“O desert, where the flowers of Christ are growing! O solitude, in which are born the stones of which the city of the great king in the Apocalypse is built! O Eremit, exulting in the friendship of God! What doest thou, brother, in the world, thou who are greater than the world? How long wilt thou remain in the shadow of roofs, and in the dungeon of smoky cities? Believe me, I cannot tell how much more of the light I here behold.”

More than three years were spent in Chalcis. At last the struggle between the rival bishops at Antioch broke the peace of the desert community. Jerome, the most distinguished monk from the West, became the object of a vexatious persecution. His friends fled before the storm, saying: “It is better to dwell with wild beasts than with such Christians.” Jerome himself was at last forced to return to Antioch. His literary work, however, did not cease; he became a busy author. His translation of the *Chronicon* of Eusebius, his dialogue against the Luciferans, and his biography of Paul the Hermit were all published at Antioch. It was at this time also that Jerome obtained his one ecclesiastical dignity. Paulinus, the bishop of Antioch, ordained him priest. Jerome only accepted the honour, which was pressed upon him, on condition that he should be allowed to indulge his love of solitude as before. Even on occasions of pressing need he did not fulfil the functions of the priesthood. After a short visit to Jerusalem, he turned towards Constantinople, drawn by the fame of Gregory Nazianzen. Here he remained for two to three years. He attended Gregory’s famous orations against the Arians, and, at the advice of his new friend, began to study the works of Origen. At length he turned his face toward Rome. He travelled by land, so that every stage of his journey helped him to understand

the Pauline history. From the Peloponnesus he seems to have crossed over to Italy in 382.

Jerome had not been in Rome for ten years. Meanwhile he had built up a great reputation by his literary labours, his travels, and his asceticism. Pope Damasus, whose election in Jerome's younger days had deluged Rome with blood, had now worn the tiara for seventeen years. Bitter calumny long pursued the unhappy Pontiff; but in the year before Jerome's return Damasus successfully vindicated his character in the Council of Italy. Jerome had scarcely arrived before the Pope appointed him secretary to a council which was convened in Rome. The Italian bishops had intended to settle the vexed questions of the succession to the bishoprics of Antioch, Jerusalem, Alexandria, and Constantinople; but their brethren of the East resented such interference. They, therefore, forestalled them by a council at Constantinople, which settled the disputes. The assembly at Rome thus found itself shorn of its chief functions. The status of the Apollinarians was, however, discussed. The subtle Easterns, who expected to carry everything before them at Rome, found more than their match in Jerome, and in Epiphanius of Salamis, who made it his life work to expose and root out heresy. Through the learning and skill of these athletes the heretics were driven from every retreat until they were glad to sue for peace.

Jerome was appointed secretary to the Papal Chancery. He had to draw up confessions of faith, and indite important ecclesiastical letters. Damasus treated him like a son. He studied Jerome's works, consulted him about his own reading, and begged him to explain various Bible difficulties. This friendship, honourable alike to the Pope and to Jerome, bore lasting fruit. Damasus urged his secretary to undertake a revision of the Gospels. Endless confusion had crept into the Latin copies, "so that each believer had so to speak a Gospel of his own." Jerome was the one man who was qualified for such a task as Damasus laid upon his shoulders. He knew the text used in the East, and possessed both the necessary learning and literary skill. He lost no time. The new version was ready the year after his return to Rome. It did not escape captious criticism; but Augustine expressed the feeling of all competent

and impartial judges when he said that there was scarcely any fault in it. A version of the Psalms followed, in which also Jerome endeavoured to present a correct translation, without altering expressions which did not affect the sense.

Jerome had now reached the pinnacle of his fame in Rome. He boasts of having reversed the position of Christianity as described by St. Paul in the first chapter of his First Epistle to the Corinthians. "Not only among the Christians, but among the monks are to be found a multitude of the wise, the noble, and the rich." He was surrounded by a little court, and in many quarters was regarded as the one priest worthy to succeed Damasus. He seems to have been somewhat intoxicated by his honours, and his unfortunate passion for controversy made him not a few enemies among the Roman clergy.

The great scholar indeed formed a striking contrast to those luxurious city priests. His simple dark-coloured tunic seemed still plainer beside the elegant silk costumes of the courtly ecclesiastics. His abstemious habits were more marked beside their self-indulgence. Other causes increased the resentment felt against him. The Christian ladies of Rome had installed Jerome at the house of Marcella, on Mount Aventine. His enemies were quick to accuse him of living too much with women. But Jerome was ready with his answer. They were the only persons with sense or religion in Rome—"in Babylon under its king Satan." We may not be prepared to go to such lengths as Jerome, but common honesty compels us to admit that he was not far wrong. His "domestic church," as he called it, consisted of a singularly interesting group of Roman ladies. Marcella is the chief figure. She belonged to a wealthy and noble family, and is said to have been the most lovely woman in Rome. As a little child she had been deeply moved by the visit of the great Athanasius in 341. He brought with him two Egyptian monks who caused quite a furore in Rome. The little Marcella often saw them, and thus imbibed a love of monasticism which never left her. When she became a widow, after but a few months of married life, she refused all offers of matrimony, and hired a little house, where she lived in retreat. She formed a kind of convent for ladies on Mount Aventine. The friends

read the Scriptures together, chanted psalms, and busied themselves in planning good works. Marcella was the moving spirit. So great became her reputation as a Biblical scholar, that even the clergy were accustomed to consult her on abstruse questions. Jerome bears witness that all the time he was in Rome she never met him without some inquiry on Scripture history or dogma. She did not blindly accept authority, but searched out the reasons for herself. A noble woman, with love of truth and force of character, is this Lady Principal of the Conventual College on the Aventine. Jerome himself adds not the least striking touch to her portrait. She was the only woman in Rome, he said, who could stop his mouth with her fingers. What more can we say in praise of Marcella? Her adopted daughter closed her eyes during the sack of Rome. The disappointed Goths found little indeed to plunder when they searched her monastic home. She bore the brutal treatment to which they resorted in their resentment with courage and patience. She was borne to the basilica of St. Paul, and died a few days later. Another lady of the domestic church was destined to be still more intimately connected with Jerome. Paula's fortune and lineage gave her the first rank among the women of Rome. On one side she was descended from the Scipios and the Gracchi, on the other from the kings of Sparta and Mycenæ. She was left a widow with five children at the age of thirty-five. Her grief was so great that her friends feared for her life. Paula had a generous and tender heart. Bred in luxury and surrounded by the highest society from her birth, she was the very ideal of a Roman matron. Her lively sallies of wit made her a striking figure in every circle. She spoke Greek as fluently as Latin, and read her Old Testament in the original without a trace of Roman pronunciation.

Blessilla, her eldest daughter, became a widow at the age of twenty, after seven months of not altogether happy married life. She now promised herself a round of pleasures. "She lived before her mirror." In the midst of her gaieties, however, Blessilla was prostrated by a fever, which no remedy would touch. After a month of pain the doctors gave up all hope of her recovery. One night Christ seemed to approach the bed, say-

ing to her, as to Lazarus, "Rise, and come forth." From that hour Blessilla "began to amend." She determined to dedicate her life to the Saviour. Her conversion made a sensation in Rome. Her jewels and costly robes were sold for the poor. She possessed, in an eminent degree, the family gift of languages, and in a wonderfully short time could vie with her mother in learning and singing Hebrew psalms. Her life was not long spared, but it was beautiful in holiness. The Roman mob, who fancied that her death was hastened by her austerities, watched the mother's passionate grief with indignation. "See how she weeps for her child after having killed her with fasting."

Another sister, Eustochium, was the first Roman lady who refused to entertain a thought of marriage. From early childhood she had been under the care of Marcella. Her resolution sent a thrill of surprise through Rome, but she was unmoved. She remained faithful to her early convictions. She accompanied her mother to Palestine, and only death separated her from the friend of her family. Jerome says that in her and her mother pride "had no place." Such were the chief members of the Aventine College. Jerome was their chosen tutor and guide; "the oracle, biographer, admirer, and eulogist of those women, who constituted the spiritual nobility of Catholic Rome."

On the death of Damasus in 384, Jerome was glad to escape from Rome. His aggressive championship of the monastic life had naturally been regarded with suspicion. Wise men saw that the system struck at the roots of domestic life. Jerome had also made many enemies by his controversial writings, and by his severe satires on the vices of the clergy. The new Pope, wishing to conciliate ecclesiastical circles, deprived Jerome of his office as secretary. The populace also vented their ill-will as he passed along the streets. There was nothing left for him but to shake off the dust of his feet and seek another home.

It was not quite three years since Jerome had come to Rome, but they were in some respects the three most honoured years of his life. As he embarked at the mouth of the Tiber with his brother and a few monks he was overcome by his feelings.

A party of friends accompanied him to the port. When Jerome got on board he was compelled to withdraw in order to hide his tears. After he had somewhat recovered he employed the hours that bore him from Rome in writing a letter of loving farewell to his "dear domestic Church." Such was Jerome's parting from the city where he had been trained as a scholar and had gathered his precious library; the city of his baptism, and of his first and last essay in public life as Secretary of Pope Damasus.

By such troubles the "providence that shapes our ends" led Jerome to Bethlehem, where he was to spend his days in Bible study and revisions. The friendships formed at Rome, however, brightened his life to its latest hours. After a few weeks in Cyprus with his friend Epiphanius, Jerome found his way to Antioch. Before the winter began Paula and her daughter Eustochium set out to join him. The Roman matron distributed part of her wealth among her children; part she retained for future necessities. Her sorrowing relatives accompanied her to the ship in which she was to sail to the East. Her little boy stretched out his arms to her from the shore, and her youngest daughter begged her at least to stay till she was married. But, though Paula's heart failed, her purpose did not falter. When she reached Antioch the party journeyed on toward Palestine. By Mount Carmel and the Plain of Sharon they passed to Joppa, then they struck inland to Jerusalem by way of Beth-horon. At Bethlehem Paula's overwrought nerves gave way. As she knelt before the scene of Christ's nativity she seemed to see the Saviour lying in the manger. She heard the herald-angels and saw the Magi come to worship. It was with difficulty that her friends could induce her to leave the holy place. Philistia, the Dead Sea, Hebron, Bethany, Samaria, and Galilee were all visited. Then the party sailed to Egypt. Here Jerome, ever learning, found time to attend the lectures of Alexander Didymus, the last great teacher of the School of Alexandria. The monastic settlement of Nitria so charmed Paula that she would fain have lived and died there. But arrangements had been already made for their settlement at Bethlehem, and Jerome must have felt that the Holy Land was the only place for such work as he had set himself.

The time thus spent in travel was of the highest service to Jerome. Wherever he went his quick mind and retentive memory gathered treasures which were used to enrich his commentaries. We owe no small debt of gratitude to him also for his notes on Bible topography. In 387 the friends settled at Bethlehem. Their first business was to find sites for the monastic settlements which they had resolved to form. Jerome's monastery and hospital, built out of the sale of his remaining patrimony, occupied a strong position, fortified by a tower of refuge. Paula's convent stood some little distance away on the plain. As the community increased two other convents were erected beside it. The next three years were perhaps the busiest and happiest of Jerome's life. He translated the Epistles of St. Paul and diligently perfected his Hebrew studies. He was not without difficulties. One of the rabbis who read Hebrew with him had to come to Bethlehem by night, to escape being stoned by the fanatical people. The friends opened a school, where all the children of Bethlehem came for instruction. Paula supplied Jerome with bread, water, pulse, and coarse clothing. He would not touch meat, nor did he break his fast till sunset. He was at last installed in his "Paradise," as he called his study. It was in a grotto near the scene of the Nativity. Paula and Eustochium begged permission to share his Bible studies. Their linguistic gift made them valuable helpers. Jerome tells us how eager Paula was to understand the Scriptures. She learned the text by heart, and diligently searched out its meaning. He even appealed to her and her daughter to revise his translations, and dedicated portions of his work to them. He scouted the objections which were urged: "as if women were not more competent to judge them than most men." The zealous champion ransacked sacred and secular history to show what service women had rendered to the world, and added, "It would require whole books to recount what grandeur there has been among women."

Jerome was now installed at Bethlehem. He gloried in being a monk, but he was much more a literary man. It would indeed have been impossible to make a better use of his time and his gifts during those thirty-three years in Palestine. The monastery over which he ruled was a hive of industry, where

Biblical studies were prosecuted for the good of the universal Church. Nor were Jerome and his friends cut off from the world. Visitors and pilgrims, both men and women, thronged the hospice, which was set apart for strangers. All were welcome save heretics. "It is our business," says Jerome, "to wash the feet of those who come, not to discuss their merits." The throng of visitors hindered the scholar's work, but it kept him in touch with the world. He was not without devices for escaping from troublesome company which remind us of the stratagems to which a popular literary man might resort in our own time.

Another circumstance made the monastery of Bethlehem the centre of a world-wide influence. Jerome was the most noted letter-writer of Christian antiquity. Erasmus did not hesitate to assign him a higher rank in this respect than even Cicero himself. From his retirement at Palestine he carried on an enormous correspondence with the countries that lay around the Mediterranean. One hundred and forty-seven of these letters survive; they deal with a vast range of subjects, and are written with a force and picturesqueness which go far to explain the popularity they enjoyed among his contemporaries. The letters furnish abundant evidence of the writer's varied ability; they also form one of the best pictures we possess of the stirring times in which Jerome lived. Here is his description of that decay of Paganism which was daily going on before his eyes: "Already the gilded Capitol is in ruins. All the temples of Rome are covered with soot or the spider's web. The city is moved from its foundations, and the swelling crowds desert the falling shrines to seek the tombs of the martyrs." Jerome suffered from weakness of the eyes, and was compelled to dictate many of his letters. This leads him to apologize for their want of polish, but little fault can be found with them on that score. The only serious objection to be made is on the ground of their occasional coarseness. It is a grave reflection on a leader of the Church that he should lay himself open, in correspondence with ladies of high rank in Rome, to such a charge as this: "Passages of more astounding coarseness could scarcely be

found in the most unreadable parts of Juvenal.”\* We must not, of course, forget the character of the times in weighing this judgment, and we must also in justice add that the moral tone of the letters is distinctly high.

Jerome's life at Bethlehem was disturbed by some angry controversies. One of these—which forms part of the sturdy and laudable opposition to monasticism—had begun at Rome. Helvidius, a priest or lawyer in that city, had ventured to dispute the tenet of the perpetual virginity of Mary. He maintained that other children were born to her after the birth of Christ. He thus aimed a heavy blow at the growing honour in which the unmarried state was held. The question is now regarded as an open one; but in those days it was deemed a blasphemous heresy to deny the perpetual virginity. Helvidius is described by Jerome as rude and illiterate. Luther goes so far as to call him “a gross fool,” but he is allowed to have handled his Scripture passages with no little skill. Jerome's reply is singularly able. He shows that the term “brother” had a wider application in Jewish circles than Western modes of speech allowed. He also made a strong point of the scene at the cross. The fact that our Lord entrusted the care of His mother to John seemed to him a forcible argument against His having brethren of his own. There is no doubt that this controversy marks a rising tide of feeling in some quarters against monasticism.

Jovinian next took up the gauntlet. His main position was that, if equally consistent, “all persons once baptized, whether virgins, married, or widowed,” had equal merit and equal Christian privileges. Jerome's reply to Jovinian is marked by many forced interpretations of Scripture. St. Peter's counsel “giving honour unto the woman as the weaker vessel, as being also joint-heirs of the grace of life; to the end that your prayers be not hindered,” is a sweet morsel for the champion of celibacy: “The Apostle Peter having experience of the conjugal fetters sees in what way he informs the Church, what he teaches Christians.” In his second book is a note-

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\* W. C. Lake, *Contemporary Review*, vol. v. p. 267.

worthy passage: "By the five senses as it were by windows there is an entrance for vices to the soul. For the metropolis and citadel of the mind may not be taken unless through its doors the hostile army should rush in." Jovinian was himself a monk, so that his protest against the spirit of the times was the more remarkable. Jerome refers to him as "our Epicurus," and plentifully bespatters him and his followers with hard names and ridicule. But Jovinian had a good cause which he defended bravely. He ably represented the popular feeling in Rome. He had much success for a time. He was even able to persuade some Roman nuns to enter into "the holy estate of matrimony." But the tide was too strong for him. Augustine, Ambrose, and Jerome opposed him; two Church Councils condemned him. How could he hope to stand against such a combination? He died in exile some time before 406 A.D.

Another Reformer before the Reformation was Vigilantius, a native of Calagurris, on the north side of the Pyrenees. His father was an innkeeper, but the son entered the household of Sulpicius Severus, who had enjoyed no small fame as a forensic orator. Severus had married into a wealthy patrician family, and was one of the best known men of his time. He enjoyed the friendship of Martin of Tours, whose romantic history and wonderful miracles he described in the most popular biography of the age. The booksellers and transcribers of the day said that it was the most profitable book they had ever touched. It found its way to Carthage, Alexandria, and Memphis. To have a copy with you in your travels was better than a letter of introduction. It is a significant fact that Vigilantius should have been trained in such a home. It goes far to justify Dr. Gilly's theory that the reformer's good sense and love of truth revolted against the scenes which he witnessed at Tours and at Nola in Campania, where Paulinus, another of his master's friends, lived in a constant atmosphere of miracles.

Vigilantius visited Jerome at Bethlehem, where he ventured to charge the recluse with holding Origenistic views. He withdrew the charge at the time, but afterwards renewed it. But Vigilantius claims attention for his timely protest against the idolatrous practices which were creeping into the Church.

He objected to the superstitious veneration paid to the relics of martyrs. "Everywhere men kiss in their adoration a small quantity of dust, folded up in a little cloth, and deposited in a little vessel." He complains that multitudes of tapers are lit while the sun is yet shining, and denounces those who were led by the current of the times as "ash-gatherers and idolaters." Jerome was beside himself with indignation. In his reply, written in 406, he says that Gaul had been free from the monsters which afflicted other lands till this reformer arose. Then comes his well-known play on his enemy's name. "Suddenly there has arisen one Vigilantius, who should rather be called Dormitantius, contending in an impure spirit against the Spirit of Christ, and forbidding to honour the graves of the martyrs. He rejects the vigils; only at Easter should we sing Hallelujah. . . . He opposes virginity, hates chastity, cries out against the fastings of the saints, and would only amidst jovial feastings amuse himself with the Psalms of David." Such is Jerome's counter accusation.

As to the charge of burning tapers, Jerome says that the practice was intended to show joyfulness, just as lamps were lighted in the Eastern Church while the Gospel was read. The care of martyr-dust is, he maintains, only fitting reverence, not idolatry. He warmly pleads for the efficacy of the prayers of departed saints and apostles. If the apostles and martyrs could pray for others whilst in the flesh, how much more after they had obtained their crowns. Moses, Stephen, and Paul had no small power on earth, how much more "after their crowns, victories, and triumphs." We feel, even as we read Jerome's philippic, that Vigilantius had the better cause. It is a relief to find such a protest uttered against practices which were sapping the foundations of true Christianity, and laying up a harvest of trouble for the Church. Vigilantius gained a certain amount of sympathy; his own diocesan and other bishops countenanced him. But though he won some friends the reformer was powerless to arrest the tide of public opinion.

Jerome's peace was still more seriously disturbed by the Origenistic controversy in Palestine. For two years, indeed, he was compelled to hide himself till his ruthless enemies

were reconciled. The quarrel was started by Aterbius, who came to Jerusalem, where he issued a manifesto, accusing of Origenism John, the bishop of the city, Jerome, and his old friend Rufinus, then living as a monk near the Garden of Gethsemane. Jerome at once cleared himself of the charge of heresy. His metropolitan, however, an ambitious and not too scrupulous man, was envious of the growing fame of the great scholar. "Bethlehem," says M. Thierry, "had eclipsed Jerusalem." He was offended that Jerome had denied the charges without waiting for his diocesan's answer. Hence arose an angry dispute. John went so far as to excommunicate the monastic settlements at Bethlehem. An attempt was even made to bribe the servants of the monastery to act as spies on Jerome. If any stranger of distinction came to Jerusalem, his mind was poisoned against the recluse of Bethlehem. Rufinus, who took the bishop's side, threatened to kill Jerome if he did not answer certain questions plainly. His old friend gibbeted him in a well-merited sarcasm: "My embarrassment is great, because your dilemma is set, not in the school of the dialecticians, which you scarcely know, but in that of the executioners, which I do not know. You a monk, you a priest, you an imitator of Christ, who declared him a murderer and worthy of the gehenna of fire who said to his brother, Raca; what do you think of one who wishes to kill him? Death is the lot of all mortals, and the vilest reptile may inflict it on me, but to murder is the work of villains."

It is time to turn from these unpleasant episodes to the Biblical work which taxed Jerome's powers for so many years at Bethlehem. It has been said that no man during the first fifteen centuries possessed the scholarship and literary genius needed for this work save Jerome. He was equally at home in literature, chronology, and history; he had a passion for travel, and took careful notes wherever he found anything to illustrate his commentaries. The knowledge of the Biblical languages was dying out in the Western Church; few men, indeed, possessed any of the requisite qualifications for the work Jerome undertook. His vast erudition and invincible love of study were joined to a force of character which emboldened

him to face the vast difficulties created by the apathy or the open opposition of his contemporaries.

The earliest Latin version of the Bible had been made in Africa. In Tertullian's time, at the end of the second century, one Latin version of the New Testament was in general use. Its Grecisms were so palpable that they clearly marked the source of the translation. This crude version was preserved unchanged in Africa; but it was intolerable to the Italians, and to the bishops who were familiar with the Greek text. Changes were therefore freely made in all quarters. In the fourth century "a definite ecclesiastical recension (of the Gospels, at least) appears to have been made in North Italy by reference to the Greek." This was the famous *Itala*, which Augustine preferred to all other versions because of its accuracy and clearness. When Jerome began his work under Damasus, however, he found changes and various readings had crept in, so that there were almost as many forms of the text as there were copies. False transcription, clumsy corrections, and careless interpolations had caused endless errors. It was necessary to revise the whole work with the help of the Greek. He then proceeded to go through the current version of Psalms.

Soon after he reached Bethlehem, Jerome began a new and more thorough translation of the Psalter. He depended mainly on Greek versions. All the additions and omissions of the Septuagint were thus reproduced in Latin. This version enjoyed a widespread popularity. Gregory of Tours is said to have introduced it into Gaul, so that it became known as the Gallican Psalter. Jerome then proceeded to revise all the books of the Old Testament by means of the Septuagint. The prefaces to the various sections of his work refer indignantly to the opposition he encountered in his task. Innumerable errors had crept into the names of the Book of Chronicles. These he set himself to correct by the Hebrew as well as the Septuagint. After recounting the pains which he had taken to disentangle the names, he relates the story of Antigenidas, the flute-player, whose pupil had failed to catch the public ear. "Play to me and to the Muses," said his master. So Jerome writes, "I play to myself and to mine if the ears of the rest are dumb."

He seems to have revised the whole of the Old Testament

from the Greek ; but on this point there is considerable uncertainty. Before he had been four years at Bethlehem, however, Jerome was busy with that direct translation from the Hebrew which has won him the gratitude of all generations. He spared no pains to master the language, employing various rabbis to read with him the books whose style and language they had most carefully studied. Jerome himself had been a Hebrew scholar for fifteen years before he began his great task. His work appeared in parts. Samuel and Malachi were finished in 391 ; in the next year Job and the sixteen prophetic books were complete. The three books of Solomon were translated during three days of convalescence in 398. The whole work was spread over fourteen years. It was a magnificent monument of industry and erudition. Errors, of course, crept in, but these were of small account compared with the manifold merits of the translation. "The work remained for eight centuries the bulwark of Western Christianity, and, as a monument of ancient linguistic power, the translation of the Old Testament stands unrivalled and unique."

Jerome's temper was sorely tried by the opposition he encountered. He was bitterly reproached for presuming to improve on the inspired version of the LXX., and was charged with bringing in a Barabbas of the synagogue to disparage the books which the Apostles had delivered to the Church. Even St. Augustine wrote to dissuade him from his task, on the ground that previous translators had left little room for improvement, and that a Latin version which did not agree with the Septuagint would cause both perplexity and cavilling. But Jerome was unmoved. The world was against him ; but his own judgment and the approval of a few clear-sighted friends encouraged him. "My voice," he said, "shall never be silent, Christ helping me ; though my tongue be cut off, it shall still stammer ; let those who will, read ; let those who will not, reject." Unscrupulous and ignorant opposition betrayed him into some unwarrantable expressions. "I could afford to despise them if I stood upon my rights, for a lyre is played in vain to an ass. If they do not like the water from the purest fountain-head, let them drink of the muddy streams." "*Bipedes asellos*" is one of his polite names for his opponents.

When his version was complete it had to meet many difficulties. One African bishop nearly lost his flock by venturing to substitute Jerome's rendering, *hedera* (ivy), for *cucurbita* (a gourd) in the Book of Jonah. His people were only appeased by the restoration of the cherished version. This story fairly represents the feeling with which many of Jerome's contemporaries regarded his labours. The translation, however, gradually won its way to favour. In the sixth century it was universally used among scholars except in Africa. Bede, in the eighth century, refers to it as "our edition." It became the clerical Bible of Western Christendom. The earliest translations from it were made by Bede. Wycliffe's Bible was a literal rendering of the current Vulgate text. It had great weight with Luther in his German Bible. Such facts help us to estimate the influence of Jerome's work on Christendom. For its time it was a noble work. It was both free and faithful, while its "terse and vigorous Latin" made it "almost a language by itself." Dr. Lightfoot expresses the judgment of all scholars: "The Vulgate has been a tower of strength as Jerome foresaw that it would be. He laboured for conscience's sake, more than content if his work proved acceptable to one or two more intimate friends; he sought not the praise of men; his own generation viewed his labours with suspicion or hatred; and he has been rewarded with the universal gratitude of after ages." The Latin Fathers generally refer to Jerome's translation as "our" version. The term *Vulgate* (*Vulgata editio*, or current rendering) was first employed to describe the Septuagint as the current Greek text, then it was naturally transferred to the Latin translation of it. The Tridentine Fathers applied the name to Jerome's translation, which had in their time established itself as the commonly received version.

Paula, Jerome's best friend and counsellor in this great task, died before it was finished. During her twenty years' residence at Bethlehem she gave away all her property, saying that she wished to be indebted to charity for her shroud. Her last days were saddened by news of troubles that had befallen her family at Rome. At the end of 403 she was quite confined to her bed. Her daughter, Eustochium, nursed her tenderly. When the end drew near she quoted favourite verses from the Psalms.

"Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house, and the place where Thy honour dwelleth;" "How amiable are Thy tabernacles;" "I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." Jerome asked if she suffered much pain. "No," was the answer, "I do not suffer. I feel already unspeakable peace." Her last word was an expression of praise to the Saviour. Paula was in her fifty-seventh year. All Palestine seemed to have gathered for her burial. Three days were spent in psalmody; then the Roman matron, who had left home and kindred at the prompting of religious enthusiasm, was buried in peace.

Eustochium took up her mother's work and induced the sorrow-stricken scholar to write Paula's biography. The sad task comforted him. He gradually regained an interest in his work. Paula's daughter lived fifteen years longer. Then Jerome was again plunged into mourning. But the younger Paula, the grand-daughter of his old friend, had previously joined the little community at Bethlehem. She it was who closed Jerome's eyes in 420. He had reached a ripe old age. His end was a gradual decay of nature. He became so weak that he was only able to raise himself from his mattress by a rope fixed to the roof of his cell. His last hours were spent in prayers and in counsels to the brethren of his monastery.

No other particulars have been recorded of the death-bed of Jerome. Worn out with years and labours the venerable translator, whose ripest gifts had been ungrudgingly consecrated to the task of putting the unadulterated Word of God into the hands of every Christian, laid down his pen and stepped into the presence of the Master whom he had thus brought nearer to the Church. We have lingered long enough on Jerome's faults, let us not forget his sterling qualities. If he was vain and of an irascible temper, he had a warm heart; if he chafed under opposition and showed no little personal animosity in controversy, he was unflinching in his devotion to duty. If we are compelled to regret the impetus he gave to monasticism in the West we must not forget that he was the Father of Biblical criticism, the prince of translators. Many features of his life awake regret, many more inspire profound admiration, and even love. That is a noble

sentiment which we find in one of his letters, more notable for the contrast which it affords to some of his own deeds and words: "It is not matter of praise to have been at Jerusalem, but to have lived religiously at Jerusalem. The scenes of the Cross and the Resurrection are profitable to such as bear their own cross and daily rise again with Christ—to those who show themselves worthy of so eminent a dwelling-place. . . . The Court of Heaven is open to access from Jerusalem and from heaven alike; 'for the kingdom of heaven is within you.'"

No student of his life can fail to recognize that with all his faults Jerome was inspired by a lofty devotion to duty, and a passion for the Word of God, which made him one of the most influential leaders in the Church of the fourth century. We may well apply to him the striking postscript to a Biblical manuscript in the possession of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts:—

"The hand that wrote doth moulder in the tomb,  
The Book abideth till the day of doom."

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#### ART. VII.—PROFESSOR SAYCE ON THE BABYLONIAN RELIGION.

*Lectures on the Origin and Growth of Religion, as illustrated by the Religion of the Ancient Babylonians.* By A. H. SAYCE, Deputy Professor of Comparative Philology, Oxford. The Hibbert Lecture, 1887. London: Williams & Norgate. 1887.

THE works included in the series of Hibbert Lectures distinctly part into two classes. The volumes by Pfeiderer, Renan, Kuenen, and Beard are pronounced specimens of the negative school. The works of the first three, indeed, are slight in structure and substance, compared with other works of the same authors. The lecturers, to all appearance, merely aimed at reproducing in popular form what they had already said in a more complete way. Mr. Beard's contribution is of much stronger fibre, displaying more research and originality, but

in the same mischievous cause. It is an elaborate plea for a second Reformation, to do for the distinctive doctrines of Christianity what the first one did for Papal corruptions. The residuum would be bald Deism. If it were worth while, it would be right to protest against the one-sided use of a foundation which makes much profession of freedom and impartiality. The other portion of the series, including the works of Max Müller, Rhys Davids, Renouf, Rhys, answers much more nearly to the profession of the trust. Dealing with non-Christian religions of the past and present, these lecturers furnish much useful material in excellent form. In this second class Professor Sayce's volume will take a high place. It is the fullest and clearest exposition yet attempted of the religion of ancient Babylonia and Assyria. English scholarship may justly congratulate itself on having produced a work which sheds so much light on one of the most obscure regions of comparative religion.

The recital of the difficulties which the lecturer had to contend with, and which he has so skilfully overcome, is quite appalling. The sources from which the material is obtained are not written books but writings on brick and stone, disinterred from the dust and ruin of ages, and then deciphered slowly and doubtfully. The deciphering has been carried on for years by many students, and it is only now that a connected meaning is beginning to emerge. The excavations have only been partial, the texts are often broken and disconnected, and it is always possible that new discoveries may any day modify or upset present conclusions and theories. The lecturer very justly applies to himself the proverb about making bricks without straw, in the sense that he has to read bricks without key or clue. "I have felt as in a forest, where the moonshine at times, through open spaces in the thick foliage, but served only to make the surrounding gloom still more apparent, and where I had to search in vain for a clue that would lead me from one interval of light to another." It is strange to read of "the imperishable character of the clay literature of the country," but the remark is justified. Papyri and leathern scrolls have perished wholesale by fire, but "the clay literature" has partially survived, and to it we owe whatever we know

of the way in which Babylonians and Accadians prayed and worshipped in the ages of the dim past. "The British Museum contains deeds and other legal documents dated in the reign of Khammuragas, more than 4000 years ago." In face of these difficulties the greater praise is due to scholars like Professor Sayce, who, at the cost of vast patience and toil and many failures, extract history from such unpromising material. A map of ancient Babylonia, even if largely conjectural, would have enabled us to follow the exposition with greater comfort.

A still more formidable difficulty than illegible inscriptions and cuneiform mysteries is found in the fact that the Accadian language, civilization, and religion, which it is our object to reach, lie behind the Babylonian. The latter was a branch of the Semitic, and as such akin to the Phœnician and Hebrew. Even the Babylonian period is far back enough in all conscience. Mr. Sayce would put the reign of Sargon I. and Naram-Sin, his son, who represent the rise of the Semitic rule, as far back as 3750 B.C. The two civilizations gradually mingled their currents, the new and stronger one remaining uppermost. The problem now is to discriminate between the two, and this can never be done perfectly; our views must always be more or less uncertain. Though we are not prepared to dispute the antiquity assigned to Sargon's reign, for which strong reasons are given, it can scarcely be regarded as finally settled. The lecturer has many other surprises for us. It is curious to read of Assur-bani-pal, the Sardanapalus of the Greeks, as a sort of Assyrian Alfred, a lover of literature and a bookworm—perhaps we ought to say brickworm. His delight was to sweep away the literary treasures of Babylonia to enrich his great library at Nineveh. "The library was open, it would seem, to all comers, and the monarch did his utmost to attract readers to the inspection and study of the books it contained." And this royal library was "only one of the many libraries which once existed in the cities of Assyria and Babylonia." The main bulk of the collections in the British Museum comes from the library at Nineveh. Many more records of the same kind must be awaiting the Layards and George Smiths of the future. We are also told that we possess the records of "the banking firm" of the Egibi family, the Assyrian Rothschilds.

In subordination to his main theme, Mr. Sayce brings out many interesting points of contact between the Babylonians and the Jews. No one, of course, overlooks the closeness and importance of the contact during the seventy years' exile. But the connection is more ancient and fundamental than this. Abraham came originally from "Ur of the Chaldees," the modern Mugheir, and Ur was one of the oldest and most influential seats of the Babylonian religion. Here was the home of the great moon-god, called Nanak, or Nannar, to whom a great temple was built, the ruins of which have only been partially explored. The lecturer gives on page 160 a long and characteristic hymn sung in honour of "Father Nannar, lord of the moon, prince of the gods, lord of Ur, lord of the temple of the mighty light." In strange contrast with Semitic notions, the Accadian sun-god was the offspring of the moon-god. Haran, again, which figures in Abraham's history, was a city lying on the great highway from Chaldaea to the west, "Kharran" being Accadian for "road." The religion of the Canaanites, or Phœnicians, whom the Hebrews displaced, had its roots in the far east. Baal is simply the Babylonian Bel, the sun-god, the Babylonian Jupiter. But there were several Bels, one at Babylon and another at Nipur, the latter being the most ancient. Bel Merodach is the Bel of the city of Babylon, and his importance grew with that of the city over whose fortunes he presided, just as the Papal power owed much of its supremacy to the city of Rome. His temple was one of the wonders of the world. Nebo, so often figuring in Scripture, was the god of literature and prophecy, and the son of Bel. The Babylonian Istar, again, is the origin of the Canaanite Ashtaroth. "They forsook the Lord and served Baal and Ashtaroth" (Judg. ii. 13). Istar is simply the western Aphrodite or Venus, her consort being Tammuz, the western Adonis: "Women weeping for Tammuz" (Ezek. viii. 14). Istar's service was polluted by the same licentious excesses as Aphrodite's in the west (p. 266), although Professor Sayce thinks that it had a purer side as well. He gives at length (p. 221) a curious poem describing the journey of Istar to Hades, to obtain the waters that were to restore to life her dead husband or lover. In mythology Istar is the earth

mourning over the absence of the sun in winter. Sinai is simply the mountain of Sin, another Babylonian moon-god.

Mr. Sayce mentions several interesting historical connections between Babylonia and the countries farther west. Sargon repeatedly overran Syria and crossed over to Cyprus. General de Cesnola has lately found in a Cyprian temple a hæmatite cylinder, the first owner of which describes himself as a worshipper of "the deified Naram-Sin," the son of Sargon. Again, the Sinaitic peninsula, known as Magána, was a constant bone of contention between Chaldæa and Egypt, who both coveted its treasures of minerals and precious stones. Naram-Sin, so runs the annalistic tablets, "marched to the land of Magána; the land of Magána he conquered, and overcame its king." At Telloh, in South Chaldæa, monuments have been discovered which go back to the very beginnings of Chaldæan art. "Among the monuments are seated figures, carved out of stone. The stone in several instances is diorite—a stone so hard that even the modern workman may well despair of chiselling it. Now, an inscription traced upon one of the figures tells us that the stone was brought from the land of Magan." And one of the chief figures in the Bulak Museum in Egypt is a figure of an Egyptian king carved out of green diorite, "like the statues at Telloh, and in almost the same attitude." Still further: "The standard of measurement marked upon the plan of the city, which one of the figures of Telloh holds upon his lap, is the same as the standard of measurement of the Egyptian pyramid builders."

It did not fall within the limits of the lecturer's subject to dwell on the differences between the Jews and the neighbouring Semitic races, and therefore we do not blame him for not doing so. At the same time, he frequently and pointedly calls attention to the resemblances between the Jews on one side and their Semitic kinsmen in the immediate vicinity and in the far east on the other. We confess we are far more impressed by the contrasts than the resemblances. The latter are in circumstantial details, the former in essential characteristics. This branch of comparative religion, like every other, supplies abundant material to the Christian apologist. When Mr. Sayce says, "The Semites of Babylonia closely resembled their

brother Semites of Canaan in their fundamental conception of religion," we agree with him, if the Israelites are excluded, but not otherwise.

Let us look at some of the points of resemblance. The lecturer thinks that he finds in Assyrian the original of the name Moses, which is not satisfactorily explained from Hebrew or Arabic. The Assyrian Mâsu is equivalent to "hero" or leader, and is so applied to more than one deity. Slightly varied in form, it meant author or librarian. This meaning is certainly more apposite. He also favours the notion of a connection of the names Saul, David, and Solomon with Babylonian deities—Savul or Sawul, a sun-god; Hadad, the same; and Shalman-eser. Resemblances in ritual also are pointed out. The Babylonian priesthood is said to have included a high-priest, as well as subordinate orders. The king sometimes officiated as high-priest, as we see Solomon doing. The temples had "abysses," or deeps like "the sea," which Solomon provided in the Temple. They also had a place corresponding to the Holy of Holies, and arks or "ships." The religious festivals were exceedingly numerous. Perhaps the closest coincidence is that every seventh day was a day of rest. In the calendar of a month given at length (p. 70) every seventh day is so marked. The number seven is a sacred number. Animals are divided into clean and unclean. There are animal sacrifices and offerings of meal and wine. We might add a few other details of resemblance, but they would be of the same class—names, rites, days, and months.

On the other hand, the differences or antagonisms between Chaldæa and Israel belong to what is vital and essential. Let us notice one or two of these. An outstanding feature of the Accadian and Babylonian deities is their essentially local character. Each city has its own god, and each god is restricted to his own territory as rigidly as any human sovereign. The Bel of Babylon is quite independent of the Bel of Nipur. Ur, Harran, Eridu have their separate divinities. The lecturer acknowledges and illustrates this fact in ample measure. Indeed, local limitation is written on every part of the system. "As the Canaanite or Phœnician had 'lords many,' the multitudinous Baalim who represented the

particular forms of the sun-god worshipped in each locality, so too the gods of Semitic Babylonia were equally multitudinous and local—Merodach, for example, being merely the Bel or Baal of Babylon, just as Melkarth (Melech-kirzath) was the Baal of Tyre" (p. 121). "Up to the last, the Babylonian religion remained local. It is this local character that gives us the key to its origin and history" (p. 89). "The deities are characterized by one common feature: they are all alike local, belonging to the cities where their cults were established as literally as the temples in which they were adored" (p. 130). A curious historical (?) illustration is given us. The overthrow of Nabonidos, the last independent Babylonian monarch, by Cyrus, is attributed to the anger of the gods at the attempt of Nabonidos to centralize the religion as well as the government of the land, by collecting the local deities in Babylon, and placing them under the authority of Bel-Merodach. Merodach himself, as well as the local deities, resented the bold innovation, and in revenge encouraged the invasion of Cyrus of Persia. According to this story Cyrus was marked out beforehand as the conqueror of Babylon, not only by Jewish, but by heathen prophecy. A greater contrast between the gods of Babylonia and the God of Israel, one making a greater difference to religious thought and worship, than this local character, it would not be easy to find. In the Pentateuch, in the Psalms, in the Prophets, Jehovah is regarded as standing, indeed, in a special relation to the Jews, but he is also regarded as the sole, the universal Deity. No other deity is ever recognized as true outside Israel. If there were no other difference, this one puts an immeasurable gulf between Babylonia and Israel.

It is true that in Assyria, to the north, Mr. Sayce thinks that he finds something like an analogue to the Jehovah of Israel. Assur was the national god of Assyria, the impersonation of the national life and character. There was nothing in southern Babylonia corresponding to his position. Our author says: "Assur represented the whole nation, and the central power which governed the nation. He was the representative at once of the people and of the king in whose hands the government of the people was centred. Whereas

Bel-Merodach was the Baal of a particular city only, Assur was, like the Yahveh of Israel, the national god of a race" (p. 126). Yes, and Assur was "the Baal of a particular nation only, the national god of a race" only, and so was *not* "like the Yahveh of Israel." The word "only" marks the difference of another world. Jehovah is never represented as the God of Israel only. Are not Egyptians and Canaanites made to feel His power? He manifested Himself in a special way to one nation, but He is never regarded in the Old Testament as the God of Israel only, one of the many gods of the world. Assur was, after all, merely a local god of larger dominion. One is surprised to find Professor Sayce saying, "We can trace in him all the lineaments upon which, under other conditions, there might have been built up as pure a faith as that of the God of Israel." Perhaps we might agree with this statement, but we fear we should differ seriously from the lecturer as to what the "other conditions" include. We say of the distance that separates the Jewish religion from that of the Babylonians and Canaanites what Professor Sayce says of the distance between Accadian and Semitic religious notions, "It is a difference that cannot be bridged over by any theory of development" (p. 314). Mr. Cheyne, in the introduction to his beautiful version of the Psalms, says, "We are prepared to find it not too bold an assertion, that it was only the want of the higher spiritual prophecy as a teaching and purifying agent, and of a longer course of development, which prevented the sacred poetry of Babylonia and Assyria from rivalling that of the successors of David." If the "other conditions" include "the higher spiritual prophecy," we have no more to say.

Another and, if possible, greater antagonism is that between the secular character of the Babylonian religion and the spiritual nature of the Jewish. The lecturer gives us ample materials for comparison by quoting, in Lecture V. and Appendix IV., a great number of Accadian and Babylonian hymns in full. We can only record the impression they give us, without attempting to justify the impression by extracts. It is the earthly, secular tone of the great majority of the hymns. The only one in which a sense of sin is expressed

with earnestness and feeling is one quoted on page 350; and, as it is the one quoted by Mr. Cheyne in his introduction just referred to, our opinion that it is by far the most favourable specimen of the class is confirmed. Even this one is a long, long way below the level of the strain of Jewish psalms and prophecy. Professor Sayce, indeed, speaks more than once of the resemblance of these "Penitential Psalms" of Babylonia to the Jewish Psalter, but the contrast is far more striking. We have not the slightest wish to disparage the amount of light to be found in the heathen world. Much or little, it comes from God and leads to him. It is the one Word who enlightens every man coming into the world. Mr. Cheyne says truly enough: "The Babylonian poets were no strangers to the regions of spiritual devotion. . . . We must admit that the 'Spirit of Holiness' was attracting and educating suitable scholars on the banks of the Euphrates and the Tigris, as well as on those of the Jordan." Still, the difference is immense. The difference between the Old Testament and the New is nothing to it. The New Testament might be evolved from the Old, but the Old Testament could not be evolved from the Penitential Psalms of Babylonia. The comparison with the hymns of the Indian Vedas is much more in place. But, to our feeling, even the Vedic hymns rise to a purer and higher strain of penitent devotion than the Babylonian ones. It is a sufficient measure of the height of the Hebrew Psalter that it is as much to the Christian as it was to the Jew, that it is now as much as ever the peerless devotional classic of the world. We gladly quote Mr. Cheyne again:—

"The best introduction to the Psalter is the practice of free and unconstrained private devotion. A bad translation of an uncorrected text will be more illuminative to a devout mind than the choicest and most scholarly rendering to an unsympathetic reader. . . . The psalms are more than lyric poems; more than monuments of the strongest known patriotism; they are classical expressions of a faith in the unseen which dominated the lives of the poets, and only grew deeper as the shades of midnight fell."

Material for another contrast is supplied in the full exposition given by the lecturer of the immense part played by magic and sorcery in the Babylonian religion. The magical texts quoted

in Appendix III. are base in the extreme. But the subject is not an inviting one. The exposition gives us a more vivid sense of the danger on the brink of which the Jewish nation always stood, and explains the severity of the warnings against it. We only notice, without criticizing at length, the distinction which Professor Sayce draws between the Accadian and the Semitic conception of the origin of the world: the former, he says, is that of creation, the latter that of genealogical derivation or emanation (p. 334). If Semitic is meant to include Hebrew, we are at a loss to understand the statement. Our understanding of Gen. i. 1, and of the entire drift of Old Testament teaching on the subject, is quite different.

The contrast we have dwelt upon is finally clinched by the severe monotheism of Old Testament teaching, to say nothing of the moral character of God in Scripture. From the multiplicity into which the divine nature is split up in ancient Babylonia to the unity and simplicity of the Mosaic idea of God is a distance which no millenniums of development could ever traverse. The conceptions are in different planes of thought. Our monotheism has not advanced beyond that of the Pentateuch. And modern religious evolutionists have not yet shown us anything out of which it could have grown in that age. Professor Sayce explains the superiority of Semitic, in which he seems to include Israel, to Accadian by "a difference of race" (p. 314). This is the explanation of Hebrew monotheism given by Renan and all the naturalistic school. But it is plainly insufficient. The Chaldæans and Phœnicians were of the same Semitic race as the Hebrews. If monotheism is something in the "race" or the blood, why were not the Chaldæans and Phœnicians monotheists? Why do not Renan and Kuenen say at once that it was something in the climate or the water? These might conceivably differ more than the race or the blood. Such explanations explain nothing. The last sentence of Professor Sayce's volume is quite an enigma to us; we therefore simply quote it. "It is for others to make use of the materials I have endeavoured to collect, and to discover in them, if they can, guides and beacons towards a purer form of faith than that which can be found in the official creeds of our modern world." A better use, we think, of the materials

collected is the one we have indicated, and it is a use which our advancing knowledge of the various religions of the past will increasingly serve. In this respect such works as those of Professors Sayce and Max Müller, and Mr. Rhys Davids, and even of Tiele, Kuenen, and Renan, the latter unintentionally, will be invaluable to the Christian missionary and student.

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ART. VIII.—THE STING OF DARWINISM.

IN the last number of this REVIEW we dealt generally with the subject of the late Charles Darwin's Life and Letters, leaving undiscussed the question of his opinions in their relation to the subject of religious faith. We propose in the present brief article to offer some remarks on that cardinal question, apart from all else, as regarded from the Christian point of view.\* More careful consideration has shown us that our references to the subject in the article to which we have referred need to be revised and supplemented.

For a good many years past we have heard continually not a little abuse or ridicule of those earnest men who, when the *Origin of Species* appeared, vehemently opposed it, and denounced its author as being (intentionally or not) an arch enemy to all religion. That work but obscurely hinted at a merely animal origin of man, and Mr. Darwin's first opponents were reproached for venturing to assume that his theory implied a doctrine not formulated by him. These first opponents had not very long to wait, however, for their complete justification; scarce had a dozen years elapsed ere he, in his work on the *Descent of Man*, showed his whole hand, and explicitly avowed his conviction that the highest moral and intellectual powers of man differed only in degree from the feelings of an ape, or even of an ascidian. Nevertheless, we do not recollect to have met with

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\* The Editor thinks it well to state that the pages which follow are from the pen of one of the first of living naturalists.

any apologies addressed by Mr. Darwin's supporters to those clear-sighted opponents, thus shown to have been neither rash nor wanting in charity in the accusation they had made. Instead of such apologies it was our task to read a series of fresh denunciations of the opponents of Darwinism upon various other grounds. We were told (1) that Darwin was a religious man and a Theist, and that he had unequivocally made manifest that such was the case when he spoke of "some one primordial form into which life was first breathed;" (2) that he was by no means opposed to the idea of a Divine design in Nature, but only wished to present that doctrine in a higher and more scientific form; (3) that Darwinism was no negation of law in creation, but, on the contrary, was an elaborate proof of the existence of such pre-ordained law in minute and recondite matters where its action had been previously unnoticed. In a word, we were asked to regard Darwin as a prophet, a man of God, and a lofty teacher of a sublime and profoundly religious doctrine of Nature. Such views were even proclaimed from some of the pulpits of the Established Church, and a shrine in Westminster Abbey was represented as a fitting religious memorial of an essentially religious career! Hardened hearts, narrow minds, blinding prejudices, and ignorant dogmatism were freely ascribed to the unfortunate "Theologian" and orthodox "Pharisee," who ventured, even timidly, to demur to the vehement assertions of the propagators of Darwinism, who had almost filled the scientific land, and made it no pleasant or profitable abode for the young scientific student, conscientiously unable to withhold his dissent from the prevalent and popular view.

It is with sincere pain (in spite of that gratification which does and should attend an act of justice) that we call our readers' attention to the way in which all these assertions of Darwin's champions have been demolished by the contents of his *Life and Letters*. The theologians, after all, were right: their hearts were not hardened; they were not blinded by prejudice, and their dogmatism was not ignorant. Darwinism may now be clearly seen by every believer in Almighty God to be an altogether anti-Theistic system, with one sharp and powerful sting through which its fatal and essential poison

finds its way—namely, the doctrine of “Natural Selection,” understood as Darwin understood it.

Sound philosophy and Christian theology combine to teach us that this world and all its inhabitants with their actions—sin apart—are the results of the creating and sustaining action of Almighty God. It is His action which clothes the lilies of the field, and without His permission, we know, not a sparrow falls to the ground. How then can we believe—granting that He has, from time to time, created new species by the action of secondary causes—that the agencies which bring such new creatures into existence do not act in definite grooves, along pre-ordained lines? Is it possible for the Theist to regard them as the hap-hazard outcome of minute indefinite variations in all directions, restrained or promoted by the fortuitous action of hap-hazard external influences? But this doctrine we now learn, from the highest and most authentic sources, to be orthodox Darwinism! New species, instead of being the ordained outcome of divinely appointed means, are but the accidents of accidents of accidents, occurring *ad infinitum*. Chance is thus positively enthroned as Lord of the Universe, and, instead of God, we are presented with what is the very deification of Unreason. This being so, we do not hesitate to claim credit for all such opposition as has been made in this REVIEW to the doctrine of “Natural Selection.” Far from wishing in the least to minimize or apologize for any expression of our dissent, we have rather to own to a certain fear lest we may not have been strenuous and energetic enough in our opposition to a doctrine which is alike fatal to religion and philosophy.

We are anxious, however, not to be misunderstood in our denunciation. We by no means wish to assert, or intend to imply, that Charles Darwin was consciously and intentionally a direct enemy to religion, or that he had any feeling of hostility to religion as such. Moreover Darwin the aged naturalist of Down, was different from Darwin the young graduate at Cambridge; and the difference in question has a very important lesson for us. The muscle which is not used shrivels; senses not called into play become deadened; the intellect dormant in sloth atrophies; and religious convictions which are

not accompanied by practices of religion first lose their intensity and ultimately are but too sure to fade from the mind altogether. There is no evidence that Darwin could ever have been justly called a religious man. When he thought of taking orders in the Church of England he read some divinity for that purpose. But it is instructive to note that his interest was mainly an argumentative one, and very instructive to observe that it was especially the logic of Paley's *Evidences*—it was the *Natural History of Theology*—which interested him. As years went on this interest faded and ultimately died—crowded out by those scientific observations which soon monopolized his whole attention. But religion did not fade and die alone; his interest in and taste for almost all subjects not scientific faded and died also, as he himself tells us with melancholy candour. His love of music and poetry, which in early life was strong, gradually disappeared, and in religion we see him with pain become a Gallio of Gallios. Not that he did not sometimes speculate about some of its problems in relation to Nature; but there was little vigour or perseverance in such speculations, and he allowed himself to remain in what, in his own words, was “a hopeless muddle.” He thus grew to be simply negative in the matter of religion, and as regards philosophy we now read that he was constitutionally so. This it was which allowed him to remain, and willingly remain, without clear and distinct ideas on such matters as the nature of ethics and the laws of thought. It is therefore a matter of less wonder that he failed to distinguish between the intellectual manifestations of his fellow-men and the tricks and chatterings of monkeys. This confusion is of the very essence of his system—an integral part of Darwinism, as Darwin himself (we now see) unequivocally declared. The justification which the opponents of Darwinism receive from his *Life and Letters* is a complete justification. Thus, with respect to his before referred to remark about the breathing of life into some primordial forms concerning which so much has been said, we now learn that it had not the very faintest religious significance, for in a letter to Professor Huxley in 1859 he declares that by that remark all he meant was that “we know nothing as yet how life originates!” We have also now put before us distinct

evidence that a conception of design and evolution along fixed, pre-ordained lines was absolutely abhorrent to him, and that the very essence of his system was the action of "Natural Selection" by the mere operation of chance. As to the oft-repeated declarations that Darwinism only did away with a conception of design in the *course* of Nature in order to proclaim a more profound design as the very *origin* of the material universe, what does it all come to? It is mere empty verbiage. Of course it is impossible that *any* theory of Nature could deprive us of the power of imagining the existence of a primordial design. Small thanks indeed are thus due to him for a conception the existence of which he could not possibly do away with. But Darwin lent no aid whatever to such a belief, nor did the men of science to whose zealous efforts is largely due the rapid promulgation of his views; while many of his most prominent disciples on the Continent and some of his disciples here distinctly developed and proclaimed that atheism which his system presupposed. We were told these men out-Darwined Darwin, and caricatured and misrepresented the system of their master, especially that biological sophist Haeckel of Jena. But we now see from Darwin's *Life and Letters* that he was in active correspondence with these writers, and that no word of blame or remonstrance was addressed to them by him.

But is the sting of Darwinism really to be dreaded? It is and it is not. The venom is deadly, but a powerful antidote is within easy reach—an antidote not only capable of counteracting the effects of that particular poison, but also of providing us with a remedy against all cognate evils. This antidote is the recognition of the profound essential difference which exists between man and all other animals intellectually, and especially in the power of perceiving that some actions are better and others worse actions. The existence of this profound distinction of kind is fatal to Darwinism; yet its existence is made evident to us by the fact that men of every race possess the gift of language whereby they can express abstract ideas, while animals, by their cries and gestures, can but give expression to their various emotions. This indisputable fact is, however, but the beginning of an argument which may be

carried much further. However far the action of "Natural Selection" may be conceived to extend, it cannot possibly be the agency whereby the various chemical elements and physical forces have gained their diverse powers and properties, nor can it have occasioned the different very definite laws of their multifold combinations. It must then be admitted that as regards the inorganic world of dead matter lines have been laid down along which alone the changes and transformations of Nature proceed. We are thus naturally led to expect that the same is the case in the living world of animals and plants, and the existence of such definite lines is made greatly more probable by every instance in which similar structures can be shown to have had an independent origin. If the whole of Nature was a conglomeration of units, the interactions and results of interaction of which were but an affair of chance, it is indefinitely improbable that several series of similar changes should independently arise. Mr. Fleming Jenkin has shown both that time is lacking for the production of species by the accumulation of the results of the minute fortuitous variations postulated by Darwin, and also that such changes would be infallibly swamped by the interbreeding of slightly different varieties, and of these with a majority of individuals faithful to their ancestral type. But these improbabilities become indefinitely augmented if we are required to suppose that a similar form has twice arisen, in entire independence, along two altogether different lines of descent.

A variety of such instances may be cited; but perhaps that which is most interesting, because most novel, is that of the *Ornithorhynchus*, or Duck-billed Platypus. This animal, together with the *Echidna*, differs from all other beasts—which, with it and the *Echidna*, form the class *Mammalia*—by very remarkable structural characters—characters which tend to associate it with the class of *Reptiles*. The close approximation of these two creatures (the platypus and the echidna) to reptiles was made more evident a short time ago by the discovery, on the part of Mr. Caldwell, that they laid eggs—a discovery which startled the meeting of the British Association at Canada. Various reasons, here too long to mention, had persuaded many naturalists—amongst them Professor Huxley—that this class of

beast was genetically related not with the reptiles, but with what are called amphibian, the class of animals to which frogs, toads, and efts belong. The egg-laying habit, however, taken in connection with the structural peculiarities above referred to, led to the opinion that all beasts must also have had a reptilian origin, and that the platypus and echidna were creatures caught, as it were, in the act of metamorphosis, and good for pointing out, in a very general way, what sort of creatures had intervened between a reptilian ancestry and a remote progeny formed like ordinary mammals. Quite recently, however, Mr. Poulton, of Oxford, has found out that the young platypus has rudimentary teeth which never come into use, but are teeth formed on that type of tooth structure which is peculiar to beasts and not at all resembling the teeth of any reptile. This leads us to believe that the ancestors of the platypus were either beasts of some sort or, at the least, were creatures in some respects more like ordinary beasts than is the platypus itself. If so, were they beasts of essentially the same type and origin as are the overwhelming majority of the class? To this question we are able to make a pretty confident reply, thanks to the labours of Professor Gegenbaur. The one great characteristic of this class, mammalia, to which all beasts belong, is the possession by the females of mammary glands, glands, that is, for the secretion of milk on which their young are nourished. Now, it has long been known that the mammary glands of the platypus and echidna differ from those of all other beasts, in that they are devoid of teats. Professor Gegenbaur has, however, discovered a much more fundamental difference. The milk-glands of beasts are modifications of certain small parts generally distributed over the skin and known as sebaceous follicles. The milk-glands of the platypus and echidna, however, are nothing of the sort, but are modifications of sweat-glands. Thus the mammary glands in these two very unequal groups are of a fundamentally different nature, and cannot have had one and the same origin. Yet they are all mammals, they all have milk-glands, and therefore all belong to one class—the class Mammalia. Here, then, the evidence of origin afforded by the presence of reptilian characters in the platypus and echidna, which are wanting in other mammals, seems

clearly to point out that this divergence in the origin of their milk-glands is but an indication of a great divergence in the lines of evolution they have respectively followed, and that the class Mammalia, as it exists to-day, is a single class which has had a dual origin, being in part derived from reptilian ancestors, but mainly from ancestors which were not reptilian.

We have taken this illustration of the independent origin of similar structures from a paper on the possibly dual origin of the mammalia which was read by Dr. St. George Mivart before the Royal Society on the 16th of February last. Therein the author cited Cope of America—the accomplished discoverer of so many new fossils—as having adduced strong arguments to show that the horse of America (which had become extinct before discovery of that continent by Columbus) was of a radically different origin from the horse of the Old World, and yet these two creatures belong to one single genus! The author also re-affirmed his before uttered conviction that the apes of the Old World were of a different origin and ancestry from those of the New. The study of such cases of the independent origin of similar forms, together with the simultaneous changes induced in very different kinds of creatures by similarity of physical conditions, serve to demonstrate that Nature is the outcome of pre-ordained actions of definite kinds along lines antecedently fixed for them. This truth deprives Darwinism of its sting, for such a formation of new species is but one form of creative action. And here comes in the great importance of a due appreciation of the value of language as the expression of abstract ideas. The existence of so profound a break in the process of evolution, as must have been the break between creatures which had no intellectual conceptions, and a human creature possessing and expressing them, does away with all antecedent improbability which might be supposed to attach to such definite, pre-ordained lines of evolution as those above indicated. It is thus that a distinct recognition of the essential difference between the minds of men and animals, together with the definiteness of organic variation, not only forms a complete and perfect antidote to the poison of orthodox Darwinism, but also an

effectual remedy against cognate evils, revealing to us as it does how all Nature is an outcome from, and is under the directing guidance of, an intelligence which the human mind can recognize and appreciate, not only as existing, but as being of so lofty and transcendent a nature that our own intellect can be no more than a most faint and feeble image thereof, namely, the intellect of Him in whom we live, and move, and have our being, the intellect which is Divine.

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ART. IX.—THE THEOLOGY OF "ROBERT  
ELSMERE."

*Robert Elsmere.* By MRS. HUMPHRY WARD. In Three Vols.  
Smith, Elder & Co. 1888.

THE conflict between religious faith and unbelief is being waged along the whole line of literature. The days are passed when theological controversy could be confined to ponderous polemical treatises, labelled respectively "orthodox" and "infidel." In the present generation the hostile camps are not thus distinctly marked out, and campaigns are not conducted at definite seasons with all the pomp and circumstance of war. Religious controversy is "in the air;" the winged seeds of such discussion float everywhere, and some fall in every field. The topic finds its way into cheap magazines and newspapers as well as into graver periodicals, into the ordinary conversation of society, and even into the novels which occupy its lighter hours. We may regret this on some grounds, but cannot legitimately complain of it. The novel is used now by all kinds of literary adventurers—by advocates of the latest æsthetic "fad," and those who wish to ridicule æstheticism altogether, by social reformers of all schools, and even by religiously disposed persons who find that the wholesome teaching they wish to convey is more likely to be taken if the medicine is conveyed in the attractive form of a story. Therefore, when in *Robert Elsmere* we find what has been styled,

whether fairly or not, a "clever attack on revealed religion," we may rejoice or be sorry according to our religious opinions, but we cannot be surprised.

It is as affecting the Christian religion alone that we propose to discuss this work. In so doing, we are following, in all probability, the authoress's own main object in writing it. As a work of art in the department of fiction, *Robert Elsmere* is no doubt open to criticism. It is long, possesses little or no plot, the stage is overcrowded with *dramatis personæ*, and many of the characters can hardly be said to live, while their introduction cumpers the progress of the story. For all that, we have found the book full of vivacity and power, some of the characters are sketched with a firm and yet free hand, the descriptions are well written, the insight into life displayed in many parts is striking, and, for ourselves at least, the interest hardly once flagged throughout the perusal of a thousand pages and more of closely printed matter. The general interest awakened in *Robert Elsmere* this season has not arisen from mere secondary causes, as, for example, because many of the characters are said to be portraits—we greatly doubt whether this is true of more than one, where the disguise is of the slightest kind—or because Mr. Gladstone has done the book the honour of writing a long and careful review of it in a popular monthly. The book is one of great power, and fully deserves the fame it has rapidly attained.

The theology of the book, however, is its main feature. The tone of the whole is distinctly and even deeply religious. If Mrs. Ward has been attacking revealed religion, it is in the interests of a religion which she believes to be more stable and trustworthy than that which depends on a written revelation. The authoress has a faith of her own, and obviously believes orthodox Christianity to be one form of what her late distinguished relative loved to call *Aberglaube*; but, as we read her purpose, it is constructive rather than destructive. Exhibiting the mental history of a highly cultivated and intensely earnest young clergyman, who finds himself compelled to give up his belief in the trustworthiness of the Gospels, the Divinity of Christ, and the whole supernatural portion of Christianity, the authoress appears particularly anxious to show that this

need not imply the overthrow of all religious belief. Robert Elsmere, when the great crisis of his life is over, finds himself tenaciously clinging to a Theism of which Jesus of Nazareth is an honoured prophet and teacher, and he sets about propagating this creed in the East End of London with an ardour and intensity which bring him to an early grave. Whatever Mrs. Ward intended to destroy, she had no intention of injuring the sacred cause of religion, and may not improbably have thought that her words might be of use to some who had forsaken the Christianity in which they had been educated, without finding another spiritual home. In earnest tones she seems to say, "The new wine of modern thought is bursting the old bottles of traditional Christianity; here are new bottles fit to hold its foaming flow, come and try them!"

Such a book, therefore, claims a serious notice which, at the same time, its form makes it difficult to give. A novelist is not bound to argue any more than a painter. Each is an artist, and the laws of art are different from those of logic. On the canvas or in the three volumes is sketched a picture which tells its own story, and the main object is to make the picture tell the story well. If the work of art be one "with a purpose," still it is produced in conformity with the laws of art, and it may seem like breaking a butterfly on the wheel to criticize it in set terms, asking how this critical point is proved, how that stage of mental development is reached, and why such theological difficulties have been slighted or altogether ignored. But a work of art, if it is to be worth much, is bound to be *true*. If it be not true to Nature, to life, to that Order, whatever it be, to which it is bound to conform, then, however clever, however pleasing, however powerful, it is so far a failure. And our complaint concerning *Robert Elsmere* is that it is not in this sense true. The writer carries out her aim in all honesty and sincerity of purpose; but it is the very singleness of purpose, in its unconscious bias, one-sidedness, and unfairness, which makes the book a particularly dangerous one. The conditions of novel-writing do not prevent the authoress from marshalling all her arguments in favour of scepticism, and the representations of a novel are more attractive than arguments. There is latent scepticism in many a young

mind which this book will call to the surface and confirm. The seeds of doubt that are lying idle and harmless in many hearts will be quickened into life by the hints and insinuations of these pages, and the glow of feeling which invests its history of the progress of unbelief.

Little complaint, however, could have been made of the presentation of modern difficulties in the way of faith, if the real significance and strength of orthodox Christianity had also been exhibited. Perhaps it would be expecting too much to hope that any writer should possess sufficient religious insight and artistic power to show equally both sides of the great conflict which is being fought out to the death in many an anxious mind to-day, still less to show the true lines of reconciliation between apparently incompatible truths. A novelist who could do that might be of service to many unsettled minds, and help multitudes whom neither sermon nor theological treatise nor serious argument could either reach or move. *Robert Elsmere*, however, does nothing of the kind. It puts very unfairly the case of historical Christianity, or rather does not put it at all. Catherine, Robert's wife, and a certain Mr. Newcome, a High Church clergyman, who are the chief representatives of orthodox Christianity, are described as clinging to tradition with a mere emotional tenacity, having no arguments to urge against sceptical objections, but viewing all doubt as a sort of temptation of the devil. Wishart, who on one occasion argues for orthodoxy, is styled a "hectic young pleader," but none of his arguments are given. Elsmere himself, in his discussions with Squire Wendover, whose acute and powerful criticism is the chief instrument in destroying his faith, never adduces a single argument of any importance on the orthodox side. His creed seems to slip away from him with ease, as far as the intellect is concerned; the real battle is with the influences of education and tradition, and the terrible fear of a severance in spirit from his deeply loving and deeply loved wife. What then are the all-powerful reasons which make Mrs. Ward's intellectual heroes smile at the "fairy-tale of Christianity" and speak of the "origin of Christian mythology" (vol. ii. p. 149), and of Robert Elsmere's spiritual history as "the typical process of the present day," in which "orthodox apologists" can give little or no

help? (vol. ii. p. 313). Is it true, as Butler said a hundred and fifty years ago, that "Christianity is not so much as a subject of inquiry, but that it is now at length discovered to be fictitious," and is this, as Robert Elsmere assumes, "an agreed point among all people of discernment?" Is it true that

"To the man who has had the special training required, and in whom this training has not been neutralized by any overwhelming bias of temperament, it can be as clearly demonstrated that the miraculous Christian story rests on a tissue of mistake, as it can be demonstrated that the Isidorian Decretals were a forgery, or the correspondence of Paul and Seneca a pious fraud, or that the mediæval belief in witchcraft was the product of physical ignorance and superstition" (vol. iii. p. 42).

If not, where are the latent fallacies in this plausible and in some respects powerful story?

At the basis of the whole reasoning which leads to Elsmere's rejection of Christianity lies Mr. M. Arnold's favourite phrase, "miracles do not happen." This may be shown by a description of the moment of spiritual crisis, which must be described in the author's own words:—

"Robert stood still, and with his hands locked behind him and his face turned like the face of a blind man towards a world of which he saw nothing, went through a desperate catechism of himself. '*Do I believe in God?*' Surely, surely! '*Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him!*' '*Do I believe in Christ?*' Yes, in the teacher, the martyr, the symbol to us Westerns of all things heavenly and abiding, the image and pledge of the invisible life of the spirit, with all my soul and all my mind!

"But in the Man-God, the Word from Eternity, in a wonder-working Christ, in a risen and ascended Jesus, in the living intercessor and mediator for the lives of his devoted brethren?" He waited, conscious that it was the crisis of his history, and there rose in him, as though articulated one by one by an audible voice, words of irrevocable meaning.

"Every human soul in which the voice of God makes itself felt, enjoys, equally with Jesus of Nazareth, the divine sonship, and *miracles do not happen!*" (vol. ii. p. 291).

This last is a conveniently summary dictum for our modern sceptics, but it is necessary to inquire precisely what it means. Its whole point lies in what it does not express but implies. "Miracles do not now happen, therefore they have never happened." Is that a syllogism which would pass muster with the suppressed major premiss, "That which does not

happen now has never happened in the past?" Such an assumption is too absurd. As a matter of fact, Mr. Arnold's phrase, which Mrs. Ward and her hero, Robert Elsmere, hold to be so weighty, really rests on a yet more tremendous tacit assumption, "miracles *cannot* happen;" not indeed as a dogmatic *à priori* statement, for this no true Theist could permit, but as an expression of a state of mind common enough among educated persons in the latter half of the nineteenth century. What modern physicists really hold is, "Miracles cannot be proved by testimony." Now, as miracles in the past can only be proved by testimony, if they occurred at all, the impossibility of miracles is clearly thus assumed. It is true that Mr. Grey, Elsmere's chief guide and teacher, makes a distinction here. When Elsmere tells him his story, he says :

"Well, the process in you has been the typical process of the present day. Abstract thought has had little or nothing to say to it. It has been all a question of literary and historical evidence. I am old-fashioned enough"—and he smiled—"to stick to the *à priori* impossibility of miracles, but then I am a philosopher! You have come to see how miracle is manufactured, to recognize in it merely a natural, inevitable outgrowth of human testimony, in its pre-scientific stages. It has been all experimental, inductive" (ii. p. 313).

The philosopher's *à priori* assumption must be dealt with on its own merits; we venture to say that it is an impossible one for a genuine Theist. But the "typical process of the present day," above described, is as invalid inductively as the *à priori* impossibility of miracles is unwarrantable deductively. And, as a matter of fact, behind all the modern doubts concerning miracles there rests the assumption, formulated by Hume, "no amount of testimony can prove a miracle." Mrs. Ward would deny this, and say that it is because the amount and kind of testimony to the Christian miracles is what it is, therefore they are incredible. The argument may be expressed in that form, but we are convinced that the whole tendency of modern thought is towards a state of mind which may be fairly described as we have put it. Now, granted that there have been credulous ages, when stories of miracles have been too easily accepted, does the whole sum of wisdom lie with a generation which is disposed to declare miracles impossible?

Is the *Zeitgeist* of our own day infallible, and is it true that no amount of testimony which past centuries can, in the nature of things, furnish, would suffice to prove to us, with our trained, scientific intellects, that such a thing as a miracle ever took place? It may be said that this is not an *à priori* assumption; but it is clear that no amassing of testimony is of the slightest use to minds which allow such a premiss, tacitly or even unconsciously assumed, to vitiate all their reasoning.

But let Mrs. Ward put the matter in her own way. She says the testimony of the Gospels cannot be accepted, because of the character of the age. The object of Squire Wendover's great critical work, *The History of Testimony*, which is supposed to strike terror into the heart of every believer in supernatural Christianity, was "through an exhaustive examination of human records, helped by modern physiological and mental science, to get at the conditions, physical and mental, which govern the greater or less correspondence between human witness and the fact it reports." And one of his conclusions is as follows:

"Testimony, like every other human product, has *developed*. Man's power of apprehending and recording what he sees and hears has grown from less to more, from weaker to stronger, like any other of his faculties, just as the reasoning powers of the cave-dweller have developed into the reasoning powers of a Kant. What one wants is the ordered proof of this, and it can be got from history and experience" (ii. p. 245).

When Elsmere is addressing his audience in the East End, and describing the religion he proposes to substitute for Christianity, he says:

"We are now able to show how miracle, or the belief in it, which is the same thing, comes into being. The study of miracle in all nations and under all conditions yields the same results. Miracle may be the child of imagination, of love, nay, of a passionate sincerity, but invariably it lives with ignorance and is withered by knowledge" (iii. p. 303).

There is the nineteenth century postulate in another form. Inquiry into the past is to take place on the assumption that men who did not share our advantages in the study of physical science are incapable of yielding testimony which we can credit, and all men who have exhibited a belief in miracles

may have been sincere, loving, imaginative, but they cannot be numbered amongst "those who know!" What probability is there that those who come to the study of history with such preconceptions can ever arrive at any conclusion but that with which consciously or unconsciously they started?

But is Mrs. Ward correct in her facts? Have all ages been thus credulous with regard to miracles, and has there been a steadily declining belief in them as time has gone on? Have all nations been equally credulous, and have men been disposed to accept miracles of whatever kind to corroborate doctrine, however unwelcome? A few searching questions of this sort would pierce Squire Wendover's portentous bubble pretty effectively. The whole subject of *The Origins of Christianity* is not thus lightly to be dismissed. If any writer—not a novelist, who, as a "chartered libertine," is permitted to leap every awkward gap in argument, and ignore any troublesome objection—undertakes to account for the rise of Christianity without miracle, he must fairly face all the facts. (1). The late date of the Gospels, calmly taken for granted by the disputants in *Robert Elsmere*, cannot be established. Bishop Lightfoot's answer to the author of *Supernatural Religion* on this subject at present beyond question holds the field. (2). Even if a late date for the Gospels were accepted, the four acknowledged Epistles of St. Paul establish conclusively the existence of a *religion*, in which our Lord Jesus Christ was worshipped as Divine within twenty-five years after His death. Let it be borne in mind what the existence of a religion implies, and one so fully developed as these Epistles prove the Christian religion to have been, when St. Paul wrote to the Corinthians and the Romans. And then let any candid thinker say whether twenty or thirty years is time enough for the growth of such marvellous legend, such unprecedented "fairy-tales" as that an obscure Galilæan, who never did anything remarkable in his lifetime, or uttered more than a few striking moral truths, should be elevated to the throne of the universe by tens of thousands of persons, not one of whom had the slightest prejudice in favour of such immense and, at first sight, incredible pretensions as were made on behalf of Jesus of Nazareth!

But these ages were credulous, ready to receive miracle without inquiry; there was "a universal preconception in favour of miracle." Was there? Were the Jews predisposed to receive stories of miracle of a kind which ran counter to their current ideas, and which testified to claims to which they were passionately opposed? Were the Apostles disposed to believe in a resurrection of the body? Did they contrive to invent a belief in such a resurrection within a few days of the death of Christ? If they did, what became of the body of Jesus, seeing that the violent hatred of priests and fanatics could soon have put a stop to the spread of the pious legend of the resurrection, if it had grown up, as must be supposed, in the astonishingly rapid period of a few weeks? Granted, however, that the Apostles were disposed to faith in a kind of miracle such as they had never anticipated, and could with difficulty be induced to believe in, were the Jews, to whom the Gospel was early preached, disposed to believe in the miracle of the resurrection as confirming the doctrine of a suffering and crucified Messiah? Granted that they were—a huge concession—were Greeks disposed to believe in such wonders alleged in proof of such "foolish" teaching? Were the Romans so credulous as to be prepared to listen to *any* story of the supernatural, and were they likely to be easily won over to believe in the deification of an obscure provincial, about whose life and death and subsequent reappearance his disciples had some marvellous events to narrate? Are we to understand that the preconception in favour of miracle was such that a miraculous story was received as evidence or not? Apparently Mrs. Ward would say not. Squire Wendover argues: "The wonder would have been to have had a life of Christ without miracles. The air teems with them. The East is full of Messiahs." Then how account for the spread of Christianity as a religion, without accepting an hypothesis far less credible than the actual Christian miracles to a truly religious mind? That such a religion as Christianity in so short a time should spread over such an area and amongst such populations, if Jesus of Nazareth were nothing more than a Nazarene carpenter of some moral insight, ought surely to be most incredible of all. But no; the nineteenth century will

accept anything rather than believe that any break in the continuity of physical order ever took place, or that the miracles which "do not happen" now, ever did happen under any circumstances. If laws of Nature are mere blind forces, the inconceivability of such breaks in their order may be defended; but if we believe, as Elsmere professed throughout to believe, in a Father-God, the God in whom Jesus trusted, what then?

We must not stay to inquire into the effect upon the Gospels of the attempt to strip them of miracle. What is to be taken away? Rather, what will be left? What is miracle? The supernatural element in the Gospels is surely not to be found only in such "mighty works" as the turning water into wine, and the healing of the sick? There is a supernatural Personality depicted in those four artless narratives. Did four unknown writers of genius in the second century conceive that character, draw that picture? If the Fourth Gospel be especially fixed on as late and untrustworthy, whose are the sayings there recorded? Hardly ten lines of this wonderful composition can be taken without our coming upon what is truly miraculous, though it records only some seven "miracles" in all. The book is full of lofty sayings, which have impressed and instructed the purest and most spiritual minds in history, yet which, if these modern critics be right, Jesus never uttered. Nay, turning to the Synoptical Gospels, what is left if the supernatural be taken away? Who and what is the Jesus of Nazareth, whom Elsmere professes to the end to honour as a prophet? He cannot have said, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," for, if He did, He must also have said, "All things have been delivered to Me of My Father, and no one knoweth the Son save the Father, neither doth any know the Father save the Son and he to whom the Son will reveal Him." He cannot have said, "I am the Light of the World," or if He did, He must be blamed for presumption, and cannot also have said, "I am meek and lowly in heart." Surely, if there be a mythical, shadowy, unhistorical personage, it is not the Jesus of the Evangelists, but the Jesus of the nineteenth century Unitarian.

We have no space to touch on other points we had marked

down for notice. It is complained that the Gospels are dealt with differently from other narratives. The answer is, they are differently dealt with, only so far as they are different, and the circumstances of the case are different. Surely, with less literary acumen and religious insight than Mrs. Ward possesses, it is not difficult to distinguish between the narratives of the evangelists as testimony, and the foolish stories of the apocryphal Gospels? Surely, the fact that marvellous tales are told of mediæval saints need not startle an intelligent man like Elsmere into assuming that there is no difference between the evidence for which the Irishman believes in miracles wrought by St. Patrick and St. Bridget, and the evidence for the resurrection of our Lord? Or, again, take the theory of a spiritual resurrection, in which alone St. Paul, according to our author, is supposed to believe, and read over 1 Corinthians xv.—the genuineness of which no critic doubts—and let any one say whether any intelligent man, who had not a foregone conclusion desperately to support, could ever for a moment entertain the view that a “visionary” resurrection was in St. Paul’s mind, when that chapter was written?

One other topic which claims a place in this discussion we must leave entirely on one side—the testimony of history during eighteen centuries. *Die Weltgeschichte ist das Weltgericht*, says Schiller. The Christian religion stands at the bar of history to be judged; and “by their fruits ye shall know them.” In spite of the corruptions with which the weakness and sinfulness of man has marred the religion of Jesus Christ, its work in the world is an evidence of its Divine origin which bears very decidedly on the question of the probability of the Gospel miracles. From this, as from many other points of view, it may be seen that Gibbon’s fifteenth chapter needs to be rewritten, and Mrs. Ward’s arguments to be entirely revised.

Leaving points like these, we turn for a moment to the substitute for Christianity to which Mrs. Ward, in the person of her hero, invites us. She speaks slightly of Unitarianism (vol. iii. p. 55), but, beyond a certain special element of belief in Elsmere himself, what is Elsmere’s creed but Unitarianism? The Theism in which Elsmere is finally landed, is the belief of a man who holds fast by “God, Conscience, and

Experience," or an "Eternal Goodness and an Eternal Mind, of which Nature and Man are the continuous and the only revelation" (vol. iii. p. 201). Now, we are not about to turn upon Mrs. Ward and say, "This is a poor, meagre creed to furnish man with spiritual sustenance," though that it assuredly is. If this be all that is granted us, all that facts admit, we must humbly and patiently make the best of it. But we wish for a moment to show that Mrs. Ward's position is terribly insecure, and on every side open to difficulties, which she appears to imagine she has left behind by casting overboard the "lumber" of historical Christianity. We shall probably do injustice to her religious creed, because it is only slightly sketched in the book itself, and we have not space to reproduce her words, but we will not wittingly misrepresent her views, so far as we understand them.

First, then, how can such a Theism as Elsmere's be reached? He exults in what he calls "the vital difference between Theism and Christianity; that as an explanation of things Theism can never be disproved" (vol. iii. p. 41). But neither can it be proved. It is an hypothesis, and must remain such to the end. And without certain tacit assumptions, with regard to human nature, it cannot even be held. If the prevalent views of the thoroughgoing devotees of physical science are to be adopted, there is no room for free-will in man, conscience is emptied of meaning, and right is resolved into expediency. Such a God as Elsmere believes in at the end of his career may be eagerly clung to as the last hope of a man with but one spar of religious belief left him, and as an hypothesis, the existence of such a God cannot be disproved, but it remains an hypothesis, so to speak, suspended in the air. It is not reached by logic and cannot be maintained by argument. It is, in truth, a last relic of Christianity, retained when the main foundations on which it rests have been cut away. How long would it last, if Christianity, as a religion, were really to disappear? The gleams of faith and hope then left would be like the *Alpenglüh*, when the sun has gone down behind the western mountains. Beautiful, though faint, are those delicate tints, but how long will they remain after the sun itself has set? This last creed of Elsmere's has no substance. Squire

Wendover could have cut it all to shreds, if Mrs. Ward had but allowed him the opportunity. He tells Elsmere at last that he is "doing nothing but playing into the hands of the Blacks" (vol. iii. p. 226), and Materialism has a tremendous leverage, as against an hypothesis which leaves us—not perhaps a blind—but apparently a deaf and certainly a dumb God to trust in.

For, secondly, what does the Theism of the book amount to, except a religion of humanity, together with a hope that somewhere there is Someone watching all this tragedy we call life, perhaps caring a little about it, though we cannot tell? Elsmere does not teach his followers to pray, he knows well why. That is an instructive passage in which, upon his death-bed, the hero says:—

"I often lie here, Flaxman, wondering at the way in which men become the slaves of some metaphysical word—personality, or intelligence, or what not! What meaning can they have as applied to God? Herbert Spencer is quite right. We no sooner attempt to define what we mean by a Personal God than we lose ourselves in labyrinths of language and logic. . . . No, we cannot realize Him in words—we can only live in Him and die to Him!" (vol. iii. p. 408).

Doubtless, we "cannot realize Him in words;" no Christian professes to do that. But when it comes to our giving up, not only revelation, but belief in the intelligence and the personality of God, when the *caput mortuum* of our creed is little more than the Great Unknown of Mr. Herbert Spencer, we ask whether such a belief, even if it cannot be disproved, is very much worth the saving? Doubtless, it is a shade better than pure Agnosticism; it is far better than dogmatic Materialism; but if we appear to be in danger of having only such a narrow ledge left between us and despair, we may be pardoned for looking somewhat anxiously to see whether we are absolutely driven to occupy it.

And that brings us back to the original premiss which lies at the root of all—the incredibility of miracle. Now, either a man believes in a living God, or he does not. If he does not, we argue with him no further at present. If he does, it is an irrational hypothesis to assume that the physical order, which to us presents such a continuous and unbroken line, can

never have been interrupted, *provided there were adequate occasion*. And a man who believes in a living God and living men—not automata—erring men who need guidance, sinful men who need salvation from evils which they are themselves helpless to overcome, should find no difficulty in believing that the miracles which “do not happen” now, did happen and might be expected to happen, when a living, wise, holy, loving God specially revealed Himself in history “for us men and for our salvation.” But perhaps the authoress of *Robert Elsmere* does not see the need of “salvation,” or holds it to be a part of what she unfairly calls the “jugglery” in the orthodox creed concerning the Saviour of the world. Doubtless, if there be no sin, no future life, no need of a power from on high to help and save, the story of an Incarnation, an Atonement, and a Resurrection is a fable, and the hopes of Christendom during eighteen centuries a baseless dream. But there is another alternative surely not altogether irrational. Is it not possible that the wise men of the last quarter of a century, who are so certain that nothing ever happened for which they cannot find a precedent when they are pondering the order of physical nature, may be mistaken? Lord Bacon, the inductive philosopher, will teach them that there are “idols”—false appearances—of the “theatre,” the scientific school, as well as of the “tribe,” to which all mankind are subject. There are more kinds of credulity than one, and what if miracles did happen, after all? What if, after all, Jesus Christ is the Son of God, the Saviour of the world? What if the faith which has been the life of a world that lay dying in despair when Jesus came, and which has “lightened” the nations that “sat in darkness and the shadow of death,” be indeed the true faith in God and the final faith for man? What if the inspiration of all “good works” that have blessed the race, and “holy thoughts” that have made heaven in the souls of devoted men and women, be indeed an inspiration, not of weakness and folly, but of God’s truth and spirit? *Robert Elsmere* will do harm, but, after a while, will be forgotten. It lends imaginative form to a vain attempt to silence the source and strain of the soul’s song, and yet to catch and keep the music in the echo.

## SHORT REVIEWS AND BRIEF NOTICES.

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### THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS.

*A System of Biblical Theology.* By the late W. LINDSAY ALEXANDER, D.D., LL.D. Two vols. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1888.

ENGLISH contributions to formal theology are so rare that we cordially welcome a work giving the substance of the lectures delivered by so accomplished scholar and divine as the late Dr. Lindsay Alexander during his twenty-nine years' Principalship of the Congregational Theological Hall at Edinburgh. The editor has wisely recast the lectures into the form of chapters and sections. The work does not profess to survey the entire field. There is nothing on Revelation and Inspiration, Miracle and Prophecy, nothing on Eschatology, and no explanation of the omission. A system of Biblical theology should surely have something to say of the future state. The editor informs us that he has omitted large portions of the MSS. from necessities of space; but "most of the lectures omitted fall under Theology proper and Anthropology." Dr. Alexander assumes the Bible to be "the infallible, and the only infallible, record of religious truth;" hence the omission of all discussion of the evidences of revelation. The four parts treat respectively of Theology, Anthropology, Christology, Soteriology. Many will miss the subject of the Church. Dr. Alexander justifies this omission on Congregational principles. "For us," he says, "there is no Church in the political and ecclesiastical sense of the term." A system of *Biblical* theology, of course, excludes all dogmatic developments; and we are not therefore surprised at the absence of all thorough discussion of ecclesiastical dogmas in the case of the Trinity and the Person of Christ. But, on the other hand, there is considerable discussion of later theories of the Atonement, which, however valuable in itself, is somewhat out of keeping with the title. Moreover, the Work of Christ is expounded at disproportionate length, extending to about three hundred pages. Such inequalities would no doubt have been remedied if the author had himself prepared the work for the press. We can easily understand that an editor would feel himself precluded from taking such liberties. There is yet another peculiarity. The author expressly excludes all consideration of dogma proper, yet he argues elaborately against it. While holding most tenaciously, and defending vigorously, the

doctrines of the Trinity, the Divinity of Christ, and the Divinity of the Spirit, he professes himself unable "to accept or teach the Catholic doctrine of the Trinity." This has at first an alarming sound. But it appears that by "the Catholic doctrine" he means simply certain technical definitions and theological inferences. His chief polemic is against Eternal Generation and Eternal Procession (i. 107; ii. 323). His argument to the effect that these phrases involve self-contradiction is weak. The phrases are only used analogically. When he maintains that such theories are a penetrating into regions beyond our knowledge, he is on stronger ground. It is consistent and safe in him to say that he will limit himself to systematising the teaching of Scripture, and refuse to push inquiry farther. The "Catholic doctrine" has simply arisen from the necessity of excluding erroneous doctrine. At first we feared that Dr. Alexander would be driven to the Sabellian view of a modal Trinity. But he notices this theory only to reject it as inadequate to explain Scripture. After maintaining the "economical" distinction between Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, he adds: "To this we are led to believe that a distinction of some sort in the divine nature corresponds, but of *what* sort we do not know, and therefore do not pretend to say."

After all, the points we have criticized are subordinate. We note with pleasure Dr. Alexander's inflexible fidelity to the central and essential points of Christian doctrine. The very independence of his advocacy lends it even greater weight. The fulness of Biblical scholarship, the able discussion of particular passages, the interblending of the Biblical and theological, the ease and smoothness of the style, give high value to the work. Besides the Table of Contents prefixed, there is a very full "Synoptical Table of Contents" at the close, as well as an index of authors, sects, &c.

*Systematic Theology*: A Complete Body of Wesleyan Arminian Divinity. By Rev. T. O. SUMMERS, D.D., LL.D. Arranged and Revised by Rev. J. J. TIGERT, M.A., S.T.B. Vol. I. Nashville, Tenn.: Publishing House of Methodist Episcopal Church. 1888.

The system of theology here sent us from the New World is exceedingly comprehensive. After the first volume has dealt with the Doctrine of God, Christology and Soteriology, Christ's Resurrection, Second Coming, and Eschatology, Pneumatology, or the Spirit's Administration of Redemption, and the Doctrine of the Holy Scriptures, one wonders what is left for the second volume. We are pleased to see the teachers of American Methodism abiding so firmly by the Christian fundamentals. Dr. Summers and his editor quote largely from the great divines of the Old World, and not least from Dr. Pope. At the same time, like everything coming from America, the work has features of its own. It is not without a certain discursiveness, almost looseness of texture. Verses of hymns give brightness to the pages. The arrangement of

subjects is in parts peculiar. Eschatology precedes the Administration of Redemption. The Doctrine of Holy Scripture with its evidences comes last of all. Such an order scarcely seems happy. If the work has not much originality, it is evangelical in substance and earnest in spirit.

1. *Apologetics ; or, The Scientific Vindication of Christianity.*

By J. H. A. EBRARD, Ph.D., D.D. Translated by Rev. J. MACPHERSON, M.A. Vol. III. Edinburgh : T. & T. Clark.

2. *Old and New Testament Theology.* By HEINRICH EWALD.

Translated by Rev. THOMAS GOADBY, B.A. Edinburgh : T. & T. Clark.

3. *Commentary on Esther, with Appendices, consisting of the Second Targum, Mithra, The Winged Bulls of Persepolis, and Zoroaster.*

By Professor CASSEL, D.D. Translated by Rev. AARON BERNSTEIN, B.D. Edinburgh : T. & T. Clark.

1. The concluding volume of Ebrard's comprehensive and able work discusses the religious ideas found among the half-civilized and savage races, and sums up the entire work. Among the conclusions established by the long induction of facts are—first, the degeneracy of the world from higher to lower ideas of God; and, secondly, the unity of mankind and of its primitive religious tradition. One question of Dr. Ebrard puts the whole case in dispute between rationalism and orthodoxy: Is the One God a product of Israel, or is Israel the product of the One God? The whole of the final summary is as brief and pregnant as this question. The concluding section on The Effects of Redemption is cogently argued. Dr. Ebrard never spares opponents. In a note on page 391 we read, "Messrs. Kossak & Co. speak glibly as if the Christian-hearted people of England were responsible for the opium traffic. In England there are friends of missions; in England there are also opium traders; consequently these two are one and the same persons!"

2. The translator and editor of Ewald's *Bible Doctrine of God* has done wisely in making selections instead of translating the whole, and he has done his work well in every respect. The volume, like the former one on *Revelation: its Nature and Record*, is a useful contribution to Biblical Theology. Beyond this limit it does not profess to go. Ewald did not enter upon the field of developed doctrine. Among the important subjects treated of in the present volume are the Name and Names of God, Creation, The Wonders of the Bible (why not "miracles?") This is the meaning), Faith in Christ, The Holy Spirit, The Trinity, Immortality. Despite Ewald's diffuseness of style, he is rich in original ideas. As he knew the original Scriptures through and

through, his presentation of their teaching cannot but be of great value. The translator's remark on his treatment of the Trinity applies to every subject: "Ewald's aim, in accordance with the scope and design of Biblical Theology, is to leave the doctrine of the Trinity where the Bible leaves it—that is, in its elements and unformulated, as it appears to faith rather than to the speculative intellect." At the same time the right and the necessity of further definition are defended.

3. Dr. Cassel's volume sheds much learned light on a book of Scripture which needs all the light that we can get. The information on points of history, custom, and language is curious in itself, and is gathered from recondite sources. We wish the translator had been equal to his task. He may know German, but English he does not know. "To break the staff over" is an idiom for "to condemn," and is unintelligible in English. In the Introduction we read: "Anti-Semitism needed only to appropriate the exegetical arts of rationalism in order to break the stave (*sic*) over the people, amongst whom some so carelessly handled their own canon of the Scripture." In the next paragraph we read, "its conclusion is impossible to accept." The body of the work is not translated so badly, but it is lame enough. Yet the translator says that he is "indebted to the Rev. James Neil, M.A., for his kindness in revising the translation."

*Natural Causation: an Essay in Four Parts.* By C. E. PLUMPTRE.

London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1888.

The object of the essay in its several parts is to prove that natural law, or, as we should prefer to say, materialistic fatalism, is supreme in physical, mental, moral, and social life. We cannot but think that, despite all the ability of the writer and the book, their common weakness is confusion of thought. Take the first essay, or portion of the essay. Its gist is that if physical evolution is true, then design, and creation by design, are impossible. But, to say the least, supposing the theory of evolution to be conclusively established, how is the possibility or the necessity of creation and design excluded? To put it at the lowest, evolution may be but a mode of creation. The author's habit is to enumerate one set of physical phenomena after another, to point out their mechanical causes, and then turn round and say triumphantly, "the whole thing is explained." The simplicity of the proceeding is charming. With all respect we beg to say that the principal things, the co-operation and adaptation of means and ends, is not explained. The same delightful combination of confusion and simplicity is seen in other arguments against design. Why, it is asked, if everything is created for man's good does hair grow again if cut off, but a limb not? (p. 28). No one ever said that man's good is the exclusive end of creation. If it is not one end, and a main one too, how can the materialist explain the vast converging series of facts which support this view? It is remarkable how skilful writers of this school are in reducing the importance of evidence which they cannot refute or

evade. The author is evidently one of those who acknowledge, "somewhat sorrowfully," that spontaneous generation is not proven. Why then does he go on to contend that the issue was "never of very great value?" Why the sorrow in this case? Why also is he so anxious to show that non-proven is different from dis-proven? Why the fond hope implied in saying, "there is no present proof?" So again he takes a flying leap over the yawning gulfs of the evolution theory by saying, "The fact that certain transitional forms have not yet been discovered seems to me to have had an exaggerated importance attached to it." And yet he adds: "When these transitional forms shall come to the light, as they almost certainly will, they will doubtless be of the keenest interest to the scientific mind." All this is not quite in the spirit of the heroic acceptance of truth advocated so strenuously in other parts of the volume. Or, is it the author's meaning, that this love of truth, regardless of consequences, is a law only for benighted believers?

The second essay, on "Philosophical Necessity," is in the same melancholy strain. He defines necessity as the universal reign of the law of cause and effect, meaning by cause mechanical cause only. The question is, Is mind itself a cause as well? We cannot gather that the author recognizes any non-material cause. Everything existing or happening is, according to him, the result of the interaction of organism and environment. This essay is brightened by a long comparison of Charles Dickens and George Eliot. The latter author, along with Herbert Spencer, evidently rules his thought.

To show that we have not misrepresented the writer, we quote a sentence or two. "The believer in evolution starts with the assumption of an infinite, eternal matter, also without beginning or end, constant in its quantity, changing alone its form, and which is the cause and composition of every natural object." Again, "Is not Mind another form, though at bottom an entirely mysterious form, of this same wonderful matter?" And then, by way of proof, facts are adduced which prove the connection of the two, but no more. We must give back the author his own phrase on another question, "non-proven." We say nothing of all that is involved in the "assumption," the old Epicurean one, with which "the believer in evolution starts."

*The Reign of Causality: a Vindication of the Scientific Principle of Telic Causal Efficiency.* By ROBERT WATTS, D.D., Professor of Systematic Theology in the General Assembly's College, Belfast. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1888.

The young theological student, from the technical form of the title of this volume, might, perhaps, be led to avoid it, as only adapted for advanced metaphysicians. This would be a mistake. It is clearly and untechnically written, although the language of the writer is not unscientific or merely popular. It is a vindication of the true doctrine of causality, by an able and orthodox Christian theologian, who, as in duty bound, makes metaphysics, or some

portion of metaphysical science, an essential part of theology, leading direct to the view of the great First Cause, the Cause of causes, the God of Nature and Grace, of body, soul, and spirit, the Creator of the Universe, the "Father of the Spirit of all flesh." The author, in the course of the volume, examines the nature and claims of Professor Tyndall's atomism, of Professor Huxley's automatism, of Spencer's biological hypothesis, of some portions of the volume entitled *The Unseen Universe*; he deals with Agnosticism, Evolution, and Natural History, Professor Drummond's *Natural Law in the Unseen World*, the fundamental fallacies of which are well exposed, Utilitarianism, and some other subjects of modern speculation. We heartily recommend this seasonable and able volume.

*Present Day Tracts on the Higher Criticism.* By the Very Revs.

R. PAYNE-SMITH, D.D., and the late J. S. HOWSON, D.D.,  
the Revs. Principal WACE, D.D., Professor A. B. BRUCE,  
D.D., and Professor F. GODET, D.D. London: Religious  
Tract Society. 1888.

One of the most timely volumes of this scholarly yet popular series. Each writer's name is a guarantee for the excellence of these tracts. They discuss the authorship, authenticity, and credibility of the principal books of the Bible which are assailed by the so-called "Higher Criticism." Professor Bruce contributes a paper on Baur and his theory of the Origin of Christianity and the New Testament Writings; Dr. Wace writes on the authenticity of the Gospels; Dr. Godet has two tracts, one on the authorship of the Fourth Gospel, the other on that of the four principal Pauline Epistles; Dean Howson's draws some "Evidential Conclusions from the Four Greater Epistles of St. Paul." We have still to refer to the first tract, by Dean Payne-Smith, on "The Mosaic Authorship and Credibility of the Pentateuch." It appears at a time when this is a burning question. The tract discusses the authorship in the light of modern travel and research. Every fact thus gathered is compared with the Biblical references. The writers of the older books of the Canon, like contemporary writers in Egypt, Nineveh, and Babylon, seldom refer to themselves, so that we must not expect much information as to its authorship from the Pentateuch itself. The facts which can be gathered from it are clearly stated in two or three pleasant pages. It is there shown that the Mosaic authorship explains every feature of the Pentateuch. The late Professor Palmer is quoted to prove that geographical facts form the most conclusive answer to those who call in question the truth of the narrative of the Exodus. The theory that the Pentateuch is simply an aggregation of legislation of various dates is next handled. It is shown to be destitute of proof and contrary to facts. The Samaritan Pentateuch is an enduring proof of the antiquity of the Books of Moses. This tract will well repay every student's attention. Dr. Bruce's sketch of Baur's life and views is both interesting and sufficiently

critical. Dr. Wace, in his study of "The Authenticity of the Four Gospels," makes good use of Renan's admissions. "He is compelled to admit that all attempts to trace their authorship to a later age than that of the apostles, or, in the main, to other hands than those of their traditional authors, have failed; and so he endeavours to explain them as a kind of romance." Dr. Godet is always suggestive and beautiful. Every preacher and Bible student will be thankful for the stores of learning which are here put in such a compact form. The faith has not lost its champions nor suffered loss from the fire of criticism.

*Isaiah: His Life and Times, and the Writings which bear his Name.* By the Rev. S. R. DRIVER, D.D. London: Nisbet & Co. 1888.

If there are books which are big and worthless, there are also books which are small and invaluable. Dr. Driver's excellent introduction to Isaiah belongs to the latter class. It is based upon "repeated study of the text," and makes use of the most modern lights, especially the recent decipherment of the cuneiform inscriptions of Assyria. All previous writers on the subject, including Delitzsch, Ewald, Cheyne, Strachey, and Robertson Smith, are not implicitly followed, but judiciously weighed and used. The view given of the probable construction and arrangement of Isaiah's book, the accounts of the contemporary historical setting, and the summaries, with fitting elucidation of the several parts, make the work of the greatest of the Hebrew prophets as luminous as before it was obscure. We would not forget to add that, while the pages are crowded with the results of learning, they read fluently, not to say brilliantly.

Isaiah is one of the characters of whom, while we know little of their outward life, we have the most distinct and vivid conception. As with St. Paul, he is, unconsciously, his own biographer. Dr. Driver's chapter on "Isaiah's Character and Genius" sets him clearly before us. "His literary style reflects the elevation and dignity of his thought. It is chaste and severe; every sentence is complete and well-rounded; the movement of the periods is stately and measured. Thus his prophecies form artistic wholes, adequate to the intended effect, but no more." This is said in reference to the earlier portion of the book, chapters i.-xxxix. Again, "Amongst all the prophets, Isaiah is pre-eminent, both for the variety of the images which he employs, and also for their grandeur. His imagination never fails him; and the figures which it supplies him with are of astonishing brilliancy and force . . . Isaiah delights in sudden contrasts." The most valuable feature of the work, perhaps, is the way in which it illustrates the dependence of the prophets upon the circumstances of their age. The first and second chapters sketch the position of Judah in the eighth century B.C., in relation to foreign nations, and especially in relation to Tiglath-Pileser and the great Assyrian power. The old notion, we fear, was

that the prophet had little or no connection with his nation and age, standing as much apart as if he had been let down from heaven. The other view, is, we are convinced, the truer and more natural one. It is the view advocated by all modern writers on the question of prophecy; see Dr. Orelli's exposition in his masterly monograph, *Old Testament Prophecy* (p. 31). Dr. Driver divides Isaiah's prophecies into those relating to Isaiah's own age and those not, "the Great Prophecy of Israel's Restoration" (chapter xl.-lxvi.) being considered by itself. Perhaps the last subject should have been placed in a Third Part.

The special questions which will attract attention are the Prophecy of Immanuel, the Servant of the Lord, and chapters xl. to lxvi. As to the last point, Dr. Driver has no doubt that the section must be ascribed to a different author from the first. No reader, even of the Authorized Version, can fail to be struck by the marked differences of style and treatment. We seem to be in another atmosphere. And this first impression is indefinitely strengthened by such details in reference to the original as Dr. Driver gives in abundance in a chapter devoted to this subject, in which he not only adduces specimens of the evidence for his own view, but deals with objections. The evidence is drawn from differences of language and style, characteristic features, the theology and thought, all pointing to a later date. Moreover, "the historical background of the prophecy is the period of the Babylonian captivity." "The more deeply the book which bears Isaiah's name is studied, the more clearly does it appear that the resemblances between its two parts do not reach beneath the surface, the differences penetrate to the core." Dr. Driver's argument indicates the drift of sober criticism. Faith in divine inspiration does not depend on the result of the discussion, as the author well points out. As to the Immanuel prophecy, he says: "The language of Isaiah forces upon us the conviction that the figure of Immanuel is an *ideal one*, projected by him upon the shifting future—upon the nearer future in chapter vii., upon the remoter future in chapter ix., but grasped by the prophet as a living and real personality, the guardian of his country now, its deliverer and governor hereafter" (p. 41). As to "the Servant of Jehovah," the idea is first applied to the nation of Israel, and then, gradually detaching itself, becomes "an ideal personality," which, "as Christendom from the beginning has seen, was realized by Jesus of Nazareth" (p. 180). As an example of closely packed knowledge, we may refer to the "Note on the Chronology of Isaiah's Time" (p. 12-14), which does much to unravel a most perplexing question.

*The First and Second Books of Samuel.* By the Rev. Professor  
W. G. BLAIKIE, D.D., LL.D. Two vols. London :  
Hodder & Stoughton. 1888.

These two large volumes belong to the "Expositor's Bible Series," edited by Mr. Robertson Nicoll, the editor of *The Expositor*. We are constrained to say that, in our judgment, Mr. Nicoll has allowed his old friend too much

space in these volumes. The contents read like a series of expository lectures addressed to a Scotch congregation, containing, as may be very proper for such lectures, a somewhat diffuse exposition of a general kind, in which the text is not always dealt with in sufficient detail for students; and also a large outcome of pulpit "improvements," in which, as far as is at all possible, the Old Testament—sometimes with too much forcing—is made to do duty for the New. This is not what we think the "Expositor's Bible" ought to be. Dean Chadwick's exposition of St. Mark set a different standard before the public mind. A vivid, sufficient, but yet succinct exposition of the text, with such moral or spiritual lessons suggested as in a natural and unforced way arise out of the exposition, might, we think, have been contained in half the space. It is characteristic of the volumes, regarded as a collection of pulpit lectures, that they abound in apostrophes such as might, perhaps, be allowable in urging lessons on a pastor's congregation, but are certainly out of place in a model exposition intended for private reading. One of these occurs in connection with the history of Saul and Samuel at Gilgal, and begins as follows: "O Saul, distrust of God has been at the bottom of your mind! The faith that animated the heroes of former days has had no control over you;" and so on, in a strain of remonstrance and reproof, addressed to Saul, for no less than fourteen lines. So, in the second volume, there is a personal appeal to David, which begins, "Do you remember, David, how shocked you were when Joab slew Abner? Do you remember your consternation at the thought that you might be held to approve of the murder? Do you remember how often you have wished that Joab were not so rough a man, that he had more gentleness, more piety, more concern for blood-shedding? And here you are making this Joab your confidant in sin and your partner in murder;" and so forth. There is much of this description in these volumes. As an instance of the forced spiritualizing which pervades them, we give one passage, which will explain our general objection. The exposition relates to David's going forth to meet the Philistine giant. Saul, naturally enough and properly enough, too, as we suppose nearly every one will agree, offers David his own armour in which to meet Goliath. Thus Dr. Blaikie improves this simple fact: "*Saul, ever carnal and trusting only in carnal devices, is fain to clothe him in his armour,*" &c. It is this kind of thing which tempts satire. We confess we could not have believed that the Scotch taste desired to be thus appeased. Among the books of manly, as well as Christian exposition, we most value are several by great Scotch divines.

For many years we have been accustomed to read, with high appreciation, volumes from Dr. Blaikie's pen, and it is not an agreeable duty for us to criticize as we have done the present work of a man so deservedly respected. We must, in justice, add that the volumes contain the material of a sensible, orthodox, and useful commentary on the books to which they refer, although they can hardly be regarded as critical, and leave difficulties of arrangement and chronology alone.

*Biblical Commentary on the Psalms.* By FRANZ DELITZSCH, D.D.,  
 Doctor and Professor of Theology in the University of  
 Leipsig. Three vols. Vol. II. Translated by the Rev.  
 DAVID EATON, M.A. London: Hodder & Stoughton.  
 1888.

Conservative, learned, orthodox, experimental, and withal clear, direct,  
 and impressive in exposition. The translation seems to be well done. The  
 commentary itself is golden.

*St. John the Author of the Fourth Gospel.* By HOWARD HEBER  
 EVANS, B.A. London: Nesbit & Co. 1888.

The author treats a good subject, and defends a vital position in a somewhat  
 peculiar way. He uses the arguments, and, for the most part, the very words,  
 of others in maintaining the Johannine authorship of the Fourth Gospel. The  
 arrangement or setting only is his own. We do not say this for the purpose  
 of disparaging the work, but only to describe its nature. The reader must  
 not expect a new or original argument. At the same time, it is obvious that  
 an account of the best that has been said and written on so important a ques-  
 tion will be useful to many. Mr. Evans indeed claims originality. "The  
 plan, as well as the idea, of this work is original, and the same may be said of  
 a considerable part of the researches into the phraseology; the rest is little  
 more than a compilation—yet it is something more—from the works of  
 acknowledged Biblical authorities." This is a perfectly true description of the  
 work. The "Biblical authorities" are principally Farrar, Westcott, Alford,  
 Lightfoot, Liddon, Reuss, whose names and words figure under every head.  
 Their opinions are quoted in support of the following propositions:—Identity of  
 authorship of the Fourth Gospel and the Apocalypse on internal grounds; the  
 identity certain on psychological grounds; external evidence wholly in favour  
 of St. John's authorship of the Fourth Gospel and of the Apocalypse. The quo-  
 tations are always pertinent and often striking. Indeed, Mr. Evans's book is  
 a remarkable specimen of mosaic-work. The Appendix sets out in detail two  
 hundred instances of identical or similar phrases in the Fourth Gospel and the  
 Apocalypse.

*The Epistle to the Hebrews.* By THOMAS CHARLES EDWARDS,  
 D.D., Principal of the University College of Wales,  
 Aberystwith. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1888.

We have here another volume of the Expositor's Bible. It is a close, able,  
 and eloquent exposition. In theological connection it excels; in textual  
 criticism and strictly textual interpretation of difficult passages and obscure  
 connections, we are not so well contented as in respect to the larger theological

interpretation of the Apostolic writer's argument in its scope and linkings. But it is a volume of real value, which will be read by theological students with pleasure as well as profit.

*The Sermon Bible. Genesis to 2 Samuel.* London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1888.

A superior work, both internally and externally, to the average preacher's helps. The matter throughout consists not of detached extracts and remarks, but of outlines of sermons taken from "the best homiletic literature of this generation," and well drawn up. Much skill is shown, not merely in the selection made, but also in the clearness and crispness of the outlines. Besides the sketch under each text, references to other sermons are given. All the great preachers of the day are laid under frequent contribution. We do not notice any obscure or third-rate names. A dozen blank leaves are given at the end of the volume. The series is to contain twelve volumes. The paper, type, and binding are worthy of the publishers.

*Creed and Character.* Sermons by the Rev. H. S. HOLLAND, M.A., Canon of St. Paul's. Second Edition. London: Rivingtons. 1888.

Canon Holland is a preacher worthy of the Anglican Church and its principal temple. He curiously contrasts with his still more famous brother Canon. Both eminent in their own line, the one is theological even in the pulpit, appealing to philosophy, to the Church of the Fathers, anxious to keep in touch with the past; the other, while apparently standing on the same ecclesiastical ground, is intensely modern, human, natural. Canon Holland's style is eminently free, vigorous, fresh, often reminding us of Browning's unconventional diction. His repetition of ideas in similar terms certainly has emphasis and music of its own. His present volume has more unity of purpose than is often found in Sermons. *Creed and Character*, while not the formal subject of the discourses, very well expresses their underlying and connecting thought. The preacher's position is, that Christianity has a distinctive set of opinions and beliefs, which again embody themselves in distinctive expression in life and conduct. The two cannot be separated. The first cannot be held without the second. In the main, the volume is a protest against the Individualism of the day, and an apology for the idea of the Church. How differently Canon Liddon would have treated the subject! One of the sections of the volume treats of "The Church in the Gospels," under the heads of The Rock, The Secret, The Fellowship, The Witness, The Resources, The Mind, and The Ministry of the Church. Another section, entitled: "Conversion," discusses The Solidarity of Salvation, The Freedom of Salvation, The Gift of Grace, The Law of Forgiveness, in three fine discourses, and The Coming of the Spirit. Other sections include Sermons on Newness

of Life and The Christian Life here on Earth. Take a specimen on "Solidarity." "In every motion of our limbs we are using the stored experiences of bygone generations; we are built up out of their patience; we are the outcome of their toil; the very passions, the very instincts of those dead, forgotten peoples are alive in us all to-day, and make us what we are; and, do what we will, we cannot throw off the domination of their hidden forces, for they lie at the most secret places of our souls; we cannot dig down in our life to a spot lower than their influence buries itself; we cannot climb up to any height whither their sway does not follow and possess us; we are dyed through and through with their tints; we are immeshed in their intricacies. Old faces, long buried, look out of our eyes; voices from out of forgotten and unknown graves speak through our lips; ghostly memories shake us like dumb sounds; echoes of ancient stories prick and press within the blood."

*The Voice from the Cross.* A Series of Sermons on our Lord's Passion. By Eminent Living Preachers of Germany. Edited and Translated by WILLIAM MACKINTOSH, M.A., F.S.S. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1888.

These twenty sermons well represent the Evangelical pulpit of modern Germany. Judging from them, and from all we know of German homiletics, we doubt whether the German equals the English pulpit in variety, learning, and weight. It is curious that a nation so intensely speculative in the schools is so intensely practical in the pulpit. Even consecutive exposition has little place in the sermon. However, the best names of the Evangelical pulpit are here—the eloquent Kögel, Ahlfeld, the German Spurgeon, Frommel, Gerok, Luthardt. Interesting and cheering testimony is borne by the translator to the revival of evangelical teaching in Germany during the last few years. "These meditations show what the ordinary teaching in the Evangelical pulpits of Germany is at the present day. The Gospel is preached with fulness, with power, in all simplicity and faithfulness, and the Cross is the standard round which the soldiers of Christ are rallying." "The influence of Strauss has been dead for many years in Germany, and the last nail has been driven into the coffin of the Tübingen theology." "It is well to know that in belief the *Zeitgeist* is orthodox and evangelical, and that many of the youth of Germany are animated with chivalrous devotion to Jesus Christ." A portrait of Dr. Kögel, chief chaplain to the Emperor, is prefixed, and brief notices of the chief preachers are added.

*Expositions.* By the Rev. SAMUEL COX, D.D. Vol. IV. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1888.

Although we differ from Dr. Cox on one not unimportant point, it is with regret we learn that with this volume his series of expositions comes to an

end. Few have done more in this generation to diffuse a taste for, and to set the example of, exposition at once popular and scholarly, spiritual and practical, close, clear, and deep. The Bible is Dr. Cox's "one book;" he has studied it profoundly, lovingly, and to excellent purpose. This volume possesses the same characteristics as those to which we have previously borne testimony.

*Bible Sketches and their Teachings for Young People.* By SAMUEL G. GREEN, D.D. New and Revised Edition, with Maps. Vol. I., The Old Testament; Vol. II., The New Testament. London: Religious Tract Society. 1888.

These volumes each contain a Bible sketch for every Sunday in the year. They have already approved themselves so highly to parents, teachers, and children, that Dr. Green has been called to furnish a new edition. It is no wonder that such a book is in demand. The sketches are written in simple words, illustrated by pleasant stories, and skilfully combine instruction and appeal. Notes are added where difficulties press for explanation, but they are rare. The writer's aim is not to furnish a commentary, but a Sunday Bible reading for the nursery. In the original edition the second volume ended with the Ascension. More than twenty papers have been added, based on the Acts of the Apostles. "A Last Look at Peter" and "John the Beloved Apostle" close the volume. We trust that the revised edition will be even more popular than its predecessor. It will do good in every home, and greatly assist Sunday-school teachers and ministers in caring for the young.

*Hymns and Thoughts on Religion.* By NOVALIS. With a Biographical Sketch. Translated and Edited by W. HASTIE, B.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1888.

Novalis has been known in England hitherto only by Carlyle's essay and his own description of Spinoza as "a god-intoxicated man." Mr. Hastie's little volume, containing the poet's Hymns to Night, Spiritual Songs, and Thoughts on Religion, will help to make him better known. These fragments were worth translating, bearing as they do the mint-mark of genius. It is no reflection on the translator to say that the poetical rendering is not always musical; the substance of thought is faithfully given. "The spirit leads an eternal self-demonstration," is too literal to be intelligible (p. 83). The biographical sketch of Novalis by his friend Just gives interesting information, though it is too grandiloquent. Entering into business is "becoming initiated into some definite practical occupation." Salt-works are described as "the first sphere in which he was to labour." Portions of Mr. Hastie's own prefatory note betray a tendency to the same fault. Some of the sentences on p. 14 soar to "the high Emyrean of the spirit," whither our understanding tries in vain to follow.

## BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, CORRESPONDENCE.

*Memorials of the Hon. Ion Keith-Falconer, M.A., late Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge and Missionary to the Mohammedans of Southern Arabia.* By the Rev. ROBERT SINKER, B.D., Librarian of Trinity College, Cambridge. With Portrait, Map, and Illustration. London : George Bell & Sons. 1888.

THIS volume deserves a place by the side of Bishop Hannington's biography. It is a worthy record of a truly gifted and wholly consecrated life. Keith-Falconer was the third son of the Earl of Kintore, "a man of profound religious convictions, who . . . set a noble example of simple Christian goodness" and was a munificent supporter of the Free Church of Scotland, of which he had long been an elder. Brought up in such an atmosphere, Ion Keith-Falconer soon showed that he was eager to tread in his father's steps. From his infancy his unselfishness and consideration for others struck all who knew him. If anything was to be shared among the brothers and sisters, he would say, "Give it to the others first; I will wait." Specially beautiful was his devotion to his eldest brother, Dudley, who never enjoyed robust health, and died in early manhood, to Ion's inexpressible grief. "He brought everything to Dudley for his judgment, and delighted in telling others how much Dudley was superior to himself. If Ion had been anywhere when Dudley could not go he would immediately on his return give him a minute account of everything, and be full of regrets that Dudley had not been able to share his pleasure. They used to draw and paint and carve a great deal together, and once, under Dudley's directions, Ion and his eldest brother made a little model railway-line, on which a small engine ran. He never required to be amused like most children, but was always full of resources himself; reading was at all times and above all things his delight. From the time when he was about five years old he used on Sunday afternoons to read the Bible to the other children and explain it, and Dudley and he were in the habit of reading and praying together. When he was about seven he began to go and read the Bible in the cottages, and the people were perfectly amazed at his knowledge of the Bible and his power of explaining it. He did this entirely without suggestion from any one, and never talked of it to any one; it was only from the people themselves that it was found out. His old nurse used then to say that she was sure he would one day be a missionary. He was so much loved by every one that he went by no other name than that of 'the angel.'" His open-handed generosity was not less remarkable than his buoyant spirits and love of fun.

His advent at Harrow, in his thirteenth year, to compete for one of the entrance examinations is pleasantly described by Mr. Arthur Watson. The open, guileless face of the young candidate made a great impression on Mr. Watson, in whose house he boarded when he was elected a scholar. He did not distinguish himself so greatly at Harrow as he might have done. He would spend hours in writing out shorthand notes, for, even as a boy, he was a proficient in that tedious art. There was some measure of caprice in his work, which thus told against him in the race for scholastic distinction. He won, however, two prizes for German and one for Problems in 1873. The same restlessness which led him to change from the classical to the modern side at Harrow marked his course for some time after he left the school. He studied a year under the care of the Vicar of Hitchin, who had been Senior Wrangler and Fellow of Trinity. But, though he gained a First Class and was a prizeman at Trinity in his first year, Keith-Falconer gave up his mathematical studies and prepared for the Theological Tripos. Mr. Sinker, who thus became his tutor, says that, though the change was unusual, it was a wise one. "He showed the keenest appreciation of his new line of work from the first, and kept it to the end." Hebrew, Greek Testament, Exegesis, Church history, and the study of Biblical questions—which formed the staple of the work for the tripos—were a constant source of delight to him. Hebrew especially laid hold of his mind. Mr. Sinker still preserves a bundle of post-cards written by his pupil on every conceivable subject, which were all in Hebrew. He threw himself into his work with characteristic ardour, and won one of Dean Jeremie's Septuagint prizes in 1876. In 1878 he was one of six men in the first class of the Theological Tripos, and gained the prize for Hebrew.

It is time to speak of his feats on the bicycle. Like his friend Mr. C. T. Studd, Keith-Falconer was a Christian athlete. He had begun his practice on a "bone-shaker" at Harrow as a boy of fifteen. His reputation gradually rose, till he won the Amateur Championship Five-mile Race at Lillie Bridge in 1876, in what was then the fastest time on record. The following year he was appointed President of the London Bicycle Club. The most interesting of his races was that with John Keen, then the professional champion. The engagement was made in the beginning of the year, but Keith-Falconer forgot all about it till he was accidentally reminded of it nine days before the race. He at once began to train hard. He gave up smoking, rose early, took plenty of fresh air before breakfast, went to bed not later than ten, and took wholesome food, with not too much meat or pastry. This, with plenty of gentle exercise in the open air, was his method of training. He defeated Keen by about five yards. The first mile was done in one second less than three minutes, the last in two minutes fifty-two and two-fifths seconds. The whole time was 15 minutes 11 $\frac{2}{5}$  seconds.

The victor thus speaks of his struggle: "The excitement was something indescribable. Such a neck-and-neck race was never heard of. The pace for the last mile was terrific, as the time shows; and when it was over I felt as fit and comfortable as ever I felt in my life. And even when the race

was going on I thought actually that we were going slowly and that the time would be bad, and the reason was I was in such beautiful condition. I did not perspire or 'blow' from beginning to end. The people here are enchanted about it; so that it is gratifying to me to think that, notwithstanding my other work and other business, I can yet beat, with positive comfort and ease, the fastest rider in the world. . . . I am bound to say that smoking is bad—bad for the wind and general condition."

Mr. Sinker gives some interesting descriptions of the evangelistic work in which Mr. Keith-Falconer engaged at Cambridge and in connection with his friend, Mr. Charrington, at the East End. His gifts of money and of influence greatly helped the erection of the monster hall at Mile End, of which he was one of the trustees. He threw himself into the task with the enthusiasm which marked alike his Biblical studies and his bicycling. In October 1883 he was appointed Hebrew lecturer at Clare College, a post for which his gifts as a teacher admirably fitted him. He probed every subject to the bottom, made it clear to all, took as much pains in teaching the "stupidest man as the cleverest," and never allowed his own instruction to save a man from personal effort. In March 1884 he married Miss Gwendolen Bevan, daughter of Mr. R. C. L. Bevan, of Trent Park, Hertfordshire, and brought his wife next month to Cambridge. As examiner, lecturer, and translator of an Arabic version of Indian stories, his hands were now full of work. But before the year closed his thoughts had been irresistibly drawn toward the foreign mission field. He felt that he might do good service among the Mohammedans. In October 1885 he and his wife set out for Aden, where they remained till March of the following year. He now made more definite arrangements with the Free Church of Scotland: he and his wife were to go entirely at their own expense, and to bear the whole cost of building a mission-house and hospital. In addition he promised £300 a year for seven years to support a medical missionary. The scheme had the warmest approval of the Assembly, which recognized him as a fully accredited missionary. Meanwhile he was appointed Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic at Cambridge, and lectured on the "Pilgrimage to Mecca." At the beginning of 1887 he and his wife were installed at Shaik Othman, about eight miles from Aden. Only a few months of work were granted. On May 10 he succumbed to an attack of fever. He had been brought very low, but at last managed to get some rest. The nurse had fallen asleep, thinking how much refreshed he would be. Mrs. Keith-Falconer entered the room, and found her husband dead. He seemed to have entered into rest without an attempt to move or speak. The mission has not been allowed to fall to the ground with his death. His mother and widow contribute funds for the maintenance of two missionaries in Aden, and the mantle of Keith-Falconer has fallen on men of kindred spirit, who have cheerfully volunteered for the post. Mr. Sinker has prepared a memoir which will both keep alive a noble name and prompt to similar deeds of sacrifice. The story is told with good taste and warm appreciation of another life "ascending far up to the ideal."

*William the Conqueror.* By E. A. FREEMAN, D.C.L., LL.D.,  
&c. London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

This is the first volume of the new series of "Twelve English Statesmen," in course of publication by Messrs. Macmillan. It will seem to some, at first, a novel idea to regard the Conqueror as an English statesman, and as the first of the series. And yet as England, in its integrity to-day, and its living growth from its first complete organization till the present time, has all been built up on the foundations laid by William's policy and statecraft, laid firm and deep, though by a hand which was often violent as well as strong, and laid by legal statute as well as consecrated largely by ancient use and wont—it becomes evident on reflection that William was in very truth the first, and that he was one of the greatest, of England's statesmen. His statesmanship may be said to have given law and guidance to all the main lines of legislative development in the future. Nor can it be said that, though the statesmanship was in his name, the credit belonged to others by his side. He not only carved his own way to the throne of England, but he was himself the author of the policy by which his power was consolidated and a united England left to his successors and to future generations. Mr. Freeman was, of course, of all men, the ablest and fittest to do the life of William as regarded in this aspect. The volume is, in its way, a masterpiece, though perhaps too indulgent in its estimate of William's character and conduct. We could wish, however, that Mr. Freeman, now that he is a veteran, would not become careless in his writing, as he sometimes does. The last sentence of his Preface is by no means a model of idiomatic distinctness or grace. "Norman as a conqueror, as a statesman he is English, and, on this side of him at least, he worthily begins the series." Mr. Freeman should be a master of form as well as of matter, if his work is to last and live, as the substantial value of his historical discoveries and disquisitions would lead his admirers to expect. Of late years, as it seems to us, he has been writing too variously and too hurriedly. This volume, however, as a whole, is written vigorously, and the historical discussions are very clear and able.

*Cardinal Wolsey.* By MANDELL CREIGHTON. London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

Within the last forty years the history of England, in every period, has been re-written. Modern research has enabled us to know the characters and transactions of the far past more intimately and more truly than they were known by contemporaries. The estimate of not a few characters has had to be revised in very important particulars, and even re-cast as a whole. The history of chief events in many instances, now that we can see all round and down into secret depths and springs by means of private documents and letters of late years brought to light, has had to be not only differently coloured but altogether re-shaped. The case of Wolsey is an illustration of what we have

said. Always an impressive figure, and beyond question a man of great ability and distinction, he was yet regarded formerly as most of all distinguished by personal ambition. Now he comes out to view as—above all things—a patriot statesman and administrator. The aspect and figure which the genius of Shakespeare has presented to us when he paints Wolsey at his best, and which linger on our memories, from the final scenes of the great Churchman's life as the dramatist has given them, seem now almost to coalesce with the truth of actual history. Dr. Creighton was the very man to do justice to the history and character of Wolsey. Clear, dispassionate balancing of evidence; excellent, unaffected writing, clear, scholarly, succinct, without any hardness or stiffness; a profound and extensive acquaintance with the history of the times, including its ecclesiastical aspects and details—these are among the qualities which have fitted Dr. Creighton for dealing with this subject. The result is a very valuable and interesting study of the great English cardinal and statesman.

*William the Third.* By H. D. TRAILL. London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

William the Conqueror having been dealt with in this series of English statesmen as the first of the list, it may perhaps seem proper that the third William, who controlled and guided the great Revolution which so deeply modified the political structure of which the Conqueror had laid the foundations, should also appear among the twelve. Nevertheless, the effect of the volume before us, whilst signalizing William's greatness as a ruler and a politician, is to disallow his claims as a statesman. On this point Mr. Traill combats the conclusions of Macaulay. He denies that this great king was "that sort of anticipatory and prophetic political philosopher for which he passes in the legend of some Whig constitutionalists." "It is impossible," he argues, "to represent" (he means, of course, to *regard*) "such a ruler" as William, "however wise and moderate, as consciously training our parliamentary institutions upon the peculiar lines of growth which they subsequently followed." "It is not necessary," he further contends, "to exalt him into a divinely inspired progenitor of the British constitution in order to recognize fully the greatness of the services which he rendered to it." Unlike the Conqueror of England, William the Third had great statesmen at his side. The legislation of the Revolution was their work, not his, although he had wisdom and statesmanship enough to understand its value, or at least its necessity. Mr. Traill has written a careful, impartial, and interesting account of the life and policy of this great and heroic ruler. Sometimes, however, Mr. Traill's style seems to us to be marred by modern terms, which remind us of the popular journal or the daily paper. Thus he speaks of the Irish commissariat of 1690 as having been "almost of a Crimean inefficiency." History that is to take abiding rank as literature cannot well stoop to ephemeral phrases—which are also anachronisms—such as this. Nor will men of taste

admire such a style of allusion as we find in the following passages, which occur in the same context. The first sentence, indeed, is evidently incorrect. Having said that James the Second "inherited almost all his father's moral qualities except his courage," he adds: "These (*sic*) he 'threw back' to his grandfather, not a fortunate illustration of the biological principle of atavism." He goes on to say: "The close of his reign is naturally less romantic than his father's. Kings who fail in business owe it to their historical reputation to perish on the scaffold or the battlefield. A royal martyr is a much more impressive object than a royal levanter. It is better to 'ascend to heaven' as 'the son of St. Louis' than to take ship for Dover as 'Mr. Smith.'" This sort of would-be-smart writing would be out of taste in any such book as this volume of history. It is particularly bad when it is all dragged in *à propos* of nothing that relates to the subject which the writer had in hand. We can only hope that in future editions such blemishes as these in so good a book will be removed.

*Saint Anselm.* By R. W. CHURCH, Dean of St. Paul's. London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

This is a reprint of a book which, originally published as one of the well-known series "Workers for God," has long been recognized as a work of standard excellence. It has no rival, and needs no recommendation of ours. All that we will say, therefore, beyond this simple advertisement, is that it is capably printed and got up, and that it is an excellent companion volume to the one noticed by us above, on William the Conqueror. It forms one volume in the series of Dean Church's works now in course of republication.

*Life of Victor Hugo.* By FRANK T. MARZIALS. London: Walter Scott. 1888.

This handy volume is one of the "Great Writers Series." In Mr. Marzials the great modern poet of France has found a competent and congenial biographer and critic. He is an enthusiastic admirer of Victor Hugo's genius, though he is by no means blind to the extravagances and incongruities which so greatly mar some of his most ambitious writing, both in verse and especially in prose, which more or less blemish much even of his finest and grandest poetry. On matters of French literature Mr. Marzials may be safely taken as an adept, and the student of Victor Hugo can find no such guide or companion on the subject in the English language as this compendious and well-written book.

*Early Letters of Robert Schumann.* Originally Published by his Wife. Translated by MAY HERBERT. London: G. Bell & Sons. 1888.

These letters were published by Madame Schumann in 1885, in order that those who already loved and honoured her husband as an artist might learn to

know him as a man. To quote her own words: "Unfortunately the world knows more of his peculiarities than of his character, since he was intimate with but very few, though to those dearest to him he opened his heart without reserve. These letters therefore form a beautiful memorial, revealing all the treasures of an ideal youthful nature, strong and energetic, and filled with the highest aims and aspirations." The reader of these letters will be able to trace Schumann's course from his eighteenth to his thirtieth year. His quiet life at Zwickau, his University studies at Leipsic and Heidelberg, his holiday in Switzerland and the north of Italy, are all described in this sparkling correspondence, which abounds in glimpses of the man and his devotion to his art. He studied jurisprudence at the Universities, but his prospects as a lawyer were very uninviting, and music already had his heart. It was a happy thing for himself and for his chosen profession that he was at length allowed to follow the bent of his genius. He lost some time over his legal studies, but his ardour and diligence went far to make up for the lost ground. Speaking of Mendelssohn he says: "If I had grown up under the same circumstances as he did, and had been destined for music from childhood, I should now beat every one of you; I can feel that in the energy of my ideas. Well, every one's life has something peculiar about it, and I will not complain of mine. My father, a man whom you would have honoured if you had only seen him, saw through me very early and intended me for a musician, but my mother would not allow it. Afterwards, however, she spoke very kindly, and even approvingly, of my change of career." Not the least interesting feature of these letters is the introduction which they give the reader to Madame Schumann, the great artist, who still lives, "to gratify the world as none else can by her unrivalled classical powers." Her father, Herr Wieck, was Schumann's music-master at Leipsic. Long before they were engaged Schumann writes: "Clara is as fond of me as ever, and is just as she used to be of old, wild and enthusiastic, skipping and running about like a child, and saying the most intensely thoughtful things. It is a pleasure to see how her gifts of mind and heart keep developing faster and faster, and as it were *leaf for leaf*. The other day, as we were walking back from Connwitz (we go for a two or three hours' tramp almost every day), I heard her saying to herself, 'Oh, how happy I am! How happy!' Who would not love to hear that?" Then follows an amusing passage, which shows that she had already become the guardian angel of the absent-minded musician: "On that same road there are a great many useless stones lying about in the middle of the foot-path. Now, when I am talking I often look up more than down, so she always walks behind me and gently pulls my coat at every stone to prevent my falling. Meantime she stumbles over them herself!" Despite such devotion Schumann became engaged to another young lady, the daughter of a wealthy German baron. Lovers of music may rejoice that the engagement was soon broken off. Clara Wieck's father was much opposed to the marriage of his brilliant daughter to a struggling composer, but after long patience the lovers had their reward. Schumann was somewhat unpractical, very absent-minded, and

not always in the best of humours; but no one who reads this charming correspondence can fail to see that he was the embodiment of his own lofty and sententious counsel to young musicians. We hope that the sale of this collection will encourage the translator to give us another volume of the later letters.

*The Letters of Charles Lamb.* Newly arranged, with additions.

Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by ALFRED AINGER. Two vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

Those who have read Canon Ainger's excellent biography of Charles Lamb, in the "Men of Letters Series," will agree that his were the right hands to which to entrust the work of arranging and editing these inimitable letters. Mr. Ainger has taken great pains to determine, as far as possible, the true order of the letters—sometimes a difficult task—and to arrange them accordingly. He has omitted merely trivial and insignificant notes, but nothing, however brief, which had a valuable point in it. He has added explanatory notes, which are quite necessary; and his notes are judiciously brief. An appropriate critical introduction also adds to the interest and instructiveness of the volume. We anticipate that one effect of the publication of these volumes will be to send their readers, if they are not already familiar with it, to Mr. Ainger's biography of the writer. The biography and the letters are the necessary complement of each other. Charles Lamb and his writings, including his letters, which are sometimes more touching, and sometimes scarcely less beautiful than anything else he has written, can never cease to be full of attraction to men of taste and feeling. The pathetic history of himself and his sister cannot but predispose the reader to sympathy; but, apart from all this, and notwithstanding occasional faults, such as grieved his true friend and partial critic, Southey, and are likely to grieve other men, like Southey, who have a reverent regard for all that belongs to religion, there is so much of true genius, of quaint humour, of refined suggestiveness, of critical insight, of tender humanity in his writings, that they will continue to be, as they have been, the delight of choice and cultivated spirits.

*Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners.* By JOHN BUNYAN.

Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by the Rev. JOHN BROWN, D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1887.

Besides his masterly biography of the immortal dreamer, Dr. Brown has already published editions of the *Pilgrim's Progress* and the *Holy War*. His *Grace Abounding* is uniform with these reprints. The get-up and the clear typography make them pleasant editions for the home or the library. The Introduction to the latest volume handles the history and bibliography of the subject in a very satisfactory way, while the notes explain difficulties that occur in the work itself. It is a thoroughly useful edition. The *Grace*

*Abounding* is itself a wonderful autobiography of the inner life. It impresses us as morbid almost to the edge of madness, too morbid to be read with anything approaching pleasure. Yet even when this is said, it must be added that it will always be read with profit by Christian teachers or students of religious life in the seventeenth century. Dr. Brown has made it complete by adding Bunyan's account of his imprisonment, first published in 1765; also, the *Continuation of Mr. Bunyan's Life*, which appeared in 1692, written probably by his friend, George Cokayne.

*The Scottish Covenanters.* By the REV. THOMAS J. MACARTNEY.

It is well that the sad, but stirring and heroic history of the Scottish Covenanters should be condensed and published in a separate form, and at a cheap price, for English use, as is done in this volume. Doubtless many of the Covenanters were fanatical; it may well be feared, also, that, if they had had the power, not a few of them would have been as intolerant, and possibly even as cruel, as their persecutors were. Nevertheless, the persecution they suffered was at once inexcusable and unrelentingly cruel. The attempt was to coerce a nation, and to subdue them to the yoke of a superstition, the evil and degradation of which they may have exaggerated, but which was very evil and near to idolatrous in its essential character. Their resistance to their oppressors was magnificent in its fidelity to conviction, in its endurance of wrongful suffering which rose sometimes to unspeakable torture, and in its heroic resistance to the persecuting forces of the worthless English tyrant. It is well these chapters of history should live, sad and shameful as the story is—sad on all sides, shameful on one.

*"Sunny Fountains" and "Golden Sand": Pictures of Missionary Life in the South of the "Dark Continent."* By ARTHUR BRIGG, twenty-five years a Wesleyan Missionary in that country. London: T. Woolmer. 1888.

Of the twenty-five years spent by Mr. Brigg in South Africa, fifteen were devoted to work among the natives, that is, chiefly among the Kaffirs, the remainder of the time being given to ministerial work chiefly among the colonists. It is to such witnesses as Mr. Brigg that those should repair who desire to obtain exact knowledge respecting the native tribes. Information derived from Christian missionaries may be relied upon, as the best African governors and military leaders have well understood. Such information is none the less valuable when it is conveyed in the setting of a Methodist minister's autobiography, as he moved, at intervals, from station to station, and as he did various sorts of mission work, whether as an active evangelist or as the director of an educational and industrial institution. This is a book for Sunday School and Church libraries.

## BELLES LETTRES.

*Glen Desseray and Other Poems, Lyrical and Elegiac.* By JOHN CAMPBELL SHAIRP, LL.D., late Principal of St. Andrews' United College, and Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. Edited by FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE, LL.D. Edinburgh. London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

THIS volume, edited by the author's friend and successor in the Oxford Professorship, is dedicated by his wife "to the author's early friends who have survived him; to the friends of later years; and to all who miss his presence, and who value his thoughts, in prose and verse." It was not our privilege to be among the number of his friends, but among his admirers, and those who very greatly valued his thoughts, we had long learned to be. No truer, wiser, more refined, more sympathetic critic of the leading thinkers, whether in poetry, philosophy, or ethics, of his own time, have we known than Professor Shairp, none whom we could more confidently recommend to young men as their special guide, philosopher, and friend. We are accordingly thankful to possess this volume of his poetry. Nevertheless we doubt whether the principal poem, *Glen Desseray*, will add to his reputation. It is a sort of small epic, very loose indeed in its structure, careless and unfinished in its composition, but appealing to the sympathies of Northern Celts and to admirers of Highland scenery, which is profusely described. It was first published in *The Celtic Magazine* for 1877. The scene is laid in the two great glens which open towards Loch Arkaig in the north. The subject of the poem is the glen as it was before, and as it became after, the removal of the population, and the story is supposed to be told by the descendant of one of the families removed, who as a boy had seen and shared in the removal. The editor admits that the poetry may be sometimes open to the blame of "an apparent carelessness in the choice of words, a want of finish in style, an absence of that evenness in metrical flow which the ear demands." We confess we find these grave faults—such they are in a poet—frequently appearing in *Glen Desseray*. "The narrative," as the editor also says, "wanders discursively down the stream of Time, whilst tracing the incidents of the tale through the long glens of North-Western Scotland. It has something of the labyrinthine aspect of wild Nature, of her apparent aimlessness." "But," he adds, "throughout is felt one intense fervour of interest in the land of the Gael and its romantic natives; one pure and lofty passion of patriotism. It has the unity of sentiment, the unity of heart."

Among the minor poems of the volume are many gems. The "Hairot Rig," for example, is an exquisite ballad, perfect every way, as it seems  
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to us, and one that ought to live as long as the tenderest and best of Burns. Among the "Character Pieces" will be read with keen interest and pleasure poems on "Dean Stanley at St. Andrews" and "On the Death of Sir James Simpson." In the last section, called "Varia," are some deep-hearted poems, among which may be mentioned a sonnet on "Prayer" and verses entitled "I have a Life." "The Battle of the Alma," in the same section, is a spirited poem. It is, however, in his "Lyrics of Highland Life" and his "Lowland Lyrics," that the poetic genius of this fine critic of poetry, thought, and life—of this truly "devout philosopher"—comes out most fully and naturally.

*A Companion to "In Memoriam."* By ELIZABETH RACHEL CHAPMAN. Author of "The New Purgatory and other Poems." London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

Our modern poems not seldom need a commentary or an interpreter. This is the case with very many of Browning's, and appears also to be true of Tennyson's noble elegy. The volume before us is by no means the first of its class, and will be useful to perplexed readers who find a difficulty in tracing the subtle links and aspects of thought in the closely woven chains of the poet's meditations. The subtlety, depth, and condensation of the poem make it, beyond doubt, hard sometimes for an untrained student to enter into the poet's meaning, although, when the meaning is once seen, these very qualities make it easier to remember the language, which enshrines in its melodious stanzas of brief and pregnant expression, thoughts so deep and so suggestive. The paraphrase contained in this volume is clear and elegant, without stilt or affectation.

#### ART AND ÆSTHETICS IN FRANCE.

In the first March issue of *L'Art*,\* two interesting studies, one by M. A. Venturi, on Francesco del Cossa, the Ferrarese painter of the fifteenth century, the other on Venetian Faïence, by M. Emile Molinier, are concluded. The most noticeable thing in the second March issue is an article on the tenth exhibition of the French Society of Painters in Water-colours, by M. Paul Leroy. M. H. Meren contributes to the April issues a study of the Cathedral at Orvieto (the *urbs vetus* of the Romans), in which the fusion of the Gothic and Italian styles presents a curious and instructive spectacle to the student of architecture and of history. The cathedral dates from the thirteenth century, not having been completed until the sixteenth. Maitani Orcagna, Andrea and Giovanni Pisano, Sansovino, Donatello, Fra Angelico, San Gallo, Pinturicchio, Signorelli, Zuccari, and Gian Bologna, all had at one time or another a hand in its construction or embellishment, and it thus constitutes one of the most precious of existing monuments of human skill and devotion as applied to the service of the Church. The May issues are as usual occupied with the Salon.

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\* Paris: Librairie de *L'Art*.

*Joyce.* By MRS. OLIPHANT. Three vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

To say that this story is by Mrs. Oliphant—that veteran mistress of the art of fiction weaving—is to say that it is well written, and perfectly pure and wholesome in tone, that the characters are skilfully delineated, and the narrative skilfully related. Indeed, in these respects, and so far as a large part of the story is concerned, this is one of Mrs. Oliphant's best books. The fine old Scotch peasantry, the English clergyman, of more than one type, with the helpmeet of the same, the contrasts between the North and South in character and social feeling, all this and much more in the writer's well known vein, is here. There is also in the story mystery, though hardly tragedy, and suspense, although there cannot be said to be any dramatic *dénouement*. But it is a very disappointing story; the last we see of the heroine is as she disappears in a fog of uncertainty. Nothing of any importance ends happily; indeed, there cannot well be said to be any end at all of the story, or any section of it. The lost daughter is found and finds out herself, only to be completely bewildered in painful perplexity as to what she ought to do, and driven to flight, whither or to what result is not revealed—only some doubtful, far-away rumour of what may be supposed to be the lost one seems to be faintly whispered. This is, we think, an almost unexampled sort of work of imagination; the book has no redeeming marvels or brilliancies, no excitement of villany or horror. Never, we should think, was a clever composition likely to yield more discontent.

*Chris.* By W. E. NORRIS. Two vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

This is the slightest work we have read from the pen of Mr. Norris. Though superficial, however, it is a good story of its kind, the characters natural, the scenery vivid, the course of the story pleasantly and skilfully managed. But so able a craftsman and so wholesome a writer as Mr. Norris should hardly write so small and thin a story as this is. From *Mademoiselle de Mersac* to *Chris* is indeed "a far cry."

*Dante and other Essays.* By R. W. CHURCH, Dean of St. Paul's. London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

Dean Church has done well to republish his well-known essay on Dante. Originally printed as a review article in 1850, and subsequently reprinted in separate form, it has stood the test of time, and remains, with perhaps the exception of Mr. Lowell's essay printed in the first volume of his *Among My Books*, the most sensitive, discriminating, and appreciative monograph on the great Florentine in the English language. The two other essays which he has joined with it, one on Wordsworth, the other on Mr. Browning's *Sordello*, are

almost too slight to merit reproduction, but they are readably written, and an unoccupied hour may be pleasantly spent in glancing through them.

*Bigotry and Progress.* London: R. D. Dickinson. 1888.

A weak, tedious novel, which essays to write down what the author takes to be orthodox doctrine, and to write up a Christianity of vague sentiment and colourless moralities. The author may be very wise, but the characters he has put on the stage are very poor, ignorant creatures. One of them ascribes St. John's words to St. Paul (p. 272). Another, who by the way is evidently a mask for the author, puts Predestination, Effectual Calling, Justification, Original Sin, Total Depravity, the Atonement, the Trinity, the Incarnation, on the same level, rejecting or explaining them away. From this it is easy to infer what the author means by bigotry and progress; bigotry is thinking and believing according to the laws of thought and faith, progress is casting overboard all laws and believing what you like. There are many mistakes in the book, but the greatest of all is the construction of elaborate dialogues and scenes to make known or to hide such utterly crude opinions.

#### WESLEYAN CONFERENCE PUBLICATIONS.

The fashionable fictions of the time show us what is supposed to be "society" without God, without any reference to the Christian faith, or any recognition of religion. It is well, since fiction must and will be read, and is, indeed, the popular and effective channel for the conveyance of opinion, and sometimes of argument, and even for the delineation of the facts of life, especially contemporary life, that there should be a supply of stories in which the stream of Christian life and influence is always kept in view, and Christian principles and ideas are brought vividly under the attention. Especially is it important to make such provision for young people, to whom stories are as congenial as cakes and sweetmeats, and who can often be scarcely taught except by parable or vivid tale. The Wesleyan publishing house, with which Mr. Woolmer's name is associated, has a well-established reputation for such stories, and renders excellent service by their publication. The Sunday School library and the Christian family alike welcome them. *Millie's Disappearance* is a story made up chiefly of sketches of Mission work. These sketches are very well done, natural, striking, and touching, without being sensational or extravagant. The Gospel teaching also is sound and good. The sketches are woven into a very pretty story. *Courtenay Harrison's Early Struggles* is a good deal more of a story. Indeed, it is full of varied interest, and well invented and written. Southport, Manchester, Kew, Brentford, London, Manitoba all come into view as we read. This book will be a favourite. *Mother McGubbin and other Stories* is an amusing book for very young readers. With the amusement instruction and good influences are combined.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*Tropical Africa.* By HENRY DRUMMOND, F.R.S.E., F.G.S. With Maps and Illustrations. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1888.

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND here shines in a new character, that of African traveller. It is scarcely too much to say that, in virtue of the artist's faculty of seeing, selecting, and grouping, his small volume gives one a clearer and more vivid picture of interior Africa than many bulky volumes of ordinary travel. The date of the journey is not indicated; it is spoken of as recent, and this is not material. The route taken was to Lakes Nyassa and Tanganyika, by way of the Zambesi. The author saw and describes many new things. One is the marvellous network of footpaths covering the centre of the continent, which is graphically described (p. 32). With native guides it would seem impossible to lose one's way. "Probably no explorer has ever, for more than a few days at a time, been off some beaten track." Right from east to west these tracks run, winding and twisting in the most extraordinary way. A native always goes round a stone or fallen tree; removing it would never occur to him. "It is not that he resents the trouble, it is the idea that is wanting." "For persistent straightforwardness in the general, and utter vacillation and irresolution in the particular, the African roads are unique in engineering." The simple explanation of what is called the African's laziness is that he does not need to work. "With so bountiful a nature round him, it would be gratuitous to work. And his indolence, therefore, as it is called, is just as much a part of himself as his flat nose, and as little blameworthy as slowness in a tortoise." Here is the obstacle to the development of the vast, untouched resources of the soil, especially with the ivory to fall back upon. The elephant is being rapidly exterminated. And our author is inclined to think that when this is done there will be a chance of other resources being tried. "The elephant has done much for Africa. The best he can now do for his country is to disappear for ever." "The stupendous awkwardness of the menagerie animal, as if so large a creature were quite a mistake, vanishes completely when you watch him in his native haunts. Here he is as nimble as a kitten, and you see how perfectly this moving mountain is adapted to its native habitat—how such a ponderous monster indeed is as natural to these colossal grasses as a rabbit to an English park." As to native laziness, Professor Drummond describes a road between the two lakes, 46 miles of which are finished, made perfectly, rapidly, cheerfully, by free native labour (p. 64). The account of the services of the white ant in pulverizing the soil is described in a special chapter. The worm is unsuited to the climate, and Mr. Drummond never saw one. The white ant, however, takes its place, and does its work very effectively. We must pass over interesting incidents of native

life, insect habits, geological and other information, to note the serious purpose of the volume. The references to the slave-trade are fearful. We hope that it is not true that British vigilance is relaxing; at so little cost so much evil may be prevented. "Among these simple and unprotected tribes, Arabs—uninvited strangers of another race and nature—pour in from the north and east with the deliberate purpose of making this paradise a hell. It seems the awful destiny of this homeless people to spend their lives in breaking up the homes of others. Wherever they go in Africa the followers of Islam are the destroyers of peace, the breakers up of the patriarchal life, the dissolvers of the family tie." Recent and fearful tragedies are recited, which we commend to our reverend and unreverend apologists for the mission of Islam in Africa. We sincerely hope that Professor Drummond's earnest appeal to Great Britain to fulfil its duty to Central Africa will not fall on deaf ears. The slave-map with its blood-red districts, which have been depopulated by Arab rifles, and its indication of wide districts which are the hunting-ground of Arab slavers, is of great and sad significance. What is the meaning of the following reference to these slavers? "With the sudden creation of a new demand for slaves in a quarter of which I dare not speak further here, their offences can only increase in number and audacity."

*The French Stage in the Eighteenth Century.* By FREDERICK HAWKINS. Two vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1888.

Mr. Hawkins's *French Stage to the Death of Racine* is already to some extent a standard work; and in this second period of his history he has to deal with Voltaire, a much more important person on the world's stage than either Corneille or Racine. "Voltaire" (as he well remarks) "has been whitewashed or besmirched with an equal disregard for truth. . . . When his remains and those of Rousseau were stolen from the Pantheon and reburied in a field at Bercy amid a heap of quicklime, 'would to God,' exclaimed one of the robbers 'we could thus put an end to their doctrines.' But if we form our estimate of Voltaire from his own writings, his indisputable acts, and the testimony of the most clear-headed of his contemporaries, we find that he was no doubt irascible, over-sensitive to attack, ready to flatter insincerely, lapsing now and then from strict truth, always irreverent save when his deism was appealed to, but at the same time humane, affectionate, generous to self-denial, steadfast in friendship, quick to forgive a wrong, free from unworthy jealousies, very modest as to his own gifts, and full of amenity and grace in the commerce of life" (ii. 236). And, thus trying to hold the balance fairly, Mr. Hawkins reminds us that "Christianity does not stand in need of a misrepresentation of its foes." Of Voltaire's place as a dramatist he speaks with equal impartiality. He is far from endorsing Gray's view that his plays rank next to those of Shakespeare; he admits that, "in the inspiration of a great poet he, was unquestionably wanting," yet he thinks the *Brutus* as great as *Cinna*, and *Alzire* or *Mérope* almost as rich in pathos and

tenderness as *Iphigénie*. Voltaire's acts of kindness were very numerous. Everybody knows how he exerted himself for the Calas family, and what delight it gave him when once, towards the end of his life, the crowd cheering as he was passing through the Halles, a stranger inquired: "Who is the great man?" "Why, the saviour of the Calases, to be sure," cried a fishwife. Voltaire almost burst into tears, whispering to his companion: "Yes, my best work is that I was able to do a little good." Less known to the English reader is his kindness to Lekain, "*Le Garrick Français*," the stage-struck son of a master goldsmith. The poet tried hard to persuade him to act only as an amateur. "Don't make it your profession; it's proscribed by the hypocrites and disparaged by the dolts." How natural this from the man who felt so keenly and wrote so pathetically when Adrienne Lecouvreur was flung into her grave without Christian rites. "Stick to business; I'll lend you 10,000 livres to add to what your father has left you. You act well: I thank Providence for having made somebody who can stir me to emotion by reciting even poor verse. Act for pleasure—your own and the world's; but never go on the stage." Lekain was stubborn; and then Voltaire took him into his house, taught him, built a private theatre for him, and in his *Rome Sauvée* acted Ciceron to Lekain's Lentulus. At forty-nine, Lekain literally killed himself with over-energy. Voltaire was at Ferney, and his pupil was night after night carrying all before him at the Comédie Française. The part of Vendôme threw him into a fever, and in three days he was dead, and his old friend sobbing like a broken-hearted schoolboy. Fortunately Lekain had, before his death "renounced his profession;" so there was no scandal about his interment. His friends were able to give him a public funeral without contravening the law. Voltaire's last act (this is one of several facts new to the English reader which Mr. Hawkins has put on record) was to intercede for the son of Count Lally, the Irish Frenchman, whose enemies succeeded in getting him sent home from India in disgrace, thereby sacrificing to private spite the French power in Hindostan. Lally was beheaded and attainted, but after many efforts Voltaire got the attainder reversed, and was able three days before he died to write to the son: "I am dying, but this news gives me fresh life. I embrace you most tenderly." To bad poets Voltaire could be as severe as Pope. One, whose play had been hissed off the stage, complained that Voltaire had got up a conspiracy against it. "On the contrary," replied he, "your noble friends hired half a pit-full to applaud at twenty sous a head; but these *claqueurs* got so bored that some of them returned the money, saying, 'We'd rather pay and hiss like the rest.'" But Voltaire is far from filling the whole of Mr. Hawkins's interesting volumes. Besides Regnault, Piron, Marmontel, Destouches, we have sketches of actors and actresses—Mdlle. Clairon, Marie Dangeville, Dugazon, Dazincourt (the original barber in *Figaro*) Molé, and others, down to Talma and Vestris. We must not think that because, then as now, an actress's life was full of temptations, under which many fell, therefore the standard was uniformly and exceptionally low. The Paris public was a rigid, though not always a consistent, *censor morum*. Mdlle.

Raucourt, for instance, in her arrogance, her lavish expenditure, and her unblushing immorality, a contrast to "the gentle Dumesnil," was actually driven from Paris—hissed down in her most successful parts. That the morals of the stage should be low was to be expected in such an age. When Marshal Saxe fell in love with Mme. Favart, and, indignantly repulsed by her, got a *lettre-de-cachet* against her husband and had her shut up in the convent of the Ursulines, where he found means to outrage her, he wrote in cynical amusement about "the fuss the poor devil of a vaudeville-writer made about his actress-wife." The wonder is that the stage did not sink lower—that women like Mme. Favart and like Mlle. Doligny (who refused the Marquis de Gouffier's hand because he had begun by endeavouring to corrupt her) were not unfrequent even in such a reign as that of Louis XV. Mr. Hawkins has some important remarks on the influence of Shakespeare on the French stage during this period. Voltaire strongly opposed the Shakespeare invasion, partly out of dislike to Letourneur, who was meditating a complete translation. He succeeded in stemming the disposition to imitate the great English dramatist, by whom, nevertheless, in spite of himself, he was far from being uninfluenced.

1. *The Principles of Agricultural Practice.* By J. WRIGHTSON, M.R.A.C., F.C.S., Examiner in Agriculture to the Science and Art Department, Professor of Agriculture in the Normal School of Science, &c. London : Chapman & Hall.
2. *The Pioneers and Progress of English Farming.* By R. E. PROTHERO, Barrister-at-Law, Fellow of All Souls', Oxford. London : Longmans.

1. Farming is under a heavy cloud, through which only the sanguine can see anything that can fairly be called a silver lining. Yet Mr. Wrightson, as in duty bound, goes at the subject as if it was sure to pay. Why else have agricultural colleges, and normal schools, and lectures, and museums, and Professor Wrightson himself. His *raison d'être* is the fact that farming is still not only possible but profitable. No doubt the old wasteful, unintelligent system has much to answer for : so have attempts at "high farming" by those ill-qualified to undertake it or in places and under conditions which almost courted failure. But still we wish Mr. Wrightson had, like Mr. Prothero, set down the *pros* and *cons*, and calmly discussed the all-important question whether or not farming of the right kind will still pay. Instead of this he discusses again and again what students ought to be taught and what not, the use and abuse of geology in agricultural teaching, the capabilities of different soils and manures, &c. Of his facts some will be new, even to most experts : for instance, the value of "basic-cinder," a bye-product in the Bessemer steel process, of which 200,000 tons are imported from Germany, while 130,000 are

manufactured in this country. Few who use "Thomas's phosphate powder" are aware that it is this "cinder," the slag of the calcined dolomite, which, under the Bessemer system, is introduced into the molten iron. We question if most practical farmers know that, whereas, as a rule, fine timber means good land, beeches (as at Blenheim Park) often flourish on poor, thin soil. "Bad land never grew a good thorn," says the farmer's proverb; but the black thorn thrives on bad land, and the birch (as is seen on the thin hungry land north of Thetford) is as complacent in this respect as the Scotch fir. A question often asked in agricultural examinations is: "Are stones useful in soils, and why?" Yes, replies Mr. Wrightson; not because they conserve moisture, which is doubtful, but because their trituration makes exhaustion impossible, and also because owing to their presence heavy soils may sometimes be treated as light. This is so in the clays round Dartford, and on the oolitic hills of Gloucestershire, where the big plate-like fragments of rock turned up by the plough make the soil fit for growing barley and folding sheep. Mr. Wrightson has, of course, a good deal on the value of permanent pasture. He holds to the proverb, "to make a pasture will break a man"—the process needs so much time. And the converse means that old grass land is virgin soil and bears accordingly. The danger of laying down pasture has been shown on a wide scale in Ireland. Some years ago it was extensively done; but, as Mr. Wrightson says, "after two years your pasture begins to go back" (p. 212), and he might have added that, except in rare cases, it does not recover. Most of the big Irish graziers are now bankrupt. As to finance, Mr. Wrightson points out how useful it is for the student to be taught the price of keeping a horse, the unit in farm expenses; he admits the depreciation of clay lands, as much as 50 per cent. on the value of the crops, the real loss being of course much greater, because cost of labour, price of seed, &c., remain the same, and rent has seldom adequately fallen. Still from not one word in his lectures could one gather that the lecturer believes farming in general to be played out.

2. Mr. Prothero is far less hopeful. His scholarly book begins with a clear sketch of the rudely co-operative farming, or common field system, of our Teutonic ancestors, and which was preceded by the "wild field husbandry," or breaking up the common for two years and then throwing it back into pasture, of the Celts of our South-West counties, signs of the existence of which Marshall noted as late as 1804. From these beginnings he traces the "self-sufficing farming," as he calls it, up to the Tudor period, the first half of the fifteenth century being the peasants' golden age, his diet being ample and the Black Death having doubled his wages. Then came farming for profit, lords of manors enclosing their wastes, *i.e.*, "withdrawing their demesne lands from the agrarian partnership," land being henceforth regarded, not as a source of power, but of wealth; for "landlords recognized that the soil might produce rents now they had ceased to need retainers." The Wars of the Roses killed feudalism, and made trade the ruling power. Wool might be coined into gold; therefore commons were enclosed, and the process went on, a new impulse being given by the suppression of the monasteries, till in Henry VIII.'s reign

a petition could set forth that 50,000 ploughs had been put down, each of which, on the average, had maintained thirteen and a half people. Thus, out of a population certainly less than five millions, nearly three-quarters of a million were deprived of subsistence. It is curious that Raleigh anticipated Cobden in holding that England could be wholly supplied with grain from abroad, provided (he takes care to add) she secured the sovereignty of the seas. Worse than all, while laws fixed the maximum of wages, the purchasing power of money was by the influx of American gold lessened to one-fifth of what it had been. Latimer's sermons give a good many hints of the distressing change, against which Kett's rebellion was the East Anglian protest. With the eighteenth century began the reaction from pasture to tillage; and then Bakewell and Webb and others took sheep and cattle-breeding in hand; and, while enclosures still went on apace, the growth of a manufacturing population made it necessary to increase the food supply. How war prices (seeming paradox) killed out the small freeholders, and how the collapse at the end of the long war told on the farming interest, is well discussed by Mr. Prothero. After a truly wretched time came the age of Liebig and Lawes and others, who applied science to farming, and enabled "the fittest" to survive even the shock of Free Trade. The present crisis, Mr. Prothero believes, is partly due to the decreasing supply of gold and the refusal to make silver a joint standard. He is not very sanguine. Peasant proprietors can't be made to order; in France and elsewhere they existed long before the Revolution. Large numbers of labourers will probably be dismissed and must emigrate. "The three F's, with the attendant tutelage of a Land Court, are not only historically indefensible, but unnecessary and unfair to English landlords." His last word is that "tenant farmers must clear their eyes of the dust of Protection, and go in for diversified farming," and then they will find much in their favour. His remarks on the nationalization of land will please every one but the land-nationalizers; but he has a strong idea that land is overburdened with local taxation, and that "subventions from general taxation are a clumsy expedient" (p. 209). It will be seen from this brief notice that, while Mr. Wrightson's lectures are valuable to the specialist and interesting to the amateur, Mr. Prothero may be advantageously read by all who would get a clear understanding of the history of the land question.

*Geology: Chemical, Physical and Stratigraphical.* By JOSEPH PRESTWICH, M.A., F.R.S., F.G.S., Professor of Geology, Oxford. In two vols. Vol. II. *Stratigraphical and Physical.* Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1888.

As the first volume of this work discussed the composition of rocks and the changes brought about in them by chemical agencies, the second traces the formation of the earth's crust and the appearance and development of life upon it. We have thus in the two volumes a complete history of the earth's growth

to its present state, so far as that history is yet known to us. The clearness with which the minute details of knowledge are marshalled is marvellous, bespeaking the ease and familiarity of a master of science. The successive periods of the earth's internal growth—palæozoic, mesozoic, tertiary, quaternary—are laid bare to our gaze like successive periods in the history of a nation. Many interesting episodes intervene, such as the nature and formation of the coal-beds. The glacial epoch is very fully discussed. The distribution of the strata in different countries, and especially in different parts of England, is carefully followed. Such countless details might easily give the impression that everything is known, were it not for occasional notes of gaps still to be filled up and questions still to be answered. One sentence in the Preface is worthy of being noted by students in other fields: "Geologists are for the most part agreed upon the main facts of geology, but they differ in the interpretation of them. Consequently, while in geological works there is a general agreement in description, there is often a wide difference in the construction put upon the phenomena, and in the treatment of the theoretical questions involved." A note on the duration of our coal-fields is somewhat reassuring (p. 130). The illustrations are a wonder of accuracy and beauty. They include two maps, sixteen plates of fossils, and 256 woodcuts. The geological map of Europe, indicating the geological structure of the whole continent by different tints, is as remarkable as anything in the book. The work does honour alike to the author, the University Press, and British science.

*The Parish Priest of the Town.* Lectures delivered in the Divinity School, Cambridge, by JOHN GOTT, D.D., Dean of Worcester, and late Vicar of Leeds. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1887.

Though late, this little volume deserves notice, both for what is excellent and what, to us, is objectionable in it. It gathers up the results of long experience and successful work. It is evidently an account of the author's own methods, which are commended to the clergy generally from a University chair, and not commended in vain. The book photographs the system of clerical work in operation over a large part of the kingdom, and explains the Anglican revival of to-day. There is much, indeed, in the narrow exclusiveness and priestly assumptions of the book to repel outsiders. The titles of the six chapters in the contents are—The Priestly Mind, The Priestly Hand, The Priestly Crook, The Priestly Arms, The Priestly Soul. Directions as to the Parish Priest's conduct are given under "The Priestly Arms;" we are glad it is not under "The Priestly Crook." The policy recommended is, first, one of ignoring, resting plainly, even in the Dean's own case, on ignorance—and next, of stealthy encroachment. "Political Dissenters" are distinguished from "religious persons." "One of my curates won a Wesleyan the other day by this personal argument: 'Does your minister come to see you during your

illness?' She answered, 'No.' 'Do any of your chapel people visit you?' 'No,' again. 'Then who cares for your soul?' 'Only you, as far as I can see.'" The author acknowledges that Wesleyans have taught or re-taught the Anglican Church the meaning of conversion, and that the "class-system" has been copied by the Church "without its dangers;" and the return he makes is to steal into widows' houses and win Wesleyans by contemptible means.

Yet there is much to be learnt from the book by Nonconformist ministers. The personal, minute, systematic, untiring attention given to school-work, visitation, auxiliary societies of all kinds, is worthy of the practical imitation which is the best form of praise. We grant at once that, if our people can be stolen from us, we deserve to lose them, though this is no justification of the thief. We can only meet tact and devotion by the like. The counsel given respecting study, personal devoutness, demeanour in and out of divine worship, is often most pertinent. "A Town Curate's Book-shelf" gives lists of books under various heads. The lists, while mainly Anglican, are not exclusively so.

*Prosperity or Pauperism? Physical, Industrial, and Technical Training.* Edited by the EARL OF MEATH (Lord Brabazon). London: Longmans & Co. 1888.

This volume will be welcome to educational and social philanthropists. It is a collection of papers and addresses, which have been published in a number of reviews and newspapers, and which relate to almost all the points that at present occupy the public mind in connection with physical, industrial, and technical training. The papers are many of them slight, but they mark the stirring of opinion and will be found suggestive. The veteran educationist, if his studies have been broad and thorough, will find little that is new and less that is completely thought out. But the general reader will be impressed by the convergence of public attention, and, on some points, of public opinion. Besides Lord Meath himself, who is a worthy leader in this department of philanthropy, we have here a paper from that veteran educationist and political economist, Edwin Chadwick, on his old subject, the "Half-time System of Physical and Industrial Training," and a variety of other papers on almost every conceivable question of education, in the widest sense of that word, from Sir John Lubbock, Samuel Smith, M.P., Sir Philip Magnus, Mr. H. S. Cunyngame, Professor Huxley, Dr. J. B. Paton, and many more.

*The New Social Order.* By JOHN FORDYCE, M.A., Author of "Aspects of Scepticism." London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1888.

This a very seasonable and excellent book, with the great merit of not being too large for popular usefulness. It is comprehensive, carefully condensed,

well and succinctly written. The chapters deal in succession with the moral condition of the ancient pagan world, the new ideal of manhood introduced into the world by Christianity, the emancipation of women, the Christian family ideal, the dignity of labour according to the law and spirit of Christianity, and Christianity and family life. We should have said more about the views of the writer and the merits of his book, but that his contributions on some of the subjects with which he deals have enriched the pages of this journal. We cannot, however, refrain from strongly recommending this small but full treatise to young men, and especially to young ministers whose library resources are limited. It is *multum in parvo*, and eminently a book for the times.

*The Inner Mission.* Four Addresses by J. B. PATON, M.A., D.D.  
London: Wm. Isbister. 1888.

Dr. Paton is rightly fascinated by the phrase "Inner Mission" used in Germany in comparison with our "Home Mission." The first address gives a general sketch of the rise of the German work, and the comprehensiveness of the aims it keeps in view. It may yet turn out that the practical Reformation founded by Wichern will be as fruitful in good as the doctrinal Reformation of Luther. The address on the present religious state of Europe contains many sad and many hopeful features. Dr. Paton truly says that the Roman Church is "transformed into a gigantic Jesuit Society." He also notes it as a misfortune that on the Continent "Liberal" is often convertible with "infidel." Secular schools in Holland, France, Switzerland, often, perhaps generally, are "secularistic." "The State, in refusing its support to the Church, has given effective support to infidelity." Dr. Paton's chief reliance for the revival of spiritual faith is on the rebellion of the undying religious instincts of the human heart against the negations of unbelief, as well as against the formalism of Rome and degenerate Protestantism. The last address deals with "Woman's Great Work in the Church," which he thinks is rather the ministry of the hand and heart than of the tongue.

*A Handbook of Foreign Missions:* containing an Account of the principal Protestant Missionary Societies in Great Britain. With Notices of those on the Continent and in America. Also an Appendix on Roman Catholic Missions. London: Religious Tract Society. 1888.

Nearly one hundred missionary societies are described in this Handbook. First in order are those of Great Britain and Ireland, then come Women's Societies, Missionary Societies on the Continent of Europe, American Societies, Medical Missions, Missions to the Jews, and Publication Societies. The book thus furnishes, as the introduction says, a compendious view of the labours of the Christian Church for the evangelization of the heathen. Work among Roman

Catholics and members of the Greek Church does not come within the scope of this work, but the former is carefully treated in an Appendix. The introduction refers to problems which press for solution—such as education, vernacular Christian literature, the waste of labour in some mission fields. These and other topics are of vital interest if our work is to be as widespread as possible. The information and tables of membership, &c., have in most cases been supplied by the secretaries of the various societies. The account of Wesleyan Missions under the care of the English Conference is taken from the "Review of the past Half Century" given in its yearly report. The handbook will be invaluable for missionary societies and missionary workers. It should help to bind all organizations more closely together, save unnecessary expenditure, and promote aggressive work.

*Talks to Young Men.* By ROBERT COLLYER. London: R. D. Dickinson, 1888.

These fascinating "talks" are selected from the lectures of an interesting and gifted man. Robert Collyer, now the minister of "the Church of the Messiah," in New York, was a native of the rugged hill country of the West Riding. He was born, not much less than seventy years ago, in or near Keighley, and worked, it is said, while young, both at the factory and at the smithy. He is still remembered in the neighbourhood of Addingham as having worked with the hammer and as a popular Wesleyan local preacher. More than forty years ago he emigrated to the United States, and there entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church. After a while, however, he was separated from the Methodist Church and became a Unitarian minister at Chicago, where he remained twenty years, and was very popular. For nine years past he has been resident at New York, still as a Unitarian minister. He is a man of no ordinary powers, and retains, in his style as a public speaker, and in the moral tone of his addresses and appeals, a strong flavour of his early experience and training, refined, no doubt, by many years of diligent culture. There is no direct Unitarian teaching in these lectures. They are the wise, penetrating, persuasive "talks" of a man of quick sympathy, large experience, and real genius. The spirit is elevated and also tender, the lessons are very wholesome, they are eminently suitable as "talks to young men." Defective these lectures are, wanting in direct and strictly evangelical teaching; here and there also "unsoundness" of doctrine flavours them. Bold and irreverent liberties are sometimes taken with sacred texts or phrases. The lecture on Burns, we must add, is dangerously lax and unguarded. But, taken as a whole, the lectures are not only attractive and persuasive, but morally valuable. Ministers especially will find them happily suggestive, both in their substance and in their manner of approaching and addressing young people on points of delicacy and difficulty relating to conduct, and the minor, if not the major, ethics of life.

## SUMMARIES OF FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES (May 1).—M. de Varigny contributes a suggestive article on "Great Fortunes in the United States." Jay Gould heads the list of the world's millionaires. Then comes J. W. Mackay, another American. Rothschild is third; Vanderbilt fourth. England has five in the first twelve millionaires, America boasts the other seven. Among the seven hundred millionaires of the world, England heads the list with two hundred, America and Germany (with Austria-Hungary) have one hundred each; France, seventy-five; Russia, fifty; the Indies, fifty; and other countries, one hundred and twenty-five. Jay Gould, the American railway king, is scarcely fifty years old. His father was a farmer in New York State, who gave the lad two shillings when he was twelve years old and sent him to seek his fortune, saying, "Do the best you can; you are good for nothing here." Three years later he had to assist his parents. Before he was twenty-five he was worth £20,000. Seven years later he became master of the Erie railway, and increased his capital tenfold. Interesting particulars are given of the struggles by which Mr. Gould became master of the situation and controlled the money-market. During his great struggle in 1873, when his name was in all mouths, he directed his campaign from his office, the approach to which was protected by a band of armed pugilists. Twenty-seven banks of the first rank suspended payment during that crisis. Such a fact is painfully significant of the means by which Mr. Gould's fortune has been built up. M. de Varigny points out that the millionaires are mainly recruited from the middle classes.

(May 15).—M. Émile Blanchard writes on "Secondary Instruction in the Country." He wishes to see the methods applied to it which are already employed in the primary education of certain districts. There you may find a teacher whose soul is in his work, and whose pupils find their studies a pleasure. They are taught by a series of object lessons to recognize the birds and insects which are useful to the country, and are thus made zealous protectors of things that other children would ruthlessly destroy. M. Blanchard pleads for the erection of colleges in the country instead of the town, so that students may gain the health and knowledge of Nature which are lost in towns. Both masters and pupils would gain by a change of sites.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW (April).—The brief article upon General Sherman as a possible President will be read with interest. The General has not refused to be a candidate, but has stated that if the Convention proposes his name it will "hear something unpleasant." He is now in his sixty-eighth year, but vigorous, plain-spoken, and original as ever. As he appeared in the war he was "tall of stature, broad-chested, and well-knit, but spare of flesh, because of intense nervous energy; restless and quick in movement; his eye large, eager, and piercing; with hawk-like nose, and iron-clamped jaw, stiffly bearded; a broad expanse of forehead, so broad as to be out of proportion to the rest of his face; and the stern look, stern almost to grimness." Though trained as a soldier, Sherman's first experience of war was in the rout at Bull Run. The article gives a *résumé* of his military triumphs. In peace he has not abated his dash and vigour. "We see him now, when his hair has turned white, and his stubby grey beard is close cropped, taking his rest after the labours of an eventful life; cheery as a lark, flying about as restless as ever, kissing all the pretty girls presented to him, and rich with quaint humour. . . . Sometimes the old fighter gets uppermost in him, and he writes peppery letters." He is distinctly averse to purely party politics, and regards any one who speaks of him in connection with the Presidency as harbouring evil designs on his peace of mind and well-being. Nevertheless, the writer of this article thinks that Sherman's name should be placed in any list of possible Presidents. The General's health has blown all such thoughts to the wind since the above article was written.

UNSERE ZEIT (May).—Vice-Admiral Basch contributes an article, entitled "Great Britain's 'Ultima Ratio,'" which will be studied with interest by all who are responsible for the protection of our coasts and the Empire at large. The group of islands called Great Britain is the centre-point of a system of outworks spread over the whole globe. The writer discusses the weak points of our system, and shows that the British fleet must seek out our probable enemies at the springs of their power to hinder them from disturbing our colonies, our maritime trade, our coaling-stations, and great lines of communication. The security of our home ports must, he holds, depend on themselves, or we must form a well-organized army on the continental pattern.

PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW (April).—The Rev. Dr. Roberts has a suggestive article on "Higher Education in the West." "Conceal it from other nations as we may," he says, "it must be confessed among ourselves that we have no *National* system of education. We have a National Bureau of Education, which probably presents to other nations the semblance at least of a national system, but in reality its vocation is to collect items of information regarding education, reduce them to a system, and publish the results for the benefit of the whole country. That Bureau has no control over the States, and no authority to introduce a plan or to correct a fault." The national sentiment in America is against the principle of national education. Each of the thirty-eight States and the ten territories insists on having its own independent school system. The new States and territories in the East have indeed adopted the system which is most approved in the West, so that the common schools in Illinois, Iowa, and Kansas are unquestionably equal to those in Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New York. There is, however, no national system of common schools, much less of high schools or colleges. No attempt has ever been made to reduce these institutions to a system, and it is extremely doubtful whether this can be done under existing conditions in the West. "If the high schools and the academies, the colleges and the universities, could only be unified so as to aid each other in advancing the standard of scholarship, and realizing the best results of education, we should at once be in possession of all we desire." Dr. Roberts urges that the Church should not pause for an instant in her work of establishing colleges in the new States and territories of the West. Other agencies must help to the utmost if this broad land is to be possessed for Christ, or the nation to retain its present liberty and political privileges.

OUR DAY (March).—Mr. Cook's Prelude to his 196th Boston Lecture, on February 13, deserves special attention. It is on "Utah at the Doors of Congress." The opening sentence goes to the heart of the matter. "Slavery is dead, but polygamy, the twin relic of barbarism, has now a preponderating political influence in a territory larger than New England and all the middle States." Utah itself is only 300 miles long and 325 wide, but the Mormon conspiracies have taken firm hold on the adjoining territories. In Idaho, Wyoming, New Mexico, Nevada, and Colorado the Mormons are so active in politics, so wealthy, and so thoroughly under the control of their priesthood, that the lobby representing them in Washington has dangerous influence. The attempts to make Utah a Mormon State are underrated, Mr. Cook thinks. Parties are so nicely balanced that there is a strong temptation to truckle with the demands of the polygamists. It must not be forgotten that the real wealth of the State is in the mines, which are worked by the non-Mormon population, who number 68,000 out of the 200,000 inhabitants. About twenty-five millions sterling would represent the yield of these mines. Half of this has gone to the Mormons for food and labour." Before the miners came to Utah, many a Mormon family had not ten dollars in ready money from year's end to year's end. "If Utah becomes a Mormon State under Mormon control, the brave miners, engineers, teachers, and editors will be legislated out of the territory, with their churches, their schools, and their hard earnings, under the domination of the priestly party, which may very well maintain control, even if polygamy is abolished." The number of those who live in polygamy in Utah is only about fifteen thousand, but these are the wealthiest and ablest men.

When Brigham Young was appointed Governor by President Fillmore in 1851, the roots of mischief were firmly fixed in the territory. During the six years in which Brigham Young held office he took away nearly all their powers from the federal courts. That evil, which was unchecked for twenty years, is not yet uprooted. Mr. Cook gives strong reasons why Utah should not be admitted to the Union with its present constitution. If it were, the polygamists would be left to execute the law against polygamy, the Church would easily rule the State, the power of the Mormon priesthood would be unbroken. If Utah were admitted under this constitution, and then repealed it, Congress would have no remedy except physical force. Mr. Cook holds that the constitution does not give Congress power to make any such compact with a State as the new Mormon constitution proposes.

(April).—Ex-President Cyrus Hamlin writes a strong article on "First Principles of Taxation," in which he maintains that "the home market, or domestic commerce, is of immeasurable value to a country over and above all foreign commerce," because two capitals are employed and two profits secured in all exchanges made at home. He holds that protection aims at multiplying industries, calls into action dormant capital, skill, and labour, and cheapens all articles in common use. Everything in which foreign competition would not injure home interests should be free. This would save coffee, tea, and spices from duty. Mr. Hamlin next shows that protection requires absolute free-trade at home, and should secure the production of those manufactures necessary in time of war. He urges that America should "keep clear of all commercial treaties," and "abolish the internal revenue laws." These principles of protection "are obnoxious to the Cobden Club and to Englishmen generally. If English craft, and English gold, and English agents can help President Cleveland to sweep them all away, we shall then have an opportunity to know and enjoy all the blessings of unrestricted free-trade, by giving up our industries to foreigners. But there is this encouraging fact that the principles of protection have been gaining ground in every civilized nation, England not excepted, during the last two decades. If the aberration of free-trade mislead us, it will be like a blizzard, destructive yet transient; but, unlike this scourge of storm, it will never be repeated." Mr. Hamlin's theory is a very selfish one.—The Prelude of the third of Mr. Cook's Boston Lectures is entitled "Charles Darwin and Asa Gray in Contrast." It shows clearly how Darwin refrained from continuous systematic thought on religious questions, whilst Gray was throughout his life a student of religion and of theology; a man of broader culture than Darwin, and an aggressive and earnest Christian. Mr. Cook warns his hearers against English philosophy. "My conviction is that it is safest for you to look to Germany or Scotland, and not to England, for philosophical instruction. England is great in physical science, and in political science, and in ruling a large part of the world; but for some reason, while England develops Newtons and Shakespeares and Chathams, she develops no Kants, no Leibnitzes, no Lotzes. The fogs of London appear to interfere with the grasp on first principles (laughter). . . . We shall outgrow Spencer, but not in my time, nor in the time of the youngest here, shall we outgrow Hermann Lotze."

METHODIST REVIEW (March, May).—Two of the articles in the March number have more or less reference to the General Conference. Dr. Warren, of Syracuse University, deals with "The Time Restriction in the Methodist Itinerancy." After studying the historical and practical aspects of the question, he reaches the following conclusions:—"1. The time-limit in our itinerancy has neither historical nor philosophic grounds for a claim to be regarded an essential part of Methodist economy. 2. Great as the utility of the itinerancy continues to be, there is now none in the time-limit itself. 3. Though it would not be wise to force the repeal of the rule in opposition to the sentiment of the Church, yet the sooner the Church shall demand the repeal the sooner will she be able to utilize to the best advantage the forces at her command." The Rev. J. D. Walsh handles the burning question of "The Methodist Episcopal Church in the South." The Episcopal Church South resents the presence of her northern

brethren in her territory. Mr. Walsh states that the "conflict is based upon something older than American slavery, and deeper than any race privilege. There are two civilizations here, unlike and unreconcilable. Both are struggling for mastery, and each believes the Bible is on its side. The Southerner believes that the best possible Christian government in this world is one where the labourers are controlled by the ruling class. He believes the negro has been created for the inferior place, and the white man for the superior position." The Methodist Episcopal Church has already two hundred thousand adherents in the South, and tens of thousands more wish to join it. He urges that the Northern Church ought to be aggressive in the face of that illiteracy and race prejudice which hinder the Gospel, threaten the destruction of the State, and fight against the Pauline maxim. He "hath made of one blood all nations of men." Dr. Goodwin's account of the "Presiding Eldership," which is the only article of interest in the May number for English readers, does not tend to make us enamoured of American Methodism. The advisability of retaining this sub-bishopric has been hotly contested; but wise administration on the part of the bishops has done not a little to remove the objections that were urged. One fact will speak loudly of episcopal decisiveness to many readers on this side the water. "The improved administration is also shown in the refusal of nearly all of the bishops to appoint any one to the charge of a district who uses tobacco." Dr. Goodwin thinks that the number of charges under a presiding elder might vary from twelve to sixty. If there were only twelve he might give two days per quarter to each, "and a good many old time Methodists insist on that number." Great care is needed in choosing the men. "A bishop may err by appointing the wrong man to the wrong charge, but he makes a fatal blunder when he selects the wrong man for a district. The pastor is local, and any charge can live a year without a pastor, or with a poor one; but the man who has from twenty to sixty charges to supervise *must* be the right man." The article urges that the term of service for a presiding elder should be raised from four to six years. The bishops receive three to four thousand dollars as salary. Some have "parsonages;" and their travelling expenses are paid. West of New York, the average salary of the presiding elders is probably not fifteen hundred dollars. Out of this, house rent, travelling expenses, &c., have to be paid. The bishops are sure of their income, while hardly one of the sub-bishops out of a dozen gets his salary in full. Some have urged that the assessment for the presiding elder's stipend should be levied on circuits according to the pastor's income. But this would be hard on poor but generous circuits, whilst it would not adequately tax those that were rich and niggardly. The elder's claim is generally about one-tenth of the pastor's. "Some charges where the presiding elder was unpopular, and where the pastor and the people had low notions of honesty and honour, have made the salary of the pastor merely nominal, so as to lower the elder's claim, and then made up the pastor's salary in donations." In the West a separate subscription or assessment is sometimes made, but other places make a collection after the morning sermon on the quarterly meeting Sabbath, and "hold on" until the amount is raised. It is evident from Dr. Goodwin's remarks about the need for the pastor and presiding elder to take care of each other's interests that the salaries are sometimes sadly in arrears.

CENTURY (April, May, June).—In the May number, Matthew Arnold's brief address on *Milton*, delivered at the unveiling of the memorial window in St. Margaret's Church, will be scanned with eager interest. It is specially valuable as a protest against that indiscriminate praise which would fatally lower the standard of excellence. "Excellence is not common and abundant; on the contrary, as the Greek poet long ago said, excellence dwells among rocks hardly accessible, and a man must almost wear his heart out before he can reach her. Whoever talks of excellence as common and abundant, is on the way to lose all right standard of excellence. And when the right standard of excellence is lost, it is not likely that much which is excellent will be produced. To habituate ourselves, therefore, to approve, as the Bible says, things that are really excellent, is of the highest importance." Milton realizes this ideal of

perfection in his poetry. "In the sure and flawless perfection of his rhythm and diction he is as admirable as Virgil or Dante, and in this respect he is unique amongst us. No one else in English literature and art possesses the like distinction." Mr. Eggleston's valuable paper on "The Church of England in the Colonies" deals with Virginia and Maryland. He shows how hard it was for the colonies to obtain clergymen of even decent character. Men whom public opinion in England could not brook sought refuge in America. When once inducted, there was, for a long time, no power in Maryland that could deprive a clergyman. "As bad as a Maryland parson" thus became one of the earliest American proverbs. Virginia was not in a much better state; for one good clergyman complained in 1724 that, "even miracles could not maintain the credit of the Church where such lewd and profane ministers are tolerated or connived at." There were, of course, exceptions to this rule; but it is easy to see that the colonists could not find what they needed in the Anglican Church. High and deserved praise is given to the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel" and the missionaries whom it sent out to America. The whole article will well repay careful study. Mr. Kennan's papers on "Siberia and the Exile System," which begin this month, bid fair to be unique. Before he set out on this adventurous tour, he held that the descriptions of Siberian mines and prisons given by the Rev. Henry Landsell were probably truthful and accurate. He had distinguished himself by his defence of the Russian Government, so that his request for permission to study the mines and the exile system was very heartily granted. The facilities thus put in his way were of untold value. "In my frequent skirmishes with the police, and with suspicious local officials in remote Siberian villages, nothing but the letter which I carried from the Russian Minister of the Interior saved me from summary arrest and imprisonment, or from a search of my person and baggage, which probably would have resulted in my expulsion from the empire under guard, and in the loss of all my notes and documentary material." The first paper describes the early stages of the journey—St. Petersburg, Moscow, Nijni-Novgorod, Kazan, and Perm. Mr. Frost, the Boston artist, who accompanied Mr. Kennan, gives some capital sketches of points of interest on the road.

**HARPER'S MAGAZINE** (April, May, June).—The leading article of the May number, on "London as a Literary Centre," is full of pleasant descriptions of our best-known writers. Such a paper will be equally welcome on both sides of the Atlantic. It has twenty-seven excellent portraits, and a frontispiece presentation of Mr. Kinglake. We can recommend this chatty and instructive article to all who wish to estimate the literary resources of London. It is followed by a paper on the "Novelists" in the June magazine, which is equally interesting. "A Winter in Algiers," "The City of Denver," and "Russian Convicts in the Salt Mines of Fetsk," also deserve a word. Dr. Landsell's temperate account of the condition of the fugitives forms a striking contrast to the "colossal falsehoods" which have been circulated in many accounts of Siberia. It seems generally believed that the Russian criminals are put down there in quicksilver mines, where they are speedily killed by unhealthy fumes. Dr. Landsell, however, states that there are no quicksilver mines at all in Siberia. The most affecting feature in the procession of prisoners from Moscow to Siberia is the group of wives and children who voluntarily accompany their husbands. If a woman should not wish to go, she is free to marry again, but one man out of every six is followed by his wife and children. The number of political prisoners sent to Siberia has also been "grossly exaggerated." The year of the late Emperor's assassination only produced thirty, and this seems to have been considerably above the average. An interesting account is given of the great fair at Nijni-Novgorod. Twenty millions' worth of property was brought for sale in 1884, and only three and a half per cent. of it had to be taken away unsold.

**SCRIBNER** (April, May, June).—Mr. Austin Dobson celebrates the two hundredth anniversary of Pope's death by a discriminative sketch of his life and poetry, enriched with many rare portraits reproduced from contemporary prints. Mr. Dobson considers the "Rape of the Lock" the typical example of raillery in English verse—the solitary specimen of sustained

and airy grace. If it has faults, they are the faults of the time, and not of the poem, the execution of which is a marvel of ease, good-humour, and delicate irony. He sees no reason why this sparkling poem should not have as many readers a hundred years hence as it has to-day. The Satires and Epistles should not fail of an audience. "In these Pope's verse is as perfect as it is anywhere, and his subject is borrowed, not from his commonplace book, but from his own experiences." In a paper entitled "The Centre of the Republic," Mr. James Baldwin traces the early history of education in the Western States. He writes: "In the organization and maintenance of sectarian schools none were more active or more faithful than the Methodists and the Quakers. The former established schools and academies in almost every community, and the education of their children as an imperative Christian duty was urged upon the membership of the Church. For more than a third of a century these schools continued to do a noble work, being gradually and finally merged into the public schools or broadened and elevated into the rank of colleges and universities." The literary progress of the Western States is also described. Mr. Baldwin claims that the section of the country which one hundred years ago was regarded as barely worth the attention of the national legislators, has become the "centre of the Republic." The papers on American railways, which began in the June number, promise to be of special interest and value.

BOOK CHAT (February, March, April).—This useful paper contains a list of the "Magazine Leaders" of the previous month, with brief notices of the books published, and other interesting matter. The "Editorial Notes" in the February number are levelled against the "tendency among the writers for children, to adapt—mutilate would be the right expression—the productions of the master-minds of literature to the intellect of the nursery. . . . Who knows them not, these *Bunyans for the Nursery*, and these *Shakespeares in Words of One Syllable*?" The writer holds that such adaptations are unnecessary when we have so many gifted writers for children. He complains that the knowledge of literature is daily growing more superficial among the rising generation. "Where is the young man to be found who can recite Rienzi's speech, or boast, as his grandfather did, that he knows his Shakespeare by heart? How many appreciate the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and can wax eloquent over the beauties of *Paradise Lost*?" The "Editorial Notes" for April deal with the subject of national art. The writer protests against imitation which trammels and retards art. English civilization, unaltered and unreformed, will never, he says, live or produce good on American soil. "American artists and authors go to Europe, seek inspiration from foreign sources, study foreign customs and manners, and then complain that national art is not appreciated in America, because their products are rejected. National art is not formed in foreign countries; national civilization is not acquired at Cowes and London, in Biarritz and in Paris, and an American literature with its plot laid in Europe and its characters 'educated abroad,' written on the lines laid down for European literature, will never be mighty and grand. The imported air of aristocratic languor which hovers over its homeless productions, the cynical vein which runs through them, the pessimistic view of life which they express, are alike foreign and uncongenial to a healthy, pushing race in the beginning of its manhood—a race with an undaunted confidence in a brilliant future."

ST. NICHOLAS (April, May, June).—"Little Josef Hofmann," the brilliant Polish pianoforte player, is pleasantly described in two brief papers. The account of his voyage across the Atlantic gives an amusing sketch of the happy terms on which he stood with other boys on board. One friend promised to send a bouquet to his first concert, but the little fellow was sick of such marks of admiration. "Oh," he said, "let it be a toy instead."

REVUE CHRÉTIENNE (April, May) has two interesting papers on "Popular Poetry in France," which deserve study. It is a well-conducted and instructive review.

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